

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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Romola.

CHAPTER XLVII.

CHECK.



ITO'S clever arrangements had been unpleasantly frustrated by trivial incidents which could not enter into a clever man's calculations. It was very seldom that he walked with Romola in the evening, yet he had happened to be walking with her precisely on this evening when her presence was supremely inconvenient. Life was so complicated a game that the devices of skill were liable to be defeated at every turn by airblown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistle-down.

It was not that he minded about the failure of Spini's plot, but he felt an awkward difficulty in so adjusting his warning to Savonarola on the one hand, and to Spini on the other, as not to incur suspicion. Suspicion roused in the popular party might be fatal to his reputation and ostensible position in Florence: suspicion roused in Dolfo Spini might be as disagreeable in its effects as the hatred of a fierce dog not to be chained.

If Tito went forthwith to the monastery to warn Savonarola before the monks went to rest, his warning would follow so closely on his delivery of the forged letters that he could not escape unfavourable surmises. He

could not warn Spini at once without telling him the true reason, since he could not immediately allege the discovery that Savonarola had changed his purpose; and he knew Spini well enough to know that his understanding would discern nothing but that Tito had "turned round" and frustrated the plot. On the other hand, by deferring his warning to Savonarola until the early morning, he would be almost sure to lose the opportunity of warning Spini that the Frate had changed his mind; and the band of *Compagnacci* would come back in all the rage of disappointment. This last, however, was the risk he chose, trusting to his power of soothing Spini by assuring him that the failure was due only to the Frate's caution.

Tito was annoyed. If he had had to smile it would have been an unusual effort to him. He was determined not to encounter Romola again, and he did not go home that night.

She watched through the night, and never took off her clothes. She heard the rain become heavier and heavier. She liked to hear the rain: the stormy heavens seemed a safeguard against men's devices, compelling them to inaction. And Romola's mind was again assailed, not only by the utmost doubt of her husband, but by doubt as to her own conduct. What lie might he not have told her? What project might he not have, of which she was still ignorant? Every one who trusted Tito was in danger; it was useless to try and persuade herself of the contrary. And was not she selfishly listening to the promptings of her own pride, when she shrank from warning men against him? "If her husband was a malefactor, her place was in the prison by his side"—that might be; she was contented to fulfil that claim. But was she, a wife, to allow a husband to inflict the injuries that would make him a malefactor, when it might be in her power to prevent them? Prayer seemed impossible to her. The activity of her thought excluded a mental state of which the essence is expectant passivity.

The excitement became stronger and stronger. Her imagination, in a state of morbid activity, conjured up possible schemes by which, after all, Tito would have eluded her threat; and towards daybreak the rain became less violent, till at last it ceased, the breeze rose again and dispersed the clouds, and the morning fell clear on all the objects around her. It made her uneasiness all the less endurable. She wrapped her mantle round her, and ran up to the loggia, as if there could be anything in the wide landscape that might determine her action; as if there could be anything but roofs hiding the line of street along which Savonarola might be walking towards betrayal.

If she went to her godfather, might she not induce him, without any specific revelation, to take measures for preventing Fra Girolamo from passing the gates? But that might be too late: Romola thought, with new distress, that she had failed to learn any guiding details from Tito, and it was already long past seven. She must go to San Marco: there was nothing else to be done.

She hurried down the stairs, she went out into the street without looking at her sick people, and walked at a swift pace along the Via de' Bardi towards the Ponte Vecchio. She would go through the heart of the city; it was the most direct road, and, besides, in the great Piazza there was a chance of encountering her husband, who, by some possibility to which she still clung, might satisfy her of the Frate's safety, and leave no need for her to go to San Marco. When she arrived in front of the Palazzo Vecchio, she looked eagerly into the pillared court; then her eyes swept the Piazza; but the well-known figure, once painted in her heart by young love, and now branded there by eating pain, was nowhere to be seen. She hurried straight on to the Piazza del Duomo. It was already full of movement: there were worshippers passing up and down the marble steps, there were men pausing for chat, and there were market-people carrying their burdens. Between these moving figures Romola caught a glimpse of her husband. On his way from San Marco he had turned into Nello's shop, and was now leaning against the door-post. As Romola approached she could see that he was standing and talking, with the easiest air in the world, holding his cap in his hand, and shaking back his freshly-combed hair. The contrast of this ease with the bitter anxieties he had created convulsed her with indignation: the new vision of his hardness heightened her dread. She recognized Cronaca and two other frequenters of San Marco standing near her husband. It flashed through her mind—"I will compel him to speak before those men." And her light step brought her close upon him before he had time to move, while Cronaca was saying, "Here comes Madonna Romola."

A slight shock passed through Tito's frame as he felt himself face to face with his wife. She was haggard with her anxious watching, but there was a flash of something else than anxiety in her eyes as she said,—

"Is the Frate gone beyond the gates?"

"No," said Tito, feeling completely helpless before this woman, and needing all the self-command he possessed to preserve a countenance in which there should seem to be nothing stronger than surprise.

"And you are certain that he is not going?" she insisted.

"I am certain that he is not going."

"That is enough," said Romola, and she turned up the steps, to take refuge in the Duomo, till she could recover from her agitation.

Tito never had a feeling so near hatred as that with which his eyes followed Romola retreating up the steps.

There were present not only genuine followers of the Frate, but Ser Ceccone, the notary, who at that time, like Tito himself, was secretly an agent of the Mediceans. Ser Francesco di Ser Barone, more briefly known to infamy as Ser Ceccone, was not learned, not handsome, not successful, and the reverse of generous. He was a traitor without charm. It followed that he was not fond of Tito Melema.

## CHAPTER XLVIII.

## COUNTER-CHECK.

It was late in the afternoon when Tito returned home. Romola, seated opposite the cabinet in her narrow room, copying documents, was about to desist from her work because the light was getting dim, when her husband entered. He had come straight to this room to seek her, with a thoroughly defined intention, and there was something new to Romola in his manner and expression as he looked at her silently on entering, and, without taking off his cap and mantle, leaned one elbow on the cabinet, and stood directly in front of her.

Romola, fully assured during the day of the Frate's safety, was feeling the reaction of some penitence for the access of distrust and indignation which had impelled her to address her husband publicly on a matter that she knew he wished to be private. She told herself that she had probably been wrong. The scheming duplicity which she had heard even her god-father allude to as inseparable from party tactics might be sufficient to account for the connection with Spini, without the supposition that Tito had ever meant to further the plot. She wanted to atone for her impetuosity by confessing that she had been too hasty, and for some hours her mind had been dwelling on the possibility that this confession of hers might lead to other frank words breaking the two years' silence of their hearts. The silence had been so complete, that Tito was ignorant of her having fled from him and come back again; they had never approached an avowal of that past which, both in its young love and in the shock that shattered the love, lay locked away from them like a banquet-room where death had once broken the feast.

She looked up at him with that submission in her glance which belonged to her state of self-reproof; but the subtle change in his face and manner arrested her speech. For a few moments they remained silent, looking at each other.

Tito himself felt that a crisis was come in his married life. The husband's determination to mastery, which lay deep below all blandness and beseechingness, had risen permanently to the surface now, and seemed to alter his face, as a face is altered by a hidden muscular tension with which a man is secretly throttling or stamping out the life from something feeble, yet dangerous.

"Romola," he began, in the cool liquid tone that made her shiver, "it is time that we should understand each other." He paused.

"That is what I most desire, Tito," she said, faintly. Her sweet pale face, with all its anger gone and nothing but the timidity of self-doubt in it, seemed to give a marked predominance to her husband's dark strength.

"You took a step this morning," Tito went on, "which you must



now yourself perceive to have been useless—which exposed you to remark and may involve me in serious practical difficulties.”

“I acknowledge that I was too hasty; I am sorry for any injustice I may have done you.” Romola spoke these words in a fuller and firmer tone; Tito, she hoped, would look less hard when she had expressed her regret, and then she could say other things.

“I wish you once for all to understand,” he said, without any change of voice, “that such collisions are incompatible with our position as husband and wife. I wish you to reflect on the mode in which you were led to take that step, that the process may not be repeated.”

“That depends chiefly on you, Tito,” said Romola, taking fire slightly. It was not what she had at all thought of saying, but we see a very little way before us in mutual speech.

“You would say, I suppose,” answered Tito, “that nothing is to occur in future which can excite your unreasonable suspicions. You were frank enough to say last night that you have no belief in me. I am not surprised at any exaggerated conclusion you may draw from slight premisses, but I wish to point out to you what is likely to be the fruit of your making such exaggerated conclusions a ground for interfering in affairs of which you are ignorant. Your attention is thoroughly awake to what I am saying?”

He paused for a reply.

“Yes,” said Romola, flushing in irrepressible resentment at this cold tone of superiority.

“Well, then, it may possibly not be very long before some other chance words or incidents set your imagination at work devising crimes for me, and you may perhaps rush to the Palazzo Vecchio to alarm the Signoria and set the city in an uproar. Shall I tell you what may be the result? Not simply the disgrace of your husband, to which you look forward with so much courage, but the arrest and ruin of many among the chief men in Florence, including Messer Bernardo del Nero.”

Tito had meditated a decisive move, and he had made it. The flush died out of Romola’s face, and her very lips were pale—an unusual effect with her, for she was little subject to fear. Tito perceived his success.

“You would perhaps flatter yourself,” he went on, “that you were performing a heroic deed of deliverance; you might as well try to turn locks with fine words as apply such notions to the politics of Florence. The question now is, not whether you can have any belief in me, but whether, now you have been warned, you will dare to rush, like a blind man with a torch in his hand, amongst intricate affairs of which you know nothing.”

Romola felt as if her mind were held in a vice by Tito’s: the possibilities he had indicated were rising before her with terrible clearness.

“I am too rash,” she said. “I will try not to be rash.”

“Remember,” said Tito, with unsparing insistence, “that your act of distrust towards me this morning might, for aught you knew, have had

more fatal effects than that sacrifice of your husband which you have learned to contemplate without flinching."

"Tito, it is not so," Romola burst forth in a pleading tone, rising and going nearer to him, with a desperate resolution to speak out. "It is false that I would willingly sacrifice you. It has been the greatest effort of my life to cling to you. I went away in my anger two years ago, and I came back again because I was more bound to you than to anything else on earth. But it is useless. You shut me out from your mind. You affect to think of me as a being too unreasonable to share in the knowledge of your affairs. You will be open with me about nothing."

She looked like his good angel pleading with him, as she bent her face towards him with dilated eyes, and laid her hand upon his arm. But Romola's touch and glance no longer stirred any fibre of tenderness in her husband. The good-humoured, tolerant Tito, incapable of hatred, incapable almost of impatience, disposed always to be gentle towards the rest of the world, felt himself becoming strangely hard towards this wife whose presence had once been the strongest influence he had known. With all his softness of disposition, he had a masculine effectiveness of intellect and purpose which, like sharpness of edge, is itself an energy, working its way without any strong momentum. Romola had an energy of her own which thwarted his, and no man, who is not exceptionally feeble, will endure being thwarted by his wife. Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.

No emotion darted across his face as he heard Romola for the first time speak of having gone away from him. His lips only looked a little harder as he smiled slightly and said—

"My Romola, when certain conditions are ascertained we must make up our minds to them. No amount of wishing will fill the Arno, as your people say, or turn a plum into an orange. I have not observed even that prayers have much efficacy that way. You are so constituted as to have certain strong impressions inaccessible to reason: I cannot share those impressions, and you have withdrawn all trust from me in consequence. You have changed towards me; it has followed that I have changed towards you. It is useless to take any retrospect. We have simply to adapt ourselves to altered conditions."

"Tito, it would not be useless for us to speak openly," said Romola, flushing with the sort of exasperation that comes from using living muscle against some lifeless insurmountable resistance. "It was the sense of deception in you that changed me, and that has kept us apart. And it is not true that I changed first. You changed towards me the night you first wore that chain armour. You had some secret from me—it was about that old man—and I saw him again yesterday. Tito," she went on, in a tone of agonized entreaty, "if you would once tell me every thing, let it be what it may—I would not mind pain—that there might be no wall between us! Is it not possible that we could begin a new life?"

This time there was a flash of emotion across Tito's face. He stood

perfectly still; but the flash seemed to have whitened him. He took no notice of Romola's appeal, but after a moment's pause said, quietly,

"Your impetuosity about trifles, Romola, has a freezing influence that would cool the baths of Nero." At these cutting words Romola shrank and drew herself up into her usual self-sustained attitude. Tito went on. "If by that old man you mean the mad Iacopo di Nola who attempted my life and made a strange accusation against me, of which I told you nothing because it would have alarmed you to no purpose, he, poor wretch, has died in prison. I saw his name in the list of dead."

"I know nothing about his accusation," said Romola. "But I know he is the man whom I saw with the rope round his neck in the Duomo—the man whose portrait Piero di Cosimo painted, grasping your arm as he saw him grasp it the day the French entered, the day you first wore the armour."

"And where is he now, pray?" said Tito, still pale, but governing himself.

"He was lying lifeless in the street from starvation," said Romola. "I revived him with bread and wine. I brought him to our door, but he refused to come in. Then I gave him some money, and he went away without telling me anything. But he had found out that I was your wife. *Who is he?*"

"A man, half mad, half imbecile, who was once my father's servant in Greece, and who has a rancorous hatred towards me because I got him dismissed for theft. Now you have the whole mystery, and the further satisfaction of knowing that I am again in danger of assassination. The fact of my wearing the armour, about which you seem to have thought so much, must have led you to infer that I was in danger from this man. Was that the reason you chose to cultivate his acquaintance and invite him into the house?"

Romola was mute. To speak was only like rushing with bare breast against a shield.

Tito moved from his leaning posture, slowly took off his cap and mantle, and pushed back his hair. He was collecting himself for some final words. And Romola stood upright looking at him as she might have looked at some on-coming deadly force, to be met only by silent endurance.

"We need not refer to these matters again, Romola," he said, precisely in the same tone as that in which he had spoken at first. "It is enough if you will remember that the next time your generous ardour leads you to interfere in political affairs, you are likely, not to save any one from danger, but to be raising scaffolds and setting houses on fire. You are not yet a sufficiently ardent Piagnone to believe that Messer Bernardo del Nero is the Prince of Darkness, and Messer Francesco Valori the archangel Michael. I think I need demand no promise from you?"

"I have understood you too well, Tito."

"It is enough," he said, leaving the room.

Romola turned round with despair in her face and sank into her seat. "Oh, God, I have tried—I cannot help it. We shall always be divided." Those words passed silently through her mind. "Unless," she said aloud, as if some sudden vision had startled her into speech—"unless misery should come and join us!"

Tito, too, had a new thought in his mind after he had closed the door behind him. With the project of leaving Florence as soon as his life there had become a high enough stepping-stone to a life elsewhere, perhaps at Rome or Milan, there was now for the first time associated a desire to be free from Romola, and to leave her behind him. She had ceased to belong to the desirable furniture of his life: there was no possibility of an easy relation between them without genuineness on his part. Genuineness implied confession of the past, and confession involved a change of purpose. But Tito had as little bent that way as a leopard has to lap milk when its teeth are grown. From all relations that were not easy and agreeable, we know that Tito shrank: why should he cling to them?

And Romola had made his relations difficult with others besides herself. He had had a troublesome interview with Dolfo Spini, who had come back in a rage after an ineffectual soaking with rain and long waiting in ambush, and that scene between Romola and himself at Nello's door, once reported in Spini's ear, might be a seed of something more unmanageable than suspicion. But now, at least, he believed that he had mastered Romola by a terror which appealed to the strongest forces of her nature. He had alarmed her affection and her conscience by the shadowy image of consequences; he had arrested her intellect by hanging before it the idea of a hopeless complexity in affairs which defied any moral judgment.

Yet Tito was not at ease. The world was not yet quite cushioned with velvet, and, if it had been, he could not have abandoned himself to that softness with thorough enjoyment; for before he went out again this evening he put on his coat of chain armour.

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## CHAPTER XLIX.

### THE PYRAMID OF VANITIES.

THE wintry days passed for Romola as the white ships pass one who is standing lonely on the shore—passing in silence and sameness, yet each bearing a hidden burden of coming change. Tito's hint had mingled so much dread with her interest in the progress of public affairs that she had begun to court ignorance rather than knowledge. The threatening German Emperor was gone again; and, in other ways besides, the position of Florence was alleviated; but so much distress remained that Romola's

active duties were hardly diminished, and in these, as usual, her mind found a refuge from its doubt.

She dared not rejoice that the relief which had come in extremity and had appeared to justify the policy of the Frate's party was making that party so triumphant, that Francesco Valori, hot-tempered chieftain of the Piagnoni, had been elected Gonfaloniere at the beginning of the year, and was making haste to have as much of his own liberal way as possible during his two months of power. That seemed for the moment like a strengthening of the party most attached to freedom, and a reinforcement of protection to Savonarola; but Romola was now alive to every suggestion likely to deepen her foreboding, that whatever the present might be, it was only an unconscious brooding over the mixed germs of Change which might any day become tragic. And already by Carnival time, a little after mid-February, her presentiment was confirmed by the signs of a very decided change: the Mediceans had ceased to be passive, and were openly exerting themselves to procure the election of Bernardo del Nero, as the new Gonfaloniere.

On the last day of the Carnival, between ten and eleven in the morning, Romola walked out, according to promise, towards the Corso degli Albizzi, to fetch her cousin Brigida, that they might both be ready to start from the Via de' Bardi early in the afternoon, and take their places at a window which Tito had had reserved for them in the Piazza della Signoria, where there was to be a scene of so new and striking a sort, that all Florentine eyes must desire to see it. For the Piagnoni were having their own way thoroughly about the mode of keeping the Carnival. In vain Dolfò Spini and his companions had struggled to get up the dear old masques and practical jokes, well spiced with indecency. Such things were not to be in a city where Christ had been declared king.

Romola set out in that languid state of mind with which every one enters on a long day of sight-seeing, purely for the sake of gratifying a child, or some dear childish friend. The day was certainly an epoch in carnival-keeping; but this phase of reform had not touched her enthusiasm: and she did not know that it was an epoch in her own life, when *another* lot would begin to be no longer secretly but visibly entwined with her own.

She chose to go through the great Piazza that she might take a first survey of the unparalleled sight there while she was still alone. Entering it from the south, she saw something monstrous and many-coloured in the shape of a pyramid, or, rather, like a huge fir-tree, sixty feet high, with shelves on the branches, widening and widening towards the base till they reached a circumference of eighty yards. The Piazza was full of life: slight young figures, in white garments, with olive-wreaths on their heads, were moving to and fro about the base of the pyramidal tree, carrying baskets full of bright-coloured things; and maturer forms, some in the monastic frock, some in the loose tunics and dark red caps of artists, were helping and examining, or else retreating to various points in the distance

to survey the wondrous whole; while a considerable group, amongst whom Romola recognized Piero di Cosimo, standing on the marble steps of Orgagna's Loggia, seemed to be keeping aloof in discontent and scorn.

Approaching nearer, she paused to look at the multifarious objects ranged in gradation from the base to the summit of the pyramid. There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games, playing-cards along with the blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books, and musical instruments in all the pretty varieties of lute, drum, cymbal, and trumpet; there were masks and masquerading dresses used in the old carnival shows; there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Pulci, and other books of a vain or impure sort; there were all the implements of feminine vanity—rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and transparent veils intended to provoke inquisitive glances: lastly, at the very summit, there was the unflattering effigy of a probably mythical Venetian merchant, who was understood to have offered a heavy sum for this collection of marketable abominations, and, soaring above him in surpassing ugliness, the symbolic figure of the old debauched Carnival.

This was the preparation for a new sort of bonfire—the Burning of Vanities. Hidden in the interior of the pyramid was a plentiful store of dry fuel and gunpowder; and on this last day of the festival, at evening, the pile of vanities was to be set ablaze to the sound of trumpets, and the ugly old Carnival was to tumble into the flames amid the songs of reforming triumph.

This crowning act of the new festivities could hardly have been prepared but for a peculiar organization which had been started by Savonarola two years before. The mass of the Florentine boyhood and youth was no longer left to its own genial promptings towards street mischief and crude dissoluteness. Under the training of Fra Domenico, a sort of lieutenant to Savonarola, lads and striplings, the hope of Florence, were to have none but pure words on their lips, were to have a zeal for unseen good that should put to shame the lukewarmness of their elders, and were to know no pleasures save of an angelic sort—singing divine praises and walking in white robes. It was for them that the ranges of seats had been raised high against the walls of the Duomo; and they had been used to hear Savonarola appeal to them as the future glory of a city specially appointed to do the work of God.

These fresh-cheeked troops were the chief agents in the regenerated merriment of the new Carnival, which was a sort of sacred parody of the old. Had there been bonfires in the old time? There was to be a bonfire now, consuming impurity from off the earth. Had there been symbolic processions? There were to be processions now, but the symbols were to be white robes and red crosses and olive wreaths—emblems of peace and innocent gladness—and the banners and images held aloft were to tell the triumphs of goodness. Had there been dancing in



a ring under the open sky of the piazza, to the sound of choral voices chanting loose songs? There was to be dancing in a ring now, but dancing of monks and laity in fraternal love and divine joy, and the music was to be the music of hymns. As for the collections from street passers, they were to be greater than ever—not for gross and superfluous suppers, but—for the benefit of the hungry and needy; and, besides, there was the collecting of the *Anathema*, or the Vanities to be laid on the great pyramidal bonfire.

Troops of young inquisitors went from house to house on this exciting business of asking that the *Anathema* should be given up to them. Perhaps after the more avowed vanities had been surrendered, Madonna, at the head of the household, had still certain little reddened balls brought from the Levant, intended to produce on a sallow cheek a sudden bloom of the most ingenuous falsity? If so, let her bring them down and cast them into the basket of doom. Or, perhaps, she had ringlets and coils of “dead hair?”—if so, let her bring them to the street-door, not on her head, but in her hands, and publicly renounce the *Anathema* which hid the respectable signs of age under a ghastly mockery of youth. And, in reward, she would hear fresh young voices pronounce a blessing on her and her house.

The beardless inquisitors, organized into little regiments, doubtless took to their work very willingly. To coerce people by shame, or other spiritual pelting, to the giving up of things it will probably vex them to part with, is a form of piety to which the boyish mind is most readily converted; and if some obstinately wicked men got enraged and threatened the whip or the cudgel, this also was exciting. Savonarola himself evidently felt about the training of these boys the difficulty weighing on all minds with noble yearnings towards great ends, yet with that imperfect perception of means which forces a resort to some supernatural constraining influence as the only sure hope. The Florentine youth had had very evil habits and foul tongues: it seemed at first an unmixed blessing when they were got to shout “*Viva Gesù!*” But Savonarola was forced at last to say from the pulpit, “There is a little too much shouting of ‘*Viva Gesù!*’ This constant utterance of sacred words brings them into contempt. Let me have no more of that shouting till the next Festa.”

Nevertheless, as the long stream of white-robed youthfulness, with its little red crosses and olive wreaths, had gone to the Duomo at dawn this morning to receive the communion from the hands of Savonarola, it was a sight of beauty; and, doubtless, many of those young souls were laying up memories of hope and awe that might save them from ever resting in a merely vulgar view of their work as men and citizens. There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness, and these boys became the generation of men who fought greatly and endured greatly in the last struggle of their Republic. Now, in the intermediate hours between the early communion and dinner-time, they were making their last perambulations to collect alms and vanities, and this was why



Romola saw the slim white figures moving to and fro about the base of the great pyramid.

"What think you of this folly, Madonna Romola?" said a brusque voice close to her ear. "Your Piagnoni will make *l'inferno* a pleasant prospect to us, if they are to carry things their own way on earth. It's enough to fetch a cudgel over the mountains to see painters, like Lorenzo di Credi and young Baccio there, helping to burn colour out of life in this fashion."

"My good Piero," said Romola, looking up and smiling at the grim man, "even you must be glad to see some of these things burnt. Look at those gew-gaws and wigs and rouge-pots: I have heard you talk as indignantly against those things as Fra Girolamo himself."

"What then?" said Piero, turning round on her sharply. "I never said a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. Va! Madonna Antigone, it's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense—leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church:—talk of heresy, indeed! And I should like to know what the excellent Messer Bardo would have said to the burning of the divine poets by these Frati, who are no better an imitation of men than if they were onions with the bulbs uppermost. Look at that Petrarca sticking up beside a rouge-pot: do the idiots pretend that the heavenly Laura was a painted harridan? And Boccaccio, now: do you mean to say, Madonna Romola—you who are fit to be a model for a wise St. Catherine of Egypt—do you mean to say you have never read the stories of the immortal Messer Giovanni?"

"It is true I have read them, Piero," said Romola. "Some of them a great many times over, when I was a little girl. I used to get the book down when my father was asleep, and I could read to myself."

"*Ebbene?*" said Piero, in a fiercely challenging tone.

"There are some things in them I do not want ever to forget," said Romola, "but you must confess, Piero, that a great many of those stories are only about low deceit for the lowest ends. Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke. And I cannot blame Fra Girolamo for teaching that we owe our time to something better."

"Yes, yes, it's very well to say so now you've read them," said Piero, bitterly, turning on his heel and walking away from her.

Romola too walked on, smiling at Piero's innuendo, with a sort of tenderness towards the odd painter's anger, because she knew that her father would have felt something like it. For herself, she was conscious of no inward collision with the strict and sombre view of pleasure which tended to repress poetry in the attempt to repress vice. Sorrow and joy have each their peculiar narrowness; and a religious enthusiasm like Savonarola's, which ultimately blesses mankind by giving the soul a strong propulsion towards sympathy with pain, indignation against wrong,

and the subjugation of sensual desire, must always incur the reproach of a great negation. Romola's life had given her an affinity for sadness which inevitably made her unjust towards merriment. That subtle result of culture which we call Taste was subdued by the need for deeper motive; just as the nicer demands of the palate are annihilated by urgent hunger. Moving habitually amongst scenes of suffering, and carrying woman's heaviest disappointment in her heart, the severity which allied itself with self-renouncing beneficent strength had no dissonance for her.

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## CHAPTER L.

## TESSA ABROAD AND AT HOME.

ANOTHER figure easily recognized by us—a figure not clad in black, but in the old red, green and white—was approaching the Piazza that morning to see the Carnival. She came from an opposite point, for Tessa no longer lived on the hill of San Giorgio. After what had happened there with Baldassarre, Tito had thought it best for that and other reasons to find her a new home, but still in a quiet airy quarter, in a house bordering on the wide garden grounds north of the Porta Santa Croce.

Tessa was not come out sight-seeing without special leave. Tito had been with her the evening before, and she had kept back the entreaty which she felt to be swelling her heart and throat until she saw him in a state of radiant ease, with one arm round the sturdy Lillo, and the other resting gently on her own shoulder as she tried to make the tiny Ninna steady on her legs. She was sure then that the weariness with which he had come in and flung himself into his chair had quite melted away from his brow and lips. Tessa had not been slow at learning a few small stratagems by which she might avoid vexing Naldo and yet have a little of her own way. She could read nothing else, but she had learned to read a good deal in her husband's face.

And certainly the charm of that bright, gentle-humoured Tito who woke up under the Loggia de' Cerchi on a Lenten morning five years before, not having yet given any hostages to deceit, never returned so nearly as in the person of Naldo, seated in that straight-backed, carved arm-chair which he had provided for his comfort when he came to see Tessa and the children. Tito himself was surprised at the growing sense of relief which he felt in these moments. No guile was needed towards Tessa: she was too ignorant and too innocent to suspect him of anything. And the little voices calling him "Babbo" were very sweet in his ears for the short while that he heard them. When he thought of leaving Florence, he never thought of leaving Tessa and the little ones behind. He was very fond of these round-cheeked, wide-eyed human things that clung about him and knew no evil of him. And wherever affection can

spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in. Poor Romola, with all her self-sacrificing effort, was really helping to harden Tito's nature by chilling it with a positive dislike which had beforehand seemed impossible in him; but Tessa kept open the fountains of kindness.

"Ninna is very good without me now," began Tessa, feeling her request rising very high in her throat, and letting Ninna seat herself on the floor. "I can leave her with Monna Lisa any time, and if she is in the cradle and cries, Lillo is as sensible as can be—he goes and thumps Monna Lisa."

Lillo, whose great dark eyes looked all the darker because his curls were of a light brown like his mother's, jumped off Babbo's knee, and went forthwith to attest his intelligence by thumping Monna Lisa, who was shaking her head slowly over her spinning at the other end of the room.

"A wonderful boy!" said Tito, laughing.

"Isn't he?" said Tessa, eagerly, getting a little closer to him, "and I might go and see the Carnival to-morrow, just for an hour or two, mightn't I?"

"Oh, you wicked pigeon!" said Tito, pinching her cheek; "those are your longings, are they? What have you to do with carnivals now you are an old woman with two children?"

"But old women like to see things," said Tessa, her lower lip hanging a little. "Monna Lisa said she should like to go, only she's so deaf she can't hear what is behind her, and she thinks we couldn't take care of both the children."

"No, indeed, Tessa," said Tito, looking rather grave, "you must not think of taking the children into the crowded streets, else I shall be angry."

"But I have never been into the Piazza without leave," said Tessa, in a frightened, pleading tone, "since the Holy Saturday, and Nofri I think is dead, for you know the poor *madre* died; and I shall never forget the carnival I saw once; it was so pretty—all roses, and a king and queen under them—and singing. I liked it better than the San Giovanni."

"But there's nothing like that now, my Tessa. They are going to make a bonfire in the Piazza—that's all. But I cannot let you go out by yourself in the evening."

"Oh, no, no! I don't want to go in the evening. I only want to go and see the procession by daylight. There *will* be a procession—is it not true?"

"Yes, after a sort," said Tito, "as lively as a flight of cranes. You must not expect roses and glittering kings and queens, my Tessa. However, I suppose any string of people to be called a procession will please your blue eyes. And there's a thing they have raised in the Piazza de' Signori for the bonfire. You may like to see that. But come home early, and look like a grave little old woman; and if you see any men with

feathers and swords, keep out of their way: they are very fierce, and like to cut old women's heads off."

"Santa Madonna! where do they come from? Ah! you are laughing; it is not so bad. But I will keep away from them. Only," Tessa went on in a whisper, putting her lips near Naldo's ear, "if I might take Lillo with me! He is very sensible."

"But who will thump Monna Lisa then, if she doesn't hear?" said Tito, finding it difficult not to laugh, but thinking it necessary to look serious. "No, Tessa, you could not take care of Lillo if you got into a crowd, and he's too heavy for you to carry him."

"It is true," said Tessa, rather sadly, "and he likes to run away. I forgot that. Then I will go alone. But now look at Ninna—you have not looked at her enough."

Ninna was a blue-eyed thing, at the tottering, tumbling age—a fair solid, which, like a loaded die, found its base with a constancy that warranted prediction. Tessa went to snatch her up, and when Babbo was paying due attention to the recent teeth and other marvels, she said, in a whisper, "And shall I buy some *confetti* for the children?"

Tito drew some small coins from his scarsella, and poured them into her palm.

"That will buy no end," said Tessa, delighted at this abundance. "I shall not mind going without Lillo so much, if I bring him something."

So Tessa set out in the morning towards the great Piazza where the bonfire was to be. She did not think the February breeze cold enough to demand further covering than her green woollen dress. A mantle would have been oppressive, for it would have hidden a new necklace and a new clasp, mounted with silver, the only ornamental presents Tito had ever made her. Tessa did not think at all of showing her figure, for no one had ever told her it was pretty; but she was quite sure that her necklace and clasp were of the prettiest sort ever worn by the richest contadina, and she arranged her white hood over her head so that the front of her necklace might be well displayed. These ornaments, she considered, must inspire respect for her as the wife of some one who could afford to buy them.

She tripped along very cheerily in the February sunshine, thinking much of the purchases for the little ones, with which she was to fill her small basket, and not thinking at all of any one who might be observing her. Yet her descent from her upper story into the street had been watched, and she was being kept in sight as she walked by a person who had often waited in vain to see if it were not Tessa who lived in that house to which he had more than once dogged Tito. Baldassarre was carrying a package of yarn: he was constantly employed in that way, as a means of earning his scanty bread, and keeping the sacred fire of vengeance alive; and he had come out of his way this morning, as he had often done before, that he might pass by the house to which he had followed Tito in the evening. His long imprisonment had so intensified

his timid suspicion and his belief in some diabolic fortune favouring Tito, that he had not dared to pursue him, except under cover of a crowd or of the darkness; he felt with instinctive horror, that if Tito's eyes fell upon him, he should again be held up to obloquy, again be dragged away; his weapon would be taken from him, and he should be cast helpless into a prison-cell. His fierce purpose had become as stealthy as a serpent's, which depends for its prey on one dart of the fang. Justice was weak and unfriended; and he could not hear again the voice that pealed the promise of vengeance in the Duomo: he had been there again and again, but that voice, too, had apparently been stifled by cunning strong-armed wickedness. For a long while, Baldassarre's ruling thought was to ascertain whether Tito still wore the armour, for now at last his fainting hope would have been contented with a successful stab on this side the grave; but he would never risk his precious knife again. It was a weary time he had had to wait for the chance of answering this question by touching Tito's back in the press of the street. Since then, the knowledge that the sharp steel was useless, and that he had no hope but in some new device, had fallen with leaden weight on his enfeebled mind. A dim vision of winning one of those two wives to aid him came before him continually, and continually slid away. The wife who had lived on the hill was no longer there. If he could find her again, he might grasp some thread of a project, and work his way to more clearness.

And this morning he had succeeded. He was quite certain now where this wife lived, and as he walked bent a little under his burden of yarn, yet keeping the green and white figure in sight, his mind was dwelling upon her and her circumstances as feeble eyes dwell on lines and colours, trying to interpret them into consistent significance.

Tessa had to pass through various long streets without seeing any other sign of the Carnival than unusual groups of the country people in their best garments, and that disposition in everybody to chat and loiter which marks the early hours of a holiday before the spectacle has begun. Presently, in her disappointed search for remarkable objects, her eyes fell on a man with a pedlar's basket before him, who seemed to be selling nothing but little red crosses to all the passengers. A little red cross would be pretty to hang up over her bed; and it would also help to keep off harm, and would perhaps make Ninna stronger. Tessa went to the other side of the street that she might ask the pedlar the price of the crosses, fearing that they would cost a little too much for her to spare from her purchase of sweets. The pedlar's back had been turned towards her hitherto, but when she came near him she recognized an old acquaintance of the Mercato, Bratti Ferravecchj, and accustomed to feel that she was to avoid old acquaintances, she turned away again and passed to the other side of the street. But Bratti's eye was too well practised in looking out at the corner after possible customers, for her movement to have escaped him, and she was presently arrested by a tap on the arm from one of the red crosses.

"Young woman," said Bratti, as she unwillingly turned her head, "you come from some castello a good way off, it seems to me, else you'd never think of walking about, this blessed Carnival, without a red cross in your hand. Santa Madonna! Four white quattrini is a small price to pay for your soul—prices rise in purgatory, let me tell you."

"Oh, I should like one," said Tessa, hastily, "but I couldn't spare four white quattrini."

Bratti had at first regarded Tessa too abstractedly as a mere customer to look at her with any scrutiny, but when she began to speak he exclaimed, "By the head of San Giovanni, it must be the little Tessa, and looking as fresh as a ripe apple! What, you've done none the worse, then, for running away from father Nofri? You were in the right of it, for he goes on crutches now, and a crabbed fellow with crutches is dangerous; he can reach across the house and beat a woman as he sits."

"I'm married," said Tessa, rather demurely, remembering Naldo's command that she should behave with gravity; "and my husband takes great care of me."

"Ah, then you've fallen on your feet! Nofri said you were good-for-nothing vermin; but what then? An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down. I always said you did well to run away, and it isn't often Bratti's in the wrong. Well, and so you've got a husband and plenty of money? Then you'll never think much of giving four white quattrini for a red cross. I get no profit; but what with the famine and the new religion, all other merchandise is gone down. You live in the country where the chestnuts are plenty, eh? You've never wanted for polenta, I can see."

"No, I've never wanted anything," said Tessa, still on her guard.

"Then you can afford to buy a cross. I got a Padre to bless them, and you get blessing and all for four quattrini. It isn't for the profit; I hardly get a danaro by the whole lot. But then they're holy wares, and it's getting harder and harder work to see your way to Paradise: the very Carnival is like Holy Week, and the least you can do to keep the Devil from getting the upper hand is to buy a cross. God guard you! think what the Devil's tooth is! You've seen him biting the man in San Giovanni, I should hope?"

Tessa felt much teased and frightened. "Oh, Bratti," she said, with a discomposed face, "I want to buy a great many *confetti*: I've got little Lillo and Ninna at home. And nice coloured sweet things cost a great deal. And they will not like the cross so well, though I know it would be good to have it."

"Come, then," said Bratti, fond of laying up a store of merits by imagining possible extortions and then heroically renouncing them, "Since you're an old acquaintance, you shall have it for two quattrini. It's making you a present of the cross, to say nothing of the blessing."

Tessa was reaching out her two quattrini with trembling hesitation, when Bratti said, abruptly, "Stop a bit! Where do you live?"

"Oh, a long way off," she answered, almost automatically, being preoccupied with her quattrini; "beyond San Ambrogio, in the Via Piccola, at the top of the house where the wood is stacked below."

"Very good," said Bratti, in a patronizing tone; "then I'll let you have the cross on trust, and call for the money. So you live inside the gates? Well, well, I shall be passing."

"No, no!" said Tessa, frightened lest Naldo should be angry at this revival of an old acquaintance. "I can spare the money. Take it now."

"No," said Bratti, resolutely; "I'm not a hard-hearted pedlar. I'll call and see if you've got any rags, and you shall make a bargain. See, here's the cross; and there's Pippo's shop, not far behind you: you can go and fill your basket, and I must go and get mine empty. *Addio, piccina.*"

Bratti went on his way, and Tessa, stimulated to change her money into confetti before further accidents, went into Pippo's shop, a little fluttered by the thought that she had let Bratti know more about her than her husband would approve. There were certainly more dangers in coming to see the Carnival than in staying at home; and she would have felt this more strongly if she had known that the wicked old man, who had wanted to kill her husband on the hill, was still keeping her in sight. But she had not noticed the man with the burden on his back.

The consciousness of having a small basketful of things to make the children glad, dispersed her anxiety, and as she entered the Via de' Libraj her face had its usual expression of child-like content. And now she thought there was really a procession coming, for she saw white robes and a banner, and her heart began to palpitate with expectation. She stood a little aside, but in that narrow street there was the pleasure of being obliged to look very close. The banner was pretty: it was the Holy Mother with the Babe, whose love for her Tessa had believed in more and more since she had had her babies; and the figures in white had not only green wreaths on their heads, but little red crosses by their side, which caused her some satisfaction that she also had her red cross. Certainly, they looked as beautiful as the angels on the clouds, and to Tessa's mind they too had a background of cloud, like everything else that came to her in life. How and whence did they come? She did not mind much about knowing. But one thing surprised her as newer than wreaths and crosses; it was that some of the white figures carried baskets between them. What could the baskets be for?

But now they were very near, and, to her astonishment, they wheeled aside and came straight up to her. She trembled as she would have done if St. Michael in the picture had shaken his head at her, and was conscious of nothing but terrified wonder till she saw close to her a round boyish face, lower than her own, and heard a treble voice saying, "Sister, you carry the *Anathema* about you. Yield it up to the blessed Gesù, and He will adorn you with the gems of His grace."

Tessa was only more frightened, understanding nothing. Her first



conjecture settled on her basket of sweets. They wanted that, these alarming angels. Oh, dear, dear! She looked down at it.

"No, sister," said a taller youth, pointing to her necklace and the clasp of her belt, "it is those vanities that are the *Anathema*. Take off that necklace and unclasp that belt, that they may be burned in the holy Bon-fire of Vanities, and save *you* from burning."

"It is the truth, my sister," said a still taller youth, evidently the archangel of this band. "Listen to these voices speaking the divine message. You already carry a red cross: let that be your only adornment. Yield up your necklace and belt, and you shall obtain grace."

This was too much. Tessa, overcome with awe, dared not say "no," but she was equally unable to render up her beloved necklace and clasp. Her pouting lips were quivering, the tears rushed to her eyes, and a great drop fell. For a moment she ceased to see anything; she felt nothing but confused terror and misery. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on her arm, and a soft, wonderful voice, as if the Holy Madonna were speaking, said, "Do not be afraid; no one shall harm you."

Tessa looked up and saw a lady in black, with a young heavenly face and loving hazel eyes. She had never seen any one like this lady before, and under other circumstances might have had awe-struck thoughts about her; but now everything else was overcome by the sense that loving protection was near her. The tears only fell the faster, relieving her swelling heart, as she looked up at the heavenly face, and, putting her hand to her necklace, said sobbingly,

"I can't give them to be burnt. My husband—he bought them for me—and they are so pretty—and Ninna—Oh, I wish I'd never come!"

"Do not ask her for them," said Romola, speaking to the white-robed boys in a tone of mild authority. "It answers no good end for people to give up such things against their will. That is not what Fra Girolamo approves: he would have such things given up freely."

Madonna Romola's word was not to be resisted, and the white train moved on. They even moved with haste, as if some new object had caught their eyes; and Tessa felt with bliss that they were gone, and that her necklace and clasp were still with her.

"Oh, I will go back to the house," she said, still agitated; "I will go nowhere else. But if I should meet them again, and you not be there?" she added, expecting everything from this heavenly lady.

"Stay a little," said Romola. "Come with me under this doorway, and we will hide the necklace and clasp, and then you will be in no danger."

She led Tessa under the archway, and said, "Now, can we find room for your necklace and belt in your basket? Ah! your basket is full of crisp things that will break: let us be careful, and lay the heavy necklace under them."

It was like a change in a dream to Tessa—the escape from nightmare into floating safety and joy—to find herself taken care of by this lady, so lovely, and powerful, and gentle. She let Romola unfasten her necklace

and clasp, while she herself did nothing but look up at the face that bent over her.

"They are sweets for Lillo and Ninna," she said, as Romola carefully lifted up the light parcels in the basket, and placed the ornaments below them.

"Those are your children?" said Romola, smiling. "And you would rather go home to them than see any more of the Carnival? Else you have not far to go to the Piazza de' Signori, and there you would see the pile for the great bonfire."

"No; oh, no!" said Tessa, eagerly; "I shall never like bonfires again. I will go back."

"You live at some *castello*, doubtless," said Romola, not waiting for an answer. "Towards which gate do you go?"

"Towards Por' Santa Croce."

"Come, then," said Romola, taking her by the hand and leading her to the corner of a street nearly opposite. "If you go down there," she said, pausing, "you will soon be in a straight road. And I must leave you now, because some one else expects me. You will not be frightened. Your pretty things are quite safe now. Addio."

"Addio, Madonna," said Tessa, almost in a whisper, not knowing what else it would be right to say; and in an instant the heavenly lady was gone. Tessa turned to catch a last glimpse, but she only saw the tall gliding figure vanish round the projecting stonework. So she went on her way in wonder, longing to be once more safely housed with Monna Lisa, undesirous of carnivals for evermore.

Baldassarre had kept Tessa in sight till the moment of her parting with Romola: then he went away with his bundle of yarn. It seemed to him that he had discerned a clue which might guide him if he could only grasp the necessary details firmly enough. He had seen the two wives together, and the sight had brought to his conceptions that vividness which had been wanting before. His power of imagining facts needed to be reinforced continually by the senses. The tall wife was the noble and rightful wife; she had the blood in her that would be readily kindled to resentment; she would know what scholarship was, and how it might lie locked in by the obstructions of the stricken body, like a treasure buried by earthquake. She could believe him: she would be *inclined* to believe him, if he proved to her that her husband was unfaithful. Women cared about that: they would take Vengeance for that. If this wife of Tito's loved him, she would have a sense of injury which Baldassarre's mind dwelt on with keen longing, as if it would be the strength of another Will added to his own, the strength of another mind to form devices.

Both these wives had been kind to Baldassarre, and their acts towards him, being bound up with the very image of them, had not vanished from his memory; yet the thought of their pain could not present itself to him as a check. To him it seemed that pain was the order of the world for all except the hard and base. If any were innocent, if any were noble,

where could the utmost gladness lie for them? Where it lay for him—in unconquerable hatred and triumphant vengeance. But he must be cautious: he must watch this wife in the *Via de' Bardi*, and learn more of her; for even here frustration was possible. There was no power for him now but in patience.

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CHAPTER LI.

## MONNA BRIGIDA'S CONVERSION.

WHEN Romola said that some one else expected her, she meant her cousin Brigida, but she was far from suspecting how much that good kinswoman was in need of her. Returning together towards the Piazza, they had descried the company of youths coming to a stand before Tessa, and when Romola, having approached near enough to see the simple little contadina's distress, said, "Wait for me a moment, cousin," Monna Brigida said hastily, "Ah, I will not go on: come for me to Boni's shop,—I shall go back there."

The truth was, Monna Brigida had a consciousness on the one hand of certain "vanities" carried on her person, and on the other of a growing alarm lest the Piagnoni should be right in holding that rouge, and false hair, and pearl embroidery, endamaged the soul. Their serious view of things filled the air like an odour; nothing seemed to have exactly the same flavour as it used to have; and there was the dear child Romola, in her youth and beauty, leading a life that was uncomfortably suggestive of rigorous demands on woman. A widow at fifty-five whose satisfaction has been largely drawn from what she thinks of her own person, and what she believes others think of it, requires a great fund of imagination to keep her spirits buoyant. And Monna Brigida had begun to have frequent struggles at her toilet. If her soul would prosper better without them, was it really worth while to put on the rouge and the braids? But when she lifted up the hand-mirror and saw a sallow face with baggy cheeks, and crow's feet that were not to be dissimulated by any simpering of the lips—when she parted her grey hair, and let it lie in simple Piagnone fashion round her face, her courage failed. Monna Berta would certainly burst out laughing at her, and call her an old hag, and as Monna Berta was really only fifty-two, she had a superiority which would make the observation cutting. Every woman who was not a Piagnone would give a shrug at the sight of her, and the men would accost her as if she were their grandmother. Whereas, at fifty-five a woman was not so very old—she only required making up a little. So the rouge and the braids and the embroidered berretta went on again, and Monna Brigida was satisfied with the accustomed effect; as for her neck, if she covered it up, people might suppose it was too old to show, and on the contrary, with the necklaces round it, it looked better than Monna

Berta's. This very day, when she was preparing for the Piagnone Carnival, such a struggle had occurred, and the conflicting fears and longings which caused the struggle, caused her to turn back and seek refuge in the druggist's shop rather than encounter the collectors of the *Anathema* when Romola was not by her side.

But Monna Brigida was not quite rapid enough in her retreat. She had been descried, even before she turned away, by the white-robed boys in the rear of those who wheeled round towards Tessa, and the willingness with which Tessa was given up was, perhaps, slightly due to the fact that part of the troop had already accosted a personage carrying more markedly upon her the dangerous weight of the *Anathema*. It happened that several of this troop were at the youngest age taken into peculiar training; and a small fellow of ten, his olive wreath resting above cherubic cheeks and wide brown eyes, his imagination really possessed with a hovering awe at existence as something in which great consequences impended on being good or bad, his longings nevertheless running in the direction of mastery and mischief, was the first to reach Monna Brigida and place himself across her path. She felt angry, and looked for an open door, but there was not one at hand, and by attempting to escape now, she would only make things worse. But it was not the cherubic-faced young one who first addressed her; it was a youth of fifteen, who held one handle of a wide basket.

"Venerable mother!" he began, "the blessed Jesus commands you to give up the *Anathema* which you carry upon you. That cap embroidered with pearls, those jewels that fasten up your false hair—let them be given up and sold for the poor; and cast the hair itself away from you, as a lie that is only fit for burning. Doubtless, too, you have other jewels under your silk mantle."

"Yes, lady," said the youth at the other handle, who had many of Fra Girolamo's phrases by heart, "they are too heavy for you: they are heavier than a millstone, and are weighting you for perdition. Will you adorn yourself with the hunger of the poor, and be proud to carry God's curse upon your head?"

"In truth you are old, buona madre," said the cherubic boy, in a sweet soprano. "You look very ugly with the red on your cheeks and that black glistening hair, and those fine things. It is only Satan who can like to see you. Your Angel is sorry. He wants you to rub away the red."

The little fellow snatched a soft silk scarf from the basket, and held it towards Monna Brigida, that she might use it as her guardian angel desired. Her anger and mortification were fast giving way to spiritual alarm. Monna Berta, and that cloud of witnesses, highly-dressed society in general, were not looking at her, and she was surrounded by young monitors, whose white robes, and wreaths, and red crosses, and dreadful candour, had something awful in their unusualness. Her Franciscan confessor, Fra Cristoforo, of Santa Croce, was not at hand to reinforce her

distrust of Dominican teaching, and she was helplessly possessed and shaken by a vague sense that a supreme warning was come to her. Unvisited by the least suggestion of any other course that was open to her, she took the scarf that was held out, and rubbed her cheeks, with trembling submissiveness.

"It is well, madonna," said the second youth. "It is a holy beginning. And when you have taken those vanities from your head, the dew of heavenly grace will descend on it." The infusion of mischief was getting stronger, and putting his hand to one of the jewelled pins that fastened her braids to the berretta, he drew it out. The heavy black plait fell down over Monna Brigida's face, and dragged the rest of the head-gear forward. It was a new reason for not hesitating: she put up her hands hastily, undid the other fastenings, and flung down into the basket of doom her beloved crimson-velvet berretta, with all its unsurpassed embroidery of seed-pearls, and stood an unrouged woman, with grey hair pushed backward from a face where certain deep lines of age had triumphed over embonpoint.

But the berretta was not allowed to lie in the basket. With impish zeal, the youngsters lifted it up, and held it pitilessly, with the false hair dangling.

"See, venerable mother," said the taller youth, "what ugly lies you have delivered yourself from! And now you look like the blessed Saint Anna, the mother of the Holy Virgin."

Thoughts of going into a convent forthwith, and never showing herself in the world again, were rushing through Monna Brigida's mind. There was nothing possible for her but to take care of her soul. Of course, there were spectators laughing: she had no need to look round to assure herself of that. Well! it would, perhaps, be better to be forced to think more of Paradise. But at the thought that the dear accustomed world was no longer in her choice, there gathered some of those hard tears which just moisten elderly eyes, and she could see but dimly a large rough hand holding a red cross, which was suddenly thrust before her over the shoulders of the boys, while a strong guttural voice said, "Only four quattrini, madonna, blessing and all! Buy it. You'll find a comfort in it now your wig's gone. Deh! what are we sinners doing all our lives? Making soup in a basket, and getting nothing but the scum for our stomachs. Better buy a blessing, madonna! Only four quattrini; the profit is not so much as the smell of a danaro, and it goes to the poor."

Monna Brigida, in dim-eyed confusion, was proceeding to the further submission of reaching money from her embroidered scarsella, at present hidden by her silk mantle, when the group round her, which she had not yet entertained the idea of escaping, opened before a figure as welcome as an angel loosing prison bolts.

"Romola, look at me!" said Monna Brigida, in a piteous tone, putting out both her hands.

The white troop was already moving away, with a slight consciousness

that its zeal about the head-gear had been superabundant enough to afford a dispensation from any further demand for penitential offerings.

"Dear cousin, don't be distressed," said Romola, smitten with pity, yet hardly able to help smiling at the sudden apparition of her kinswoman in a genuine, natural guise, strangely contrasted with all memories of her. She took the black drapery from her own head, and threw it over Monna Brigida's. "There," she went on, soothingly, "no one will remark you now. We will turn down the Via del Palagio and go straight to our house."

They hastened away, Monna Brigida grasping Romola's hand tightly as if to get a stronger assurance of her being actually there.

"Ah, my Romola, my dear child," said the short fat woman, hurrying with frequent steps to keep pace with the majestic young figure beside her. "What an old scarecrow I am! I must be good—I mean to be good!"

"Yes, yes; buy a cross!" said the guttural voice, while the rough hand was thrust once more before Monna Brigida; for Bratti was not to be abashed by Romola's presence into renouncing a probable customer, and had quietly followed up their retreat. "Only four quattrini, blessing and all—and if there was any profit, it would all go to the poor."

Monna Brigida would have been compelled to pause, even if she had been in a less submissive mood. She put up one hand deprecatingly to arrest Romola's remonstrance, and with the other reached out a grosso, worth many white quattrini, saying, in an entreating tone—

"Take it, good man, and begone."

"You're in the right, madonna," said Bratti, taking the coin quickly, and thrusting the cross into her hand, "I'll not offer you change, for I might as well rob you of a mass. What! we must all be scorched a little, but you'll come off the easier; better fall from the window than the roof. A good Easter and a good year to you!"

"Well, Romola," cried Monna Brigida, pathetically, as Bratti left them, "if I'm to be a Piagnone, it's no matter how I look!"

"Dear cousin," said Romola, looking at her affectionately, "you don't know how much better you look than you ever did before. I see now how good-natured your face is, like yourself. That red and finery seemed to thrust themselves forward and hide expression. Ask our Piero or any other painter if he would not rather paint your portrait now than before. I think all lines of the human face have something either touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions. How fine old men are, like my godfather! Why should not old women look grand and simple?"

"Yes, when one gets to be sixty, my Romola," said Brigida, relapsing a little; "but I'm only fifty-five, and Monna Berta and everybody—but it's no use: I will be good, like you. Your mother, if she'd been alive, would have been as old as I am—we were cousins together. One *must* either die or get old. But it doesn't matter about being old, if one's a Piagnone."



## Life in a Barrack.

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THE British people has, without doubt, a deep interest in its Army, as well as a lasting pride in it; but of the daily life of the individual soldier, his duties and indulgences, his surroundings and his sentiments, little seems to be known beyond the barrack wall. And yet a plain, unvarnished statement on some of these matters cannot fail to be interesting, and so I, a man in the ranks, make bold to attempt it.

The soldier is born when he is enlisted; and I think I may say that, just as few of us come into the world of our own mere will and pleasure, so there are not many men who enter the army from choice. They volunteer, but they cannot help themselves; or believe they cannot. Sometimes a young man gets into "trouble" (a word you may interpret many ways—as debt, for instance, or speculation, or early marriage, or some other little vice), and then the "ranks" afford him convenient shelter; but far oftener a man becomes a private through downright privation. There is, indeed, a sorry sort of joke not unfrequently heard in the barrack-room, but very popular for all that: "It was not for want that *I* enlisted," the red-coat will say; "I had plenty of that before I joined."

The recruiting sergeant is still a teller of most glorious and most dreadful lies; though, no doubt, he is more moderate than he used to be. There are several ways of accounting for the change. In the first place, his old misrepresentations would not "go down" with his hearers now—reading, writing, and arithmetic have altered all that; and then too much fibbing is discouraged by his superiors; and finally, the service now-a-days is really something like what it was *said* to be. Altered facts have, in some degree, corrected unchanged assertions. In some places, however, the ignorance and credulity of Lubin still offer too tempting an opportunity for the cultivation of romance, especially in times when men are much wanted; and many a simpleton takes the shilling under a belief that he is to receive thirteen pence a day pay, and be fed, lodged, and clothed into the bargain. Such an inducement to enlist is best understood when we remember what wages are in many parts of the country.

Enrolment is a far more ceremonial performance than it is generally supposed to be. The passing of a coin from palm to palm under any decent pretence may have been enough to entrap men in the times of the French war, but regular enlistment is deliberate and formal. This is what happens when the operation is performed according to the military Cocker. The recruit holds out his hand, the sergeant suspends the shilling over it between finger and thumb, and asks, "Are you married?" "No,"



say you, of course. "Are you an apprentice?" "I am not." "Do you belong to any militia regiment?" "No." "Did you ever serve in her Majesty's army or navy?" "No." "Are you marked with the letter D?" "Certainly not." "Have you ever been cupped?" "Never." "Are you free, able, and willing to serve her Majesty the Queen for a period of ten years, or twelve if required?" "Yes." "Then I enlist you for her Majesty's 222nd Regiment of the Line." The shilling is dropped into your palm, and enlisted you are.

However, the formalities are not yet over. A paper is made out and handed to you—you, the recruit—and in this document you are informed that you did enlist in such and such a regiment, on a certain day, and at a certain hour; and further you are warned that if you do not appear next day at or before nine o'clock A.M., you will be proceeded against and punished as a rogue and a vagabond. You are not a rogue, though it may happen that, having been on the tramp in search of work for a week or two, you may not unfairly be called a vagabond. However, you do present yourself at the appointed time, and are then taken before the doctor for examination. If he passes you, you now receive two days' pay (pay commences from the day of enrolment), which amounts to two shillings and twopence. If no sleeping accommodation is provided for you, you get an extra fourpence a day for lodging; but it usually is provided. At the recruiting head-quarters in town—a public-house called the "Rendezvous," in Charles Street, Westminster—they have two large rooms, each containing five-and-twenty beds, for the recruits' comfort.

From the doctor you are next taken to be sworn in before a magistrate; that is to say, if twenty-four hours have now elapsed from the moment when the shilling dropped into your hand. It is not a legal enlistment if you are sworn in *within* the twenty-four hours, and in such a case you can claim your discharge. The virtue of this regulation is obvious, since if before he is attested the recruit changes his mind, and can muster the necessary "smart-money," he can take his discharge. But then the smart-money is a sovereign and the enlisting-shilling; a sum which not many recruits have a chance of raising, however they may repent them of the streamers that flutter in their hats. The hour comes, but no friends and no money; and you are sworn duly. The magistrate asks pretty much the same questions as the recruiting sergeant did, and, as before, they are answered more or less truly; the book is kissed, and the Queen has another soldier. The conditions of service being so far fulfilled, you now get an earnest of your bounty-money, in the magnificent sum of two and sixpence. Bounty-money varies very much, just in proportion to the demand for men. Sometimes five or six pounds are paid. In the old-fashioned times (which are certainly not dear to the army), the bounty rarely covered the cost of the kit, or first outfit; so that the young soldier found himself entered on his new and not very lucrative profession without ever seeing a penny of the small capital he had been led to expect, and, what was worse, positively in debt. Of course, affairs

were so managed that this delightful prospect came upon the poor fellow with a surprise, when it was impossible to back out. That state of things cannot exist now, because the kit has no longer to be paid for out of the bounty-money. It is given free of cost.

After the ceremony of attestation, nothing remains to be done but to take the recruit before the colonel, or officer commanding the recruiting party, for measurement. But that has been already ascertained pretty accurately by the practised eye of the recruiting sergeant, so that there are few rejections at this stage. Sometimes a sergeant knowingly tips the shilling to men too low in stature, or too small in girth; but that is only when he has to choose between bagging a whole party of companions, or losing all. He nets the smaller fish with the greater, and is quite content to see the little ones swim through the meshes again, even at the cost of a shilling and some beer. *They* are sent adrift at an early period without troubling doctor or magistrate, and without touching bounty-money, of course; but as for you, who are five feet nine inches high, and thirty-eight inches round the chest, you are now about to receive another instalment of that gift. Seven shillings and sixpence are handed to you in token of your having passed satisfactorily through the various tests and ceremonies; and with all that money you are sent to join your regiment, or the regimental dépôt. Of course you do not go alone. The sergeant attends you, nor does he leave your side till he has handed you over to the pay or colour sergeant of the company you are posted to.

With so much money in his pocket, the recruit has not joined his regiment an hour before he finds himself surrounded by friends. True, when the money is gone, the friends also disappear; but I have heard that this result follows just as naturally amongst men who are not soldiers, and in places which are not barracks. I doubt, however, if anywhere else the hypocrisy is so daring, or the catastrophe so sudden. There is little or no attempt to hide the spring of the deep interest your comrades take in you: it is the tap at the Royal George or the Duke of Wellington, by you to be set flowing for the entertainment of the gallant fellows who so warmly greet a new, raw comrade. Their impatience to be rewarded is wonderful. The recruit, it should be known, is not allowed to go into the town before he has got his regimentals. But he has already got his bounty-money (in many cases), and there it lies idly in his stupid civilian pocket. Delay is unbearable. What the regiment has not yet furnished in the course of public duty, his comrades hasten to lend him out of private benevolence. One comes with a cap, another with a jacket, a third with a pair of trousers, and so on. They do not fit, these garments, but that is nothing to the purpose. Appearances are disregarded. The capitalist is to be got out into the town, guy or no guy; and he *is* got out accordingly. He behaves in almost every instance like a man; that is to say, he freely gets drunk, and as liberally spends his money for the gratification of his new-found friends and their new-found wives. Small sums are borrowed of him with the affability of friendship and the bonhomie of brethren in

arms: and not till the young soldier refuses, or till his inclination to "stand a drain" can no longer be stimulated, is he allowed to perceive that his companions are all the while laughing at him as an innocent, as a greenhorn, as a chaw-bacon. It is not an uncommon thing for a comrade more friendly than the rest to leave the recruit at last in the hands of some female acquaintance, who manages to clear his pockets out quite before he returns to barracks. Presenting himself there next morning, penitent and apprehensive, he is forthwith placed under arrest, for "stopping absent," while the obliging comrade goes off to share the spoils of victorious Beauty.

It should be remarked before I go further, that up to 1847 (I believe) the soldier was enlisted not for ten, but for twenty-one years. I speak of infantry regiments. Cavalry, artillery, and engineers are now enlisted for twelve years; and *they* also have to serve two years longer, if on foreign service, where men cannot well be spared sometimes. Should the soldier volunteer to remain in the army at the end of his first ten years in it, he has then another ten or twelve years before him; but he gets a second bounty at starting, a free kit, and two or three months' furlough, if he likes to take it. Cavalry men are better paid than infantry men. They get sixteenpence a day; we, thirteence; and as the cost of rations and other charges are much the same in all branches of the service, it follows that the cavalry man enjoys more "spending money" than his fellows afoot. If I remain in the army ten years only, I shall get no pension. Twenty-one years' service entitles me to a stipend of eightpence daily as long as I may live thereafter; and, besides, I shall get a penny a day for every good-conduct stripe I may gain. Three years' good conduct after enrolment gives me one of these stripes or "rings;" but I must show five years' good behaviour for every other. And so a quiet good soldier may retire on a shilling a day. If a man is discharged as unfit for service after spending more than three, but fewer than ten years in the ranks, he then gets an optional and temporary pension; say sixpence a day for a year or eighteen months.

Within two or three days after he has joined his regiment, the recruit is "served out" with his kit, and sent to drill. The items which make up the kit are these:—One knapsack and straps, *i. e.*, the straps that fasten it on; two coat-straps to bind the coat upon the knapsack; three shirts, three pairs of socks, two towels, two pairs of boots, one pair of leathern leggings, one pair of winter trousers, and one pair of summer trousers; a tunic, a shell-jacket, one pair of braces, two shoe-brushes, a clothes-brush, a box of blacking; a razor and case, a comb, a shaving-brush, a knife, a fork, and a spoon, with a "hold-all" to keep these last-named articles in. It must be acknowledged that this is a sufficiently handsome allowance. And I must remark on another improvement which the army has to be grateful for, though, to be sure, it would seem the most natural provision in the world if it had not been overlooked till lately. It is not long, I believe, since the British soldier had to march and fight

in the same clothing, and the same equipments, whether in the heats of India or the frost of Canada. Climate no consideration, was the view at the Horse Guards ; but that is now changed. In very cold climates the soldier is more warmly clad, and he has the felicity of licking rebellious sepoy in the airiest of military costumes.

Every year after the first, the soldier gets one tunic, one pair of winter trousers, and two pairs of boots ; every second year a pair of winter trousers are also served out to him. Everything else that he needs he has to pay for—caps, shirts, socks, towels, &c. &c. It is necessary to buy a jacket, too, every year, and as it is a mere poetical presumption that summer trousers will wear for two seasons, eight shillings and ninepence have to be expended every other year for a new pair. Eight and ninepence is the regulation price for those articles. A jacket costs eleven shillings and sixpence ; a cap, two and twopence ; a shirt, two and threepence ; a pair of socks, thirteence ; a towel, one shilling. Of course some men wear out more clothes than others ; and that class of soldiers who are called by their comrades lady-killers, must be very ingenious to save a penny a day from their expenditure. That is about the sum our disposable income amounts to for more than a third of our time ; and yet there are men in the army who save money. They spare and pinch, and are careful to a wonderful degree ; and it must be remembered, for the rest, that many men, both of the thrifty and the sottish sort, have some little help from friends and admirers. Of the admirers of the sottish sort I will only say that they often show a degree of devotion which is inexplicable, except on the old hypothesis of some rabid love of red cloth. I have known a woman sell the clothes from her back to get drink for a soldier whom she has not known for twenty-four hours. And I don't believe she would have done the same thing for any civilian alive.

About drill I have nothing to say here save that it is not considered agreeable at any time, but especially does it lack charm on first acquaintance. Nor is the recruit very much delighted, at first, with his barrack apartment, if he happen to have been lately familiar with the comforts of a decent home (and remember that some amongst us have been tenderly bred), though as for thousands of men who enter the army, they find themselves at once more handsomely and wholesomely provided for than ever they were in their lives. Still, a barrack-room is by no means a bower ; and, above all, there is no chance of quiet or privacy in it. Generally it accommodates about fourteen or sixteen men, for whom it has to serve as bed-room, dining-room, drawing-room, work-room, and study ; and thus, with a half-dozen men about me at this moment—some at work, some at play, and none quiet—I must say I find the cultivation of literature on a barrack-room table rather thorny. However, literature is not our business, though I am glad to say there are a few of us who make it our recreation, so far as we can. Well, each man of us here has a bed to himself, with an arm-rack behind it, and two or three pegs in the walls above to hang belts, &c., upon. The bedstead is of iron, about two and

a half feet wide, and hinged in the centre, so that it can be turned back in the daytime and form a seat. To each cot there is a mattress, a pillow (both stuffed with straw, and ungrateful to the bones at first, but we soon get used to that), two blankets, two sheets, and a rug. The sheets are changed every month, the blankets every three or four months. Shelves run round the room, which is also furnished with a cupboard, two tables, four forms, a plate and a basin for every man, a large long-handled scrubbing-brush, a broom, small hand-scrubber, a tin pail, a wooden pail, a wooden box with handles to contain coals, with poker, shovel, &c. The tables have moveable tops fitting upon iron stands; and the cupboard-doors are of iron-wire, like those of a meat-safe. The basins are made to serve the purpose of tea-cups also: knife, fork, and spoon, as I have said, are provided in the kit. Of course I do not know that these details are the same in *all* barrack-rooms, but I describe those of one of the most important stations in England, and I should expect to find few differences elsewhere.

The ordinary routine of a soldier's life in barrack is pretty much as follows:—At six in the morning he is called up by the reveille, or, in more familiar English, the rouse. The first notes of the rouse are dismal, in accordance with the feelings of every sluggard who hears them; but they are succeeded by a few others of an encouraging and lively character, and to their music we rise. The first thing to be done now is to make the beds. The bed-irons are turned up, mattress and pillow are folded together, then the sheets, then the blankets (all very neatly), and placed on top of the bed-irons, towards the wall; the rug is folded next, and that being placed on the bed-irons in *front* of bed, blankets, &c., a seat is formed. When a bed is well made up, it looks very neat and tidy indeed. The next operation is to clean the room, which is done by sweeping and scrubbing with the formidable long-handled brush before mentioned; that, and the adjustment of tables, and forms, and so on, completes the business. The orderly man—that is to say, a man told off to cater for his comrades—to draw rations, prepare tables, keep the room clean, and wash up everything for the day—next considers breakfast, which is served at about eight o'clock. Before that time, of course, the orderly has drawn rations, of which more presently. Breakfast is speedily prepared (each room forming a mess), for nothing is to be done but to put a table up and clap the basins on it. Table-cloths are unknown, and are the less needed considering that the tables are kept white as a new deal board. The meal consists of bread, and coffee which is made for us by the cook in the cook-house, where coppers and ovens are fitted up according to the number of men to be served. Breakfast over, the orderly man washes up, and I cannot say he does it nicely. No cloths are provided for the purpose, and an old shirt, or any other rag that can be obtained, is thought good enough. Good enough, I say! It has only to be tolerably large, and it is a treasure: a thing to be conveyed by the envied owners from mess to mess, and even from barrack to barrack most carefully.

After clearing away, the orderly man next employs himself in scrubbing tables, making the fire-place tidy, and so on, while the other men clean their arms and accoutrements for morning parade, which takes place about ten o'clock. The "dress," or warning for the men to prepare for parade, sounds at a quarter to ten; and the "fall in" at ten precisely. Any man who makes his appearance after the "fall in" has sounded is punished with two or three hours' extra-drill; and that is felt as a disgrace as well as a bore. However, the offence is very infrequent. The regular morning drill lasts for about an hour and a half; after that has been accomplished the men are free to dispose of themselves till dinner-time, when every one has to answer to the roll-call. One o'clock is the dinner hour; when we have a very fair meal of meat, potatoes, and soup. Sometimes we have a baked dinner—in fact, we are supposed to enjoy that luxury three times a week; but there are few barracks, I believe, in which the three times are not reduced to two. However, we are at liberty to send our food out to some baker's in the town; and though he charges twopence for cooking, we save as much as that on the cost of the materials that would have gone to make the soup. Occasionally a brief period of parade or drill follows dinner. At a quarter-past four tea-time comes round, when our basins steam with the decent aroma of the Chinese plant; and then again we are at our own disposal till "tattoo," or half-past nine. Between tea-time and "tattoo" the "retreat" sounds—at sunset: that is to say, at various hours, according to the season. When the "retreat" has sounded, the band plays.

"Tattoo" is divided into the "first post" and "last post." The first post sounds at nine, when all the men's names are called in the barrack-rooms; the names of those who are absent being taken down. As many men as return before the last post has sounded at half-past nine have their names scratched from the list, which is then taken up to the orderly officer. As the absentees drop in they are marched to the guard-room, which is pretty full by midnight with deserters, absentees, and men drunk. At ten we who are sober and well-behaved are all in bed and in darkness.

Of course there are special duties for certain men to perform during the day; some men are in hospital, some in prison, some under fatigue-duty, and so on; but the above is a fair account of what passes in the general. The routine in a cavalry barrack is, of course, different in detail. Let us take the case of a dragoon regiment. At half-past five in the morning in summer, at six in the winter, the morning stable trumpet sounds, in answer to which the men dress and proceed to stables, groom their horses, and clean their appointments and the stable itself. By this time it is about a quarter to seven. They then return to the barrack-room, where they make up their beds and clean their personal accoutrements. Breakfast arrives from the cook-house at a quarter to eight—fetched by an orderly man as with us of the infantry—and, this despatched, the time till nine is employed in saddling horses and in dressing. At nine, should there be no field-day (which in country quarters is ordered



perhaps once a week), the men ride their horses to exercise in the surrounding country or in the riding-school: always under superintendence, of course. After about two hours' exercise they return to barracks, and proceed to undress (old clothes are used for work in barrack), and arrange their kits tidily on the shelves over the cots; their arms being placed on the tables for the casual inspection of officers visiting the room. The midday trumpet sounds at half-past eleven; from which time until one the men thoroughly clean their horses, and put up saddles, polishing the saddle-irons till they are as bright as a mirror. This is a point of honour with every good soldier. At one they dine. After dinner—save for an occasional drill or parade on foot, from three to half-past three—the men are at full liberty till six. From six to seven they have a third stable hour, bedding down the horses and making them snug for the night; seven to ten are liberty hours again. The bold dragoon who is not present when the orderly-sergeant goes round at the latter hour noting the absentees gets into trouble. If he does not appear within ten minutes, he spends the night in prison-cell, and next morning is punished according to length of absence, to his general character, and to the condition in which he returned.

Some men spend as much of their time as possible out of barrack, while others abide within its walls pretty constantly. The poorer men, who have no friends to send them a shilling or two now and then, the dull and disappointed men (often the best soldiers), and the slovens, go far to make up the number of stay-at-homes. Not that it is easy to get accustomed to a barrack-room so as to feel at home in it. When the men are not at drill or cleaning their arms, accoutrements, &c., all sorts of employments are carried on in the room, and with infinite confusion. Gambling, swearing, reading, writing, larking, boxing, single-stick exercise, and conversation, these are the occupations which beguile our leisure; and when they all go on at the same moment, the result is not agreeable to quiet and retiring spirits. However, we are not many of us of that character, though a single regiment furnishes, of course, specimens of every variety of Great Britain. I do believe, and therefore I will say, that some of the most finished rogues in the world are to be found in the army—heartless, profligate—men who will rob you while your eyes are on their hands. These men, too, are often first-rate soldiers as well as excellent rogues, and popular opinion keeps them very much in order. Of course it is impossible to collect a thousand men of any grade or any degree of education together without including several blackguards, and I daresay we are not much worse off in that respect than other communities. A known pilferer has a very bad time of it in the army; but the man whose life is most oppressed—who suffers most constantly from “chaff”—is he who pretends to be more moral and religious than his comrades have reason to believe him to be. A truly religious man, or rather I should say a man of whose piety his comrades are convinced, is left in peace, and is respected. Almost every



company has a good singer or a good dancer, who is not only favoured by his fellows, but who sometimes gets an engagement to perform of an evening at a public-house in the town. He comes out strong at Christmas, when the officers usually subscribe a few pounds to furnish forth good cheer for their men, and what is more, they will come and spend an hour at the table. Officers are generally considerate and kind in our days, spending much time and money in providing for the recreation and comfort of their humbler fellows. Cricket-grounds, skittle-alleys, and billiard-tables are common indulgences, and, with the library, keep many a man not only out of mischief, but wholesomely employed.

However troublesome life in a barrack-room may be (though we soon get used to it), it is better than life in camp—in a tent. This habitation is generally made to accommodate twelve men, and is too small to form comfortable quarters for that number. It is a simple dwelling; a pole in the centre, with canvas spreading round from it in the shape of a bell. There are two doors, one in front, one in the rear. Each man is supplied with a rug and a blanket, and sometimes—not always—the luxury of a little straw is added. The process of going to bed is very simple. You undress, and then put your cloak on; round this you wrap first your blanket and next your rug; and thus bundled up in a neat judicious roll, you lie down on your straw—if you are lucky enough to have any. Your knapsack forms an excellent pillow, or it is to be hoped you think so, for you get no other. Should the rain come down moderately, you take no harm, for the water runs off the tent into a trench cut round it; but if the rain falls heavily you will probably get a soaking, because the trenches are apt to fill and the water to flow in upon you. The *cuisine* of the camp is decidedly imperfect. A deep trench is dug, with branch cuttings to supply a draught of air: that is the fireplace. A fire is lit in the trench, and your food is suspended over it in tin cans: that is the system of cookery, according to my own experience. Water for cooking or for immediate consumption is brought in by the military train; but for washing I have had to dig holes in the ground for water to drain into. Of course it is very good discipline all this, and even while we grumble at it we do not forget that a time may come when our very lives may be the profit of such experience. The army is full of inveterate grumblers, and it is not to be supposed that *they* readily take this view of sleeping on the bare ground, twelve in a tent, in a deluging thunder-storm; but these men, growl as they may, are willing to be influenced at last by their own better sense and the cheerfulness of others. Besides, these are no great hardships after all. At first they are displeasing no doubt, and it is never agreeable to wake at the dead of night to find yourself reposing in a puddle; but, on the whole, tolerably hardy men get reconciled to tent life in less than a week; and he would be ridiculed whose growlings were thought to be very sincere at any time.

Our rations and the usual disposition of our incomes must be treated together. As I have said, the men in every room mess together. Three-

quarters of a pound of meat (*not* "without bone") and a pound of bread are drawn every morning for each man, and for that fourpence-halfpenny is charged against us. The whole room's meat is drawn in one piece, the bread in four-pound loaves: thus fourteen men will be served with ten and a half pounds of beef, and four and a half loaves. And here I am reminded of an important article of barrack furniture—an enormous two-handed tin dish, in which these rations are drawn, among other purposes. Meat and bread are supplied by a contractor, and it has to be passed as sound wholesome food by four officers—the quartermaster, the doctor, the captain of the day, and his subaltern. Moreover, it is part of the duty of the orderly officers to go round to every room during or after each meal, to hear any complaints that may be made for report to the commanding officer. If the complaints are trivial, they themselves settle them without reference to the superior officer. Supplied with meat and bread, then, we are still in need every day of tea, coffee, sugar, pepper, salt, mustard, potatoes, milk, and bread for tea. All these articles are supplied in sufficient quantity (bread, half a pound) for threepence-halfpenny. We have now fivepence of daily income to be disposed of. Out of this, a halfpenny is deducted for washing; a halfpenny runs on to the end of the month, and fourpence we receive daily. The halfpenny which is kept back to be dealt with on signing accounts, goes to meet various incidental charges; so that, at the end of the month we seldom have more than sixpence to receive. We have been under the hands of the barber, and his fee is a halfpenny; twopence has to be paid for sheet washing; a penny towards supporting the library; a penny a week for the reading-room and for stationery; twopence for barrack damage, that is to say, for broken crockery, broken windows, &c. It will be seen, therefore, that little remains of our halfpenny-a-day savings. Here is a specimen of the monthly accounts, which are kept by the pay-sergeant:—

<i>August, 1862.</i>			
Thirty-one days' messing, at 8 <i>d.</i>	.	.	£1 0 8
" " pay, at 4 <i>d.</i>	.	.	0 10 4
" " washing, at ½ <i>d.</i>	.	.	0 1 3½
Sheet-washing	.	.	0 0 2
Hair-cutting	.	.	0 0 0½
Barrack damages	.	.	0 0 2
Library	.	.	0 0 1
Reading-room (stationery)	.	.	0 0 4
			£1 13 1
Thirty-one days' pay, at 1 <i>s.</i> 1 <i>d.</i>	.	.	£1 13 7
Amount expended	.	.	1 13 1
Balance creditor	.	.	£0 0 6

And so we live very well, and have all our daily wants supplied for ninepence. But the fourpence that remains is not (alas!) all "spending

money." I have already explained that a stock of underclothing and other apparel has to be supported out of that sum.

The corporals, whose pay is one shilling and fivepence a day, mess with the privates, and at the same cost; so that they are much richer men. But the sergeants—the sergeants are our envy. They get two shillings and a penny a day. They have a mess to themselves, in a good room apportioned for that purpose. To be sure, the same rations of bread and meat are served out to them as to us; but then they expend fivepence halfpenny per day for groceries instead of threepence halfpenny, and that adds considerably to the comforts of the mess. Then, again, they may supply themselves with beer and spirits; and they are at liberty to enjoy the luxuries of their lot up to eleven o'clock at night, long after we are asleep. The colour-sergeant is even better off than his comrades the stripe-sergeants. *He* gets three shillings and a penny a day, while his rations cost no more than theirs. Besides this advantage, he has the privilege of marking all the men's clothes. Every article has to be marked with the owner's regimental number, and the mark of the regiment, and for every article so stamped the fee is a halfpenny.

The rations of cavalry men are the same as those served to the infantry, and are supplied at the same price: a pound and a half of bread, three quarters of a pound of meat, potatoes, a basin of coffee, and a basin of tea, per diem, for eightpence. For washing they generally pay a penny, instead of a halfpenny, as with us; and that leaves them sevenpence clear. If, however, they get more pay, they do more work; each man has a horse to keep in order.

When a man is in hospital, he pays tenpence a day for his food, however costly or however simple it may be; and there is no stint of good things for a sick soldier. The wards are comfortably fitted up, and an orderly is appointed to wait upon every ten inmates. A suit of blue serge—trousers, jacket, and cap, all of the same colour—is substituted for the ordinary regimentals, in hospital; which, in spite of its constraints, has many charms for skulkers. Such men seize every excuse to report themselves sick; but the trick is no sooner discovered than they are hated forthwith by their comrades, and not unnaturally, for the duties evaded by the skulkers fall on better men.

When a soldier is in gaol, he gets no pay at all, but sixpence a day is handed to the governor of the prison for his support. If he be lodged in the regimental prison, or provost cells, then his pay is stopped also; and besides having oftentimes to work harder than I suppose a convict ever did, his dietary is far less satisfactory than that enjoyed in her Majesty's other prisons. For breakfast he has eight ounces of oatmeal, and half a pint of milk; for dinner, twelve ounces of bread, and half a pint of milk; for supper, eight ounces of bread, and half a pint of milk. There is no provocation to crime in such a dietary as that; and when hard labour is awarded, it is hard. It has to be done nine hours a day, and consists of shot-drill, pack-drill, and stone-breaking. The nature of the last-named

punishment is pretty generally understood. Shot-drill means the carrying of a thirty-two pound shot from one low block in the barrack-yard to another, and so backward and forward without end. Pack-drill is as interesting an employment as shot-drill, though not so laborious, perhaps; in this case the culprit has to carry a knapsack with a complete kit in it. Nine hours' labour is for serious offences, of course; smaller deviations from the path of duty (absence without leave, drunkenness, and so on) are punished by from three to twenty-eight days' confinement to barrack, with pack-drill four hours a day. Confinement to barrack is not easily evaded; for it is provided that a man under that sentence is to answer to his name every half-hour.

It is a very unpleasant thing to spend a night in the guard-room or lock-up, though *we* of course do not call the place by those hard, unfeeling names. The fond fancy of the soldier supplies it with more figurative appellations—such as the mill, the jigger, the corner shop, the House that Jack built, the Irish theatre. But by no name can it be loved. At a quarter past nine in the morning, the prisoners' call, or *levée*, sounds (for it is then that the colonel, or senior major in the colonel's absence, holds his *levée*), whereupon every heart in the guard-house is disturbed. The prisoners are marched out, first to the hospital, that it may be known whether they are fit to endure punishment, and then to the orderly-room; their escort being the men of the guard with fixed bayonets. In the orderly-room sit the colonel, the adjutant, and the sergeant-major, who proceed to deal out three, fourteen, twenty-eight days' punishment to the minor criminals; the more serious cases being reserved for court-martial. If a man sent to punishment by this tribunal thinks himself unjustly treated, he can appeal for a court-martial; but he seldom profits by the move. For the court-martial being assembled, and the prisoner brought in, there he sees before him his colonel and his captain, with the defaulters' book in their hands. In this book every man's name in the company is inscribed, and every time he does wrong, the fault is written down to him; and if it be only one fault, there it remains against him in black and white, though he be twenty years in the service. When a man is confined for being drunk, a cross in red ink is made against his name; to be drunk on duty counts as two chalks, and as soon as he attains the distinction of four chalks, he is liable to be tried by court-martial for habitual drunkenness. But to have this effect, the four marks must be booked in not less a period than three hundred and sixty-five days; a licence which is wide enough, and yet I have known men tried three or four times within the year. The sentence of a court-martial on such offenders as these is usually about forty-two days' imprisonment; which is done in the regimental prison or provost cells within the barracks. The sergeant in charge of them, and the superintendent of punishment in general, is called the provost-sergeant. A deserter is sent to a military prison, and generally gets about eighty-four days' imprisonment, with the additional discipline of being marked with the letter D. This brand is

made under the left arm, in Indian ink. If a man deserts two or three times, he may be flogged; but flogging does not often take place, and then for the most part for robbing his comrades, who more readily concur with the punishment than is supposed out of doors. No doubt it is a disgusting exhibition. A man under the lash has his neck protected by his leathern stock.

A regimental court-martial has power to sentence a man to from seven to forty-two days. It consists of a captain for president, and subalterns for members. A garrison court-martial is a far more important assembly; there you have a major for president, captains and lieutenants for members, and they may doom an offender to as much as three years' imprisonment. The colonel has to sign and approve the proceedings of a regimental court-martial; no less a personage than the general commanding the district must confirm the decision of a garrison court-martial before it is valid. Whether a prisoner be found guilty or not, the decision is read to all the men on parade. It ought to have been mentioned before, perhaps, that while the unfortunate or guilty one is in the guard-room, awaiting trial by court-martial, he gets but sixpence a day; which would probably end in famine if his comrades did not supply him with food. Of course this is not allowed, but the provost-sergeant is himself acquainted with the pinch of hunger, and he winks at the offence.

It is not generally known that we ourselves, the private soldiers of the army, hold a court-martial now and then. Take the case of a man discovered to be a thief: he has stolen the money or other properties of his fellows in the barrack-room. His comrades seize him, search him, find him guilty, and put it to him whether he prefers to be summarily dealt with, or to be taken to the provost-sergeant.

"What are you going to give me?" asks the hesitating culprit.

"Well," replies the spokesman on the other side, "what do you say to twenty-eight?"

"No; make it a score."

"Can't make it no less than twenty-six; there's thirteen of us to do the punishment, and we *must* have two welts a piece."

The thief, considering his prospects with due anxiety, agrees. He strips his back and shoulders, is stretched upon a table, and forthwith receives two stripes with a belt from every one of his outraged comrades.

The special duties of a soldier are fatigue duty, guard, and picket. Fatigue means all sorts of work about a barrack: I instance one which is especially disliked—carrying coal; it is carried in two-handled boxes containing eighty pounds, two men to a box. Of the guard there are three men to a post, so that each man can have four hours off duty, and two hours on. Their commander is a sergeant, and there is a corporal to every twelve men. The sergeant of the guard has charge of all prisoners confined in the guard-room; he and his men are relieved every twenty-four hours. Picket duty is pretty well known; it is to patrol the town

after hours, and bring in any soldier found astray. They also go out before tattoo, prowling for drunken men.

The sergeant-major stands first in the ranks of non-commissioned officers. Next to him come the quartermaster-sergeant, the paymaster-sergeant, colour-sergeant, stripe-sergeant, and lastly, the corporal. There are several other sergeants, but they are in staff employ—as the hospital-sergeant and the armourer-sergeant, who has the mending of the arms in his charge. The sergeant-major's duty is to superintend drill, to see that the men are smart-looking, &c. &c. He immediately commands all the other non-commissioned officers in the regiment, warning them of what duty they have from day to day. Early in the evening the call to take orders sounds. These orders, taken from the adjutant by the sergeant-major, are by him transmitted to the orderly-sergeants. They are told how many men they must take out of their various companies for guard, picket, and so on, next day; and then each orderly-major, going to the roll of his company, which is kept in alphabetical order, warns the men in turn who come next for duty. Another part of the orderly-sergeant's business is to see that the men are at every parade and roll-call. The difference between parade and roll-call is this: the one is held on the parade-ground, while the other is simply a calling and an answering of names in the barrack-room. An orderly-corporal has to be careful that the men's rations are fairly weighed, to draw their letters—in short, to see that they "get their rights." A corporal stands at the barrack-gate from rouse to tattoo to keep an eye on those who come in and those who go out, and especially to seize and convey drunken men to the guard-room.

A few men of the hospital corps are attached to every regiment, I believe; but we scarcely regard them as soldiers, and some of us grudge that distinction to the pioneers, of whom we have also a few. Their supposed duty is to go before a regiment and clear the way of bushes and other obstructions; and so it may be in actual war, but at home their business is rather to sweep about the barracks, whitewash walls, and so on.

The regulations about married soldiers' have much improved lately. Eight non-commissioned officers in a hundred may marry; of the sergeants, two-thirds of that number. Often, now-a-days, the married men have separate quarters; whereas, not long ago, domestic privacy could only be obtained by rigging up blankets between the cots. The children of soldiers have schools provided for them at small cost to the parents: twopence a month has to be paid for one child, and threepence for two; if you have a third child, instruction for that is thrown into the bargain; the trio are taken at a penny a head per month. The libraries, reading-rooms, cricket-grounds, &c. &c., provided gratis, or at a merely nominal cost, have already been spoken of; but of the military savings-banks I have yet to say that they offer the liberal inducement of three and three-quarters per cent. per annum: which is more than any savings-bank open to civilians pays.



Another little bit of information I will give, because it seems that not only the general reader but the general writer has very indistinct notions about it. When a company of soldiers are standing in double rank, one man behind another, they are called a file of men, so that when we speak of a company as so many file, we mean double that number of men. So many "rank and file," however, expresses the exact number. Thus, thirty file are sixty men, but sixty rank and file are sixty men. Corporals are included in rank and file, but not sergeants.

And now I find I have consumed many sheets of reading-room note-paper, while still some interesting passages in the life of a common soldier remain unnoticed. However, these I shall now make no effort to remember; especially as some conclusions as to our lot in life may as valuably furnish forth the rest of this article. Well, I am constrained to say, Briton though I am, and, therefore, never perfectly satisfied, that I think we men of the army have reason to be content. Of course the question resolves itself into a matter of pay very much, and I do think we have nothing to grumble about on that score, on fair consideration. You, who read this, have seen pretty clearly what is the ordinary day's work of a soldier, and it must have struck you as being, in comparison with that of the shoemaker and tailor, who toil twelve hours a day for a pound a week, very light. Of course there are certain additional contingencies, such as the chance of being shot, or of being fatigued and starved to death in a trench; but I have no doubt it would be found, on inquiry, that the tailor's trade is more destructive to life in the long run than the soldier's. And then the soldier's calling keeps him healthy while he *does* live: the operative's is often little better than a lingering disease; and I take that to be a very great difference in our favour. I consider this, that the daily bread of the soldier is certain. He is never without shelter; and come corn famine, or cotton famine, *he* does not suffer. Should his barracks be burnt over his head and all his worldly goods perish in the flames, he simply removes to the next barracks, and should his loss be accidental, he is compensated. When he falls sick he goes at once into an hospital in which every care is taken of him; as it should be with an article so costly to acquire, and so difficult to replace, as a well-trained soldier. Should he be invalided and discharged before he has completed his term of service, he receives a small pension according to the nature, cause, and probable duration of his disease. And on completing the full term of service he is guaranteed from starvation by a pension *varying* from eightpence to fifteenpence a day (according to the character of his service), a pension inadequate, no doubt, but easily eked out by the extreme alacrity of civilians to employ deserving old soldiers. To be sure, a soldier cannot marry on his pay, but it is hard to see how an agricultural labourer can or ought to marry on *his* pay. Nor is it fair to forget what *we* know well enough, that a man almost always enters the army as a *dernier ressort*, to save himself from the disgrace and difficulty of begging, borrowing, stealing, or working.

It is not to be supposed, however, that the soldier lies altogether on a bed of roses. His pallet is of simple straw, and there are not a few exasperating thorns in it. And the sharpest of these is, the method of appointment, and the private's subjection to the caprices of non-commissioned officers. I strive to think dispassionately, but my tongue *will* tingle, when I see, as I not seldom do see, a comrade badgered into insolence, and the instant the hasty word has burst from his passionate lips, I see him carried off to receive the penalty due to deliberate insubordination. The rules for promotion throughout the service are radically bad; or rather, there are no rules at all. In many cases promotion goes, as in higher spheres, by home interest used by parents or friends with officers. In very many others, it is obtained by fawning on the chief non-commissioned officer of the troop or company, whose favourable bias on the captain, and his (as he believes) *bonâ fide* favourable report to the commanding officer, bring the desired honour. A private seldom receives promotion after he has been in the service three years. The consequence is, a man often is an officer before he thoroughly knows how to be a private; and overbalanced by his speedy elevation, who can wonder that he will sometimes start with being dictatorial and capricious, and end in becoming tyrannical? This is a very frequent cause of desertion, of the crowded state of military prisons, and of that horrible crime which I thank God I have only read of—murder of officers.

I do not aver that this is true of all, or even of the majority of non-commissioned officers; far from it. But that dreadful specimens do exist, and are not rare exceptions, in every regiment, I believe every soldier will bear me out in affirming. And the sore is easily healed, and that without trenching on the prerogative of lawful authority. Let no man be promoted from the ranks until he has served long enough at least to know his duty as a private, and his duty of bearing and forbearing toward his fellow privates—to have had his shoulder wrung by the inevitable gall of the collar, and have learned to know and command himself. Then let him serve a term of *real* probation, to prove whether he be not thrown off his balance and rendered arrogant and overbearing by being "clothed in a little brief authority." And when he has fairly undergone this ordeal, then, and not till then, let him be entrusted with the command of his fellows. Observe, however, that I am very ready to admit that soldiers are often men not easily dealt with; that the duties of a non-commissioned officer necessarily make him unpopular, and that there is such a thing as envy.

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## Corpulence.

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THE subject of this paper is not only interesting to that large section of the community who remember with fond regret the slimness and activity which were once theirs, and now, alas! have departed; but to all classes it is a matter of real importance that we should understand, as far as may be, what are the causes of excessive fatness; in what ways, if any, it is likely to be injurious, and how its development may be prevented, or its amount reduced.

The proportion which the fatty tissue ought to bear, in weight, to the whole mass of the body has been variously estimated at from one-half to one-tenth. Practically, however, this rule is of no use; and it is more important to remember this—that for every adult man of a certain height there is a tolerably definite weight, which it is not difficult for the individual himself to find out; and that all considerable permanent additions to this must consist of fat. As to the exact amount of fat which may exist without proving injurious to health there appears to be the greatest variation. It is certain that many individuals have possessed an enormous development of this tissue, who, nevertheless, enjoyed perfect health and the complete use of their faculties. Maccary states that he encountered at Pavia a man who exhibited himself as a dancer, and was extremely agile and graceful in his movements, although the most enormously fat man he ever saw. Dr. Williams mentions a girl who from her childhood was fat, and at the age of twenty weighed 450 lbs.; but who possessed an extraordinary degree of muscular strength, so much that at the age of six she was able to carry her own mother in her arms, and at the age of twenty could carry 250 lbs. weight in each hand with ease: and another girl who at the age of five began suddenly to accumulate fat with great rapidity; so that by the time she was twelve years old she weighed 182 lbs., and yet preserved good health and strength. The celebrated Daniel Lambert, probably the fattest man whose history has been recorded, lived to a good age, and, though much encumbered by his bulk, preserved his faculties well: at his culminating point he weighed 739 lbs. Platerus records the case of a man who attained an enormous bulk without any diminution of his remarkable agility, which was such that he walked and danced with unusual ease and grace. Nor is it only the muscular system which may retain its full powers in presence of an extreme accumulation of fat. It is a common prejudice that fat persons are slow of intellect, and the provincial epithet of “fat head” sufficiently expresses the popular idea of the mental powers of the corpulent. But there are plenty of instances which conflict with this view; and I need only mention David Hume and Napoleon to convince every one that it is not

universally true. Raggi, an Italian physician, who was a great authority on corpulence, relates many cases of extreme corpulence in which the intellect remained quite alert to the last. Most of us were probably acquainted, from personal observation, with the huge bulk of that remarkable man Dr. Woolff, the Bokhara missionary, one of the fattest of men, and whose intellect was a marvel of restless activity.

These examples of muscular and mental activity in very fat people do not prove that fat is no hindrance to body or mind; on the contrary, I am quite ready to confess that they are exceptions to the general rule. There can be little doubt that, in the majority of instances, the development of a large amount of fat diminishes bodily and mental activity; but this brings me to the point which I wish to enforce, viz. that the influence which obesity exerts in these respects depends upon the situation in which the fatty tissue is laid down, and upon a certain physiological equilibrium which appears to me to have excited too little attention, but which many facts seem to indicate as highly important to perfect bodily and mental health.

Before we speak of fatness as a diseased condition, it will be necessary to consider the character of the natural tissue of which it is a mere exaggeration. Fat is one of the most useful of the tissues; its structure is very simple, and it pervades nearly every part of the body, and beneath the skin it forms a thick layer, maintaining that plumpness and roundness of outline which contributes so largely to beauty, allowing the skin to glide freely over the parts which lie beneath it, and by its non-conducting qualities forming an admirable defence against external cold. Around the great vessels and nerves it is deposited as a kind of sheath; it invests the base of the heart, lying between the muscular tissue and the serous membrane which covers it; it forms cushions between and around the muscles of the limbs; it makes a soft casing for the kidneys, it is deposited between the layers of the peritoneum (the great serous membrane which lines the cavity of the abdomen and covers the intestines), and in the mediastinum, or central interspace of the chest which intervenes between the two serous bags, or *pleuræ*, in which the lungs are contained, and it is found in considerable quantity between the joints. In the orbits, or bony cavities in which the eyes are lodged, and in the cheeks, palms of the hands, and soles of the feet, it is found in large quantities. In the interior of bones it is present in a modified form as *marrow*. In all the above-mentioned situations it forms a distinct tissue, called the "adipose tissue," which possesses a peculiar structure. It is composed of a congeries of closed cells of large size, the walls of which are formed of a transparent structureless membrane, and among which ramify numerous capillary blood-vessels. These cells contain the fatty matter, which, during life, exists as a semi-fluid substance, capable of being divided into two separate elements, an oily and a crystalline one. It is obvious that one of the chief uses of such a tissue as this, so widely distributed through the body, must be a mechanical one, namely, to act as a kind of cushion, filling up the spaces between

more important organs, and preventing their mutual pressure and concussion; and I have already spoken of another purpose which the subcutaneous layer serves, as a defence against cold. But besides those deposits which take the form of a regular tissue, fatty matter exists abundantly in the nervous substance and the secreting glands; in these latter situations it does not form a continuous structure, but is deposited in more or less isolated globules. In speaking of corpulence we shall have to consider, primarily, that portion of the fatty matter of the body which forms the regular "adipose" tissue. It is this portion of our fat which is liable to such remarkable fluctuations in quantity within the limits of apparent health; fluctuations to which all considerable permanent changes in the weight of fully grown animals are due. While the body is yet developing, of course there are increases of weight due to the increasing size of bones, muscles, &c.; but in the adult these may practically be left out of consideration.

The fluctuations in the amount of fatty tissue which exists in the same individual at different times are easily to be accounted for up to a certain point; for certain influences can plainly be seen to favour them. The most obvious of these is the amount of food of a fatty nature, or convertible into fat, which is taken. The second is the general activity of vital motions, particularly of muscular movements and of respiration, which tends, according to its amount, to the more or less rapid destruction of the tissues, among which the fatty tissue is the first to suffer. But a very superficial observer may see that these influences by no means explain all the alterations in fatness which occur in individuals, and still less the remarkable differences which exist between different persons as to their tendency to fatten. Every one knows of instances in which not the severest system of diet, short of absolute starvation, has succeeded in averting or diminishing extreme corpulence, and other cases in which no possible combination of generous living with repose both of body and mind has been able to make the person adopting it any fatter. Yet both these classes of constitutions may appear tolerably healthy. The difficulty is got over, commonly, by saying that such a one inherited a fat or a lean body from his parents; but it is obvious that this is no real explanation of the matter, but a mere postponement of the difficulty.

In order to arrive at as clear an appreciation as may be of the present state of the inquiry, it may be well if we pass in review the facts, as far as they are known, which throw light upon the formation of the fatty tissue.

There can be no reasonable doubt that the healthy adipose tissue is formed, in some way, from the elements of our food. This is sufficiently proved by the fact, of which there is abundant evidence, that food which contains actual fat is more efficient in increasing the amount of this tissue than any other; on the proviso that it can be digested and taken up into the system; a point on which organisms widely differ. Dr. Stark, who subsequently fell a victim to his enthusiastic zeal for physiological

experiments, proved in his own person that *suet* was the most rapidly fattening article of food which he could take. And a multitude of familiar facts connected with the management of domestic animals intended for the meat market testify to the pre-eminent value of oily substances for this purpose. Inquiry, however, long since proved that animals can fatten upon other than absolutely fatty foods. The characteristic feature of the chemical constitution of all fatty matters is, that they consist of carbon and hydrogen (the former in greatly the largest proportion), with the addition of various amounts of oxygen. Now the chemical composition of various saccharine, starchy, and gummy foods is not so far removed from this, but that a change of the former into the latter, by processes occurring within the body, was conceivable, and Liebig pointed out that this might be occasioned by the action of oxygen. Whether this took place after digestion of the food, or by a fermentative process occurring while it was as yet unabsorbed from the stomach and intestines, was disputed. But the belief that other than fatty food might generate fatty tissue, was supported by a multitude of facts. One of the most striking of these was the circumstance noted with regard to bees, that they possess the power of elaborating wax (a fatty secretion) while subsisting purely on honey, which contains saccharine materials in plenty, but no fat. Further, Boussingault and Persoz made careful experiments on geese, which they fed upon maize, a vegetable food which contains a certain per-centage of oily matter, and they clearly established the fact that far more fatty matter was generated than could be accounted for by the quantity of oil in the food, and they were forced to attribute this additional generation of fat to the transformation of saccharine and starchy matters. Again, it was discovered that albumen and gluten, nitrogenized substances, much further removed than starch, sugar, &c. from the chemical composition of fat, might be artificially changed into a fatty matter by the prolonged action of heat and alkalies; and that in the body itself, various nitrogenous tissues pass into a fatty condition as one stage in their natural progress to degeneration and decay.

In whatever way the fatty matter may be derived from the food, we find abundant proof that it is present in the blood. Long ago, Morgagni and Hewson observed cases in which blood, taken from the body, and allowed to separate into serum and clot, showed a brilliant surface of oily matter floating upon the serum. Lecanu, Gulliver, Blainville, and others have proved that this is at most only an exaggeration of a condition which prevails even in healthy blood; and Gulliver showed that the blood of the great liver vein contains more fatty matter than that of the arterial system. Of the precise way in which fat contained in the blood is made to form the fatty tissue we are ignorant; but it is probably a tolerably simple process. The blood arrives charged with the fatty element, in that mesh of capillary vessels which everywhere penetrates the adipose tissue, and in some way the fatty matter finds a passage to the interior of the cells already described.



It is easy for any one to see that if there be any very excessive deposit of fat, a mechanical obstacle to the action of the heart and lungs will at once be caused. But the mischief does not end here; for when fat is deposited in excess around the base of the heart, it nearly always dips down amongst the bundles of muscular fibre, which it presses upon and seriously impedes in their contractions: in extreme cases, even causing a serious diminution in their number and strength, so that ordinary fatty tissue comes to be in part substituted for the muscular wall of the heart. (This change must not be confounded with true "fatty degeneration," which is a sign of imperfect nutrition of the muscle, and in which no real fatty tissue is formed, but oil globules are deposited *within the muscular fibres themselves*. This latter condition may indeed co-exist with the former, but it is often found in persons who are of a *lean* frame.) Moreover, the pressure of fatty matter not only impedes the movements of the heart and lungs, but in some cases retards the return of the impure venous blood to the heart, and consequently keeps important organs (and especially the brain) filled with a nutrient material which is of defective quality, and unequal to the task of keeping up the functions of those organs. Such are the consequences of excessive fatty deposits on the base of the heart, and there can be no difficulty, after reflecting upon them, in understanding the significance of the fact that out of thirty-nine obese persons whose history was collected by Dr. Shearman, in thirteen instances dropsy, and in eleven apoplectic coma, was the cause of death. For both these diseases would be traceable to the obstacle to circulation and respiration occasioned by an excessive deposit of fat in the neighbourhood of the heart.

There are some other situations in which an unusual growth of adipose tissue may be prejudicial. For instance, there is reason to think that the expansion of the chest in respiration is materially hindered by the fixing of the ribs which results from a very considerable deposit of fat among the intercostal muscles; particularly those which move the upper ribs. A more partial damage, but still a serious one, appears to be occasionally inflicted by the loss of sensibility of the surface of the body, owing to an extreme deposition of fat beneath the skin. Maccary quotes the observation of Pliny (an authority of small value, to be sure), that pigs, in a state of extreme fatness, had their flesh gnawed by rats, without taking any notice of their molestations; and he mentions a case which had come under his own notice, of an excessively fat individual, who had almost completely lost the sense of touch, and upon whom the stings of bees and flies made no impression. Another and more serious damage is that already alluded to, which results from the excessive growth of fatty tissue among muscles, the strength of which it materially impairs, both by mechanical pressure, and, in extreme cases, by the actual substitution of adipose tissue for healthy muscular fibre.

Such are some of the principal injuries, general and local, which the formation of a large amount of fatty tissue in certain localities may pro-

duce. With the knowledge of these possibilities we may congratulate ourselves that, upon the whole, the chief force of the fattening process usually expends itself in a region like the abdomen. Beneath the abdominal skin, and among the loose reflections of the great serous membrane which lines the general abdominal cavity, there is plenty of room for the deposit of an extraordinary amount of fat without serious distress from mechanical pressure or interference with the functions of important organs. It is in this situation, especially in the omentum, that the fat collects in hybernating animals, who sleep through the winter, and in whom animal heat is supported, in the absence of any food, by the gradual absorption into the blood of the extra stock of fatty matter which nature had providently laid up beforehand.

The ancient name by which what I should call the "disease" obesity was called is significant of the light in which our medical forefathers regarded excessive fatness. They named it *Polysarkia*, "abundance of flesh;" and although the more observant of them carefully guarded themselves against any general statement that abundance of fat always signified abundance of strength, it is evident that they all regarded fatness, in otherwise healthy subjects, as a sign of exuberant life. We can hardly hold such an opinion in these days. The discovery that "fatty degeneration," a process by which the more highly organized tissues are degraded to a lower organic type, frequently co-exists with the exuberant formation of adipose tissue; the more accurate clinical observation which has taught us that fatty subjects as a rule can ill sustain the shock of acute diseases, warns us against this view of the matter, and teaches us, other things being equal, to look with distrust upon the health of an individual who rapidly, and without some well-defined and temporarily acting cause, becomes extremely corpulent. It is probable that the very fact of a tendency to exuberant fatty formation is itself an indication of a certain constitutional vice by no means on the side of strength. Nevertheless, we all know numerous instances of persons who all their lives have exhibited a marked tendency to fatness, and who have yet lived long and actively. What are we to infer is the cause of this good health under disadvantages? We must conclude, I think, that by a happy chance the deposition of fat has confined itself chiefly to those regions where its presence is mechanically least harmful, and that unusual circumstances have favoured the general health.

Assuredly the older doctors were by no means at a loss, in their own opinion, for efficacious remedies for corpulence, if we are to judge by the long list of them which figures in the numerous treatises which appeared from the earliest times up to the important era when physiological chemistry first started into life. "*Polysarkia*" was a special favourite, both with budding graduates who had theses to defend, and with learned old dons whose treasury of ripe experience was nearly full; and the way in which they handled it gives their reader a high idea of their adventurous prowess. I cannot forbear quoting, for the benefit of my stouter friends,

a list of the principal measures which might have been adopted for the reduction of their bulk had they lived some fifty or sixty years ago. I quote from Maccary, who seems to have compiled most diligently all the information on the subject which he could lay hold of from Aristotle downwards. I advise obese readers who may happen to be nervous, to take a glass or two of sherry before reading the following list of remedies:—

Bleeding from the arm; bleeding from the jugular vein; dry cupping; prolonged blistering; vegetable diet, with vinegar; every kind of acid, except nitric and phosphoric; hot baths; ditto, with salt in them; baths of Aix, Spa, Forges, Rouen, and Acqui; occasional starvation (to prevent apoplexy); decoction of guaiacum and sassafras, instead of wine (!); scarifications; purgatives (including the *dew collected at night*); pricking the flesh with needles during sleep; walking about with naked feet; the artificial production of grief and anxiety (if it could not be procured by natural means); and, finally, removal of the exuberant tissue with the scalpel! The latter operation is stated, on the authority of Pliny and of some later writers, to have been actually performed on two separate individuals, to each of whom, or to their respective doctors, the bright idea seems to have occurred spontaneously. Such were the principal remedies in the days of theoretical medicine and unavoidable physiological ignorance. Modern investigations in physiology, as might be expected, have dismissed the greater part of this queer therapeutical armament to a limbo from which it is not likely to emerge again; and it must be confessed that, as far as the action of drugs goes, we have not much to put in its place.

The discovery of the remarkable property which iodine possesses of stimulating absorbent action led many to hope that it might prove serviceable in reducing corpulence; and, accordingly, its various preparations have been frequently tried, with the result, so far, that it is very doubtful whether, without producing a deleterious effect on the constitution, their action can be carried far enough to secure the desired effect. The only two medicinal agents which at present much engage the attention of medical men are the *Fucus vesiculosus* (a kind of seaweed) and the bromide of ammonium. The former of these, which contains iodine, is said by Dr. Duchesne du Parc and others to produce the desirable absorbent effects of iodine without any of its deleterious results. At present this remedy is in fashion, but the reports of its success require confirmation from much extended experience. The bromide of ammonium has been introduced by Dr. Gibb, who accidentally discovered its fat-absorbing powers while experimenting with it for a different purpose, and who is still carrying on further researches, the result of which the profession awaits with interest. It is at present supposed that the action of this remedy is chiefly exerted in preventing the deposition of new fatty tissue, rather than in causing the absorption of that already existing. The lay reader who has a personal interest in the subject of my paper will,

however, turn from these matters, of which he cannot fairly judge, to those dietetic and hygienic considerations which must, after all, lie at the foundation of any proper treatment for such an affection as corpulence.

With regard to the diet proper to the treatment of corpulence, if our sole object be to reduce the amount of adipose tissue, the task is tolerably simple. All fatty foods, and, as far as possible, all saccharine and farinaceous matters, should be avoided, including such drinks as contain sugar, dextrine, &c. The total quantity of nourishment taken should be as small as is consistent with health; and its principal items should be *lean* meat and biscuit. Ordinary bread should be avoided, as also beer and all sweet wine: if any alcoholic drink must be taken, dry sherry, or a little weak spirit and water, would be the most suitable. Not much food should be taken at one time, in order that the whole of it may be quickly digested and absorbed, without allowing time for fermentative changes to occur while it is still in the alimentary canal.

Such would be the kind of diet most suitable for the simple purpose of reducing fat. Unfortunately, however, the manipulation of the food supply to our bodies is not quite so simple an affair as it may seem at first sight; and there are certain important considerations which must modify our proceedings if we do not wish to do harm.

I have already alluded to the fact that fat is a most essential element in the constitution of the nervous system, especially of the great nervous centres. Nature herself, during the period for which she undertakes the feeding of a human being, viz. during suckling, takes very good care that a sufficient supply of this nervous food shall be administered: and in those cases in which she fails to perform this duty, unless it be artificially supplemented, serious nervous disorders are apt to arise. I have obtained abundant evidence of this fact from my own experience and that of others; and I consider that it has a bearing on the question of the advisability of such a plan of diet as is commonly recommended for the reduction of corpulence which is in the highest degree important, especially as it is supported by another fact, which has lately attracted the attention of physicians, that oily matters are the most efficient remedies which we possess against chronic convulsive diseases depending on an enfeebled nutrition of the nervous centres. An observation recorded by Maccary, of the true bearing of which he seems to have had no idea, is most important in relation to this question. He relates the case of an infant, born of a very obese mother, which, by the age of three months, had become so monstrously fat that the parents, by the advice of a physician, submitted it to a diet spare in quantity, and from which care was taken to exclude fatty substances. The obesity was rapidly cured, but *the child became an epileptic*. The nervous system had been starved, for want of fatty food. There is nothing whatever in the fact that a particular patient is very fat to assure us that his nervous centres are receiving their proper fat-supply. The exact reverse of this may really be the case; and matters which should have gone to nourish the nervous system may have been expended

in the formation of an exuberant adipose tissue. It is evident, therefore, that the exclusion of fatty substances from the food of obese persons is not to be adopted without regard to the particular circumstances of each case. There are certain well-known crises in life, the first of them being the period of teething in infancy, at all of which there is a marked tendency for the nervous system to break down, and for a number of evil results to follow. If, therefore, the obese patient be at any of these dangerous epochs of existence, it would be clearly unreasonable to proceed by exclusion of fatty matters from the food. Some other measures must be taken.

Besides diet, however, there are other means quite as important for the reduction of excessive fat. Every one understands that active muscular exercise is a powerful agent in reducing corpulence, and it may be worth while to inquire whether this is universally true, and within what limits its application is safe. This is a very interesting question, because of the practical illustrations which it receives in the hands of the trainers who prepare men for athletic contests of various kinds. Here again we may say, if your object be simply to reduce fat, you may easily produce a very considerable impression. The common practice of trainers for Epsom, and of the university crews at Oxford and Cambridge, supplies a complete proof of the efficiency of this plan for its immediate purpose. By increasing the activity of the respiratory process, and by stimulating the liver to increased action, it causes the excretion of a large quantity of carbon and hydrogen, and very rapidly reduces the amount of fat. We must remember, however, that one of the chief reasons why large developments of fat render men unfit for active exertion is that the adipose matter is apt to be deposited in inconvenient proximity to the heart, as already explained. Doubtless this is the most frequent cause of the "short-windedness" of fat people, and the removal of such a superincumbent mass of fat as often presses on the heart must rapidly relieve this. It is, therefore, to be supposed that where a decidedly fat man not only gets rid, by diet and severe exercise, of much of his superficial fat, but also improves his wind greatly, a considerable absorption of fat has taken place; and if this result could be constantly obtained without any simultaneous damage, the Oxford trainer might fairly rank as one of the most useful of physicians. But against this view there must be set one very serious consideration. Large deposits of fat upon the surface of the heart are in very many cases combined with a state of things which is different in its nature, and even more serious in the results which it produces. "Fatty degeneration" of muscular fibres is a condition which may occur in any portion of the muscular system, but which specially affects the muscles which build up the heart, and on which its action depends; and its effect, as may easily be imagined, is to render every bundle of fibres so changed weaker in its action and more liable to rupture or other serious damage. Now, when muscle has once developed this condition, it is not in a state to be benefited by powerful exercise, as the biceps of a

blacksmith might be by strenuous hammering. If urged while in this state to extra efforts, it will only take the more rapidly the downward course of organic degradation, and serious disaster may be the result of measures which, *primâ facie*, might be supposed to afford the best prospect of permanent benefit to health and activity. That this result actually does follow the indiscriminate use of violent exercise is well known to physicians. Many a crack oarsman, who, although originally a heavy man, prided himself on having reduced himself by Herculean efforts to good "working trim," has, unconsciously to himself, been fatally increasing a degeneration of the heart-tissue which had already commenced. I have been assured by physicians who have the best reason to know, that this evil is most serious, from the increasingly reckless style of training which at present prevails at the universities. *Violent* muscular exercise, and especially such as particularly increases the force and rapidity of the heart's action, is, in my opinion, *not* the proper cure for corpulence.

But *moderate* exercise, prolonged for a considerable period each day, but yet stopping short of fatigue, is most necessary; for without it the action of the liver will almost infallibly become sluggish, and thus one great natural outlet for hydrocarbon would be made comparatively useless. Moreover, the action of the skin is increased by active exercise, and thus a large quantity of water is removed from the system, a circumstance which always appears to afford relief to the sense of oppression under which fat people labour, besides increasing the rapidity of the absorbent processes by which we may hope that the amount of existing fat will be reduced. This brings us to the consideration of other remedies addressed to increasing the perspiration from the skin.

Hot baths are a very old plan of treatment for corpulence, being mentioned by nearly every writer. And there is no doubt that in cases in which they have established copious perspiration they may have been a material benefit. But no physician in the present day would probably employ them in any case where it was possible, and safe, to use instead of them the hot-air bath now in fashion under the name of "Turkish." The hot-air bath, when not immoderately indulged in (say two or three baths per week), seems to effect a large amount of good with a minimum of harm. It must be distinctly understood, however, that there are persons for whom the use of the Turkish bath is wholly improper, and this mode of treatment should therefore never be undertaken without express medical sanction.

If we consider what are the periods of life at which fatness is usually most developed, we shall probably gain a clearer idea of the impolicy of wholesale exhaustive measures for the reduction of corpulence. In the usual way, this tendency does not conspicuously gain the upper hand till late in middle life; in fact, till just that period when the powers are beginning to fail. In such persons a careful anatomical search, could it be made, would discover other and very significant traces of the failure of vital energy, even though these might be such as are consistent with



an extended prolongation of life. It would be found that fatty matter was beginning to replace many higher tissues. Conspicuously this would be noticed, in the case of the arteries, the walls of which would exhibit many patches of fatty, and even of earthy formations, instead of the fibrous and muscular elements of which they are naturally composed. This sort of change in the blood-vessels is one that always occurs, to a greater or less degree, with advancing age; and it reaches its extreme at that still later date when the tendency to excessive deposits of adipose tissue has again disappeared, and the frame is lean and bent and withered, and the muscles, instead of being red and full and firm, are of a paler tint, contain much oil, and shrink notably in size. That an individual of from forty to fifty years of age should become fat (provided his fatness be not excessive), is not in itself ground for apprehension, unless there be actual symptoms of local mischief such as I have described.

Such is the natural state of things; and there is therefore a considerable presumption that the occurrence of decided obesity in quite early manhood or womanhood is *pro tanto* an anticipation of the feebleness of age. Under these circumstances, we are certainly justified in regarding the old plans of treatment as injudicious; and we may now add that, in a certain number of cases, they even prove ineffectual to produce their acknowledged end. One of the early writers records an extreme example of the possibility of such a failure. The subject of it was the wife of a tramp, miserably poor, and frequently obliged to beg the commonest necessities of life, but who from early childhood had displayed the most uncontrollable tendency to obesity, and who, by the time she had had six children, attained the large circumference of five feet two inches, although she was constantly hard-worked and in a state of partial starvation.

Aristotle says that "fat persons age early, and therefore die early." As a mere statement of fact, this is true when tested by averages; but it is important to remember that obesity may be either the cause of an early death, or merely a warning that a tendency to premature decay exists, in which latter case the time given for treatment may allow of the happiest results being produced. Perhaps if one were to sum up, in the shortest way, the things which are to be most avoided when we are threatened in this way, we might say—sloth, and debilitating influences of all kinds. The former influence is a very serious one. People who tend to be fat are usually not so much inclined to actual sleep as to immobility, retention of one posture for long periods together; and hence they lie in bed, or stand loitering for hours together. It is probable that this is in some degree owing to the diminution of the superficial sensibility, in consequence of which obese persons seem removed, as it were, from the external things with which they are immediately surrounded. This *physical* apathy, if I may use such an expression, is by no means incompatible with great intellectual activity, and persons who possess this kind of constitution are apt to be too readily content with a minimum of physical movement. This indolence will hardly fail ultimately to produce

a diminution of the respiratory movements and a stagnation of the circulation, and hence, a reduction of the activity of the brain, by reason of the blood which supplies that organ being imperfectly oxygenated.

The whole question of the relation which vigour of the nervous system bears to the amount of adipose tissue in the body, is a very complicated one. On the one hand, it seems certain that indulgence in grief, anxiety, overweening passions of any kind, is almost incompatible with any considerable degree of corpulence; the cause of this may be partly the damage to appetite and digestion which these affections cause; but that is not nearly sufficient to explain the matter. On the other hand, pure *intellectual* activity has often been seen in corpulent persons; according to my experience, such persons are large eaters, but I am not certain whether this is universal. My own opinion certainly inclines to the belief that hard brain-workers require rather more than less of easily assimilable fat if they have an irresistible tendency to corpulence than if they are lean, supposing that there is no serious defect in the digestion in either case.

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### March Winds.

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THE March winds rave between the hills,  
Cold run the steel-blue shining rills.  
Through the wide void a wailing shrills.

The sun is high at equinox,  
The cold blast the pale sunshine mocks,  
Helpless the giddy rookery rocks.

Ice gathers on the scarce-loosed flood,  
The sap stands still within the bud,  
Chill slackens soon the heart's young blood.

The far heights start out one by one,  
Down the hill-sides cloud shadows run,  
Across the cold glare of the sun.

The long marsh, in the windy vale,  
With sedges lightens and turns pale,  
Pointed one way before the gale.

All wan and dazzling overhead,  
The Arctic flood is tossed and spread,  
Methinks the Spring itself is dead.

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MR. FALLISER AND LADY DUMBELLO.

## The Small House at Allington.

### CHAPTER XXII.

#### LORD DE GUEST AT HOME.



THE Earl and John Eames, after their escape from the bull, walked up to the Manor House together. "You can write a note to your mother, and I'll send it by one of the boys," said the earl. This was his lordship's answer when Eames declined to dine at the Manor House, because he would be expected home.

"But I'm so badly off for clothes, my lord," pleaded Johnny. "I tore my trousers in the hedge."

"There will be nobody there besides us two and Dr. Crofts. The doctor will forgive you when he hears the story; and as for me, I didn't care if you

hadn't a stitch to your back. You'll have company back to Guestwick, so come along."

Eames had no further excuse to offer, and therefore did as he was bidden. He was by no means as much at home with the earl now as during those minutes of the combat. He would rather have gone home, being somewhat ashamed of being seen in his present tattered and bare-headed condition by the servants of the house; and moreover, his mind would sometimes revert to the scene which had taken place in the garden at Allington. But he found himself obliged to obey the earl, and so he walked on with him through the woods.

The earl did not say very much, being tired and somewhat thoughtful. In what little he did say he seemed to be specially hurt by the ingratitude of the bull towards himself. "I never teased him, or annoyed him in any way."

"I suppose they are dangerous beasts?" said Eames.

"Not a bit of it, if they're properly treated. It must have been my handkerchief, I suppose. I remember that I did blow my nose."

He hardly said a word in the way of thanks to his assistant. "Where should I have been if you had not come to me?" he had exclaimed immediately after his deliverance; but having said that he didn't think it necessary to say much more to Eames. But he made himself very pleasant, and by the time he had reached the house his companion was almost glad that he had been forced to dine at the Manor House. "And now we'll have a drink," said the earl. "I don't know how you feel, but I never was so thirsty in my life."

Two servants immediately showed themselves, and evinced some surprise at Johnny's appearance. "Has the gentleman hurt himself, my lord?" asked the butler, looking at the blood upon our friend's face.

"He has hurt his trowsers the worst, I believe," said the earl. "And if he was to put on any of mine they'd be too short and too big, wouldn't they? I am sorry you should be so uncomfortable, but you mustn't mind it for once."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Johnny.

"And I'm sure I don't," said the earl. "Mr. Eames is going to dine here, Vickers."

"Yes, my lord."

"And his hat is down in the middle of the nineteen acres. Let three or four men go for it."

"Three or four men, my lord!"

"Yes,—three or four men. There's something gone wrong with that bull. And you must get a boy with a pony to take a note into Guestwick, to Mrs. Eames. Oh, dear, I'm better now," and he put down the tumbler from which he'd been drinking. "Write your note here, and then we'll go and see my pet pheasants before dinner."

Vickers and the footman knew that something had happened of much moment, for the earl was usually very particular about his dinner-table. He expected every guest who sat there to be dressed in such guise as the fashion of the day demanded; and he himself, though his morning costume was by no means brilliant, never dined, even when alone, without having put himself into a suit of black, with a white cravat, and having exchanged the old silver hunting-watch which he carried during the day tied round his neck by a bit of old ribbon, for a small gold watch, with a chain and seals, which in the evening always dangled over his waistcoat. Dr. Gruffen had once been asked to dinner at Guestwick Manor. "Just a bachelor's chop," said the earl; "for there's nobody at home but myself." Whereupon Dr. Gruffen had come in coloured trowsers,—and had never again been asked to dine at Guestwick Manor. All this Vickers knew well; and now his lordship had brought young Eames home to dine with him with his clothes all hanging about him in a manner which Vickers declared in the servants' hall wasn't



more than half decent. Therefore, they all knew that something very particular must have happened. "It's some trouble about the bull, I know," said Vickers;—"but bless you, the bull couldn't have tore his things in that way!"

Eames wrote his note, in which he told his mother that he had had an adventure with Lord De Guest, and that his lordship had insisted on bringing him home to dinner. "I have torn my trowers all to pieces," he added in a postscript, "and have lost my hat. Everything else is all right." He was not aware that the earl also sent a short note to Mrs. Eames.

DEAR MADAM (ran the Earl's note),—

YOUR son has, under Providence, probably saved my life. I will leave the story for him to tell. He has been good enough to accompany me home, and will return to Guestwick after dinner with Dr. Crofts, who dines here. I congratulate you on having a son with so much cool courage and good feeling.

Your very faithful servant,

Guestwick Manor,

DE GUEST.

Thursday, October, 186—

And then they went to see the pheasants. "Now, I'll tell you what," said the earl. "I advise you to take to shooting. It's the amusement of a gentleman when a man chances to have the command of game."

"But I'm always up in London."

"No, you're not. You're not up in London now. You always have your holidays. If you choose to try it, I'll see that you have shooting enough while you're here. It's better than going to sleep under the trees. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder what made you lay yourself down there. You hadn't been fighting a bull that day?"

"No, my lord. I hadn't seen the bull then."

"Well; you think of what I've been saying. When I say a thing, I mean it. You shall have shooting enough, if you have a mind to try it." Then they looked at the pheasants, and pattered about the place till the earl said it was time to dress for dinner. "That's hard upon you, isn't it?" said he. "But, at any rate, you can wash your hands, and get rid of the blood. I'll be down in the little drawing-room five minutes before seven, and I suppose I'll find you there."

At five minutes before seven Lord De Guest came into the small drawing-room, and found Johnny seated there, with a book before him. The earl was a little fussy, and showed by his manner that he was not quite at his ease, as some men do when they have any piece of work on hand which is not customary with them. He held something in his hand, and shuffled a little as he made his way up the room. He was dressed, as usual, in black; but his gold chain was not, as usual, dangling over his waistcoat.

"Eames," he said, "I want you to accept a little present from me,—just as a memorial of our affair with the bull. It will make you think of it sometimes, when I'm perhaps gone."

"Oh, my lord——"

"It's my own watch, that I have been wearing for some time; but I've

got another;—two or three, I believe, somewhere upstairs. You mustn't refuse me. I can't bear being refused. There are two or three little seals, too, which I have worn. I have taken off the one with my arms, because that's of no use to you, and it is to me. It doesn't want a key, but winds up at the handle, in this way;" and the earl proceeded to explain the nature of the toy.

"My lord, you think too much of what happened to-day," said Eames, stammering.

"No, I don't; I think very little about it. I know what I think of. Put the watch in your pocket before the doctor comes. There; I hear his horse. Why didn't he drive over, and then he could have taken you back?"

"I can walk very well."

"I'll make that all right. The servant shall ride Crofts' horse, and bring back the little phaeton. How d'you do, doctor? You know Eames, I suppose? You needn't look at him in that way. His leg is not broken; it's only his trowsers." And then the earl told the story of the bull.

"Johnny will become quite a hero in town," said Crofts.

"Yes; I fear he'll get the most of the credit; and yet I was at it twice as long as he was. I'll tell you what, young men, when I got to that gate I didn't think I'd breath enough left in me to get over it. It's all very well jumping into a hedge when you're only two-and-twenty; but when a man comes to be sixty he likes to take his time about such things. Dinner ready, is it? So am I. I quite forgot that mutton chop of yours to-day, doctor. But I suppose a man may eat a good dinner after a fight with a bull?"

The evening passed by without any very pleasurable excitement, and I regret to say that the earl went fast to sleep in the drawing-room as soon as he had swallowed his cup of coffee. During dinner he had been very courteous to both his guests, but towards Eames he had used a good-humoured and almost affectionate familiarity. He had quizzed him for having been found asleep under the tree, telling Crofts that he had looked very forlorn,—“So that I haven't a doubt about his being in love,” said the earl. And he had asked Johnny to tell the name of the fair one, bringing up the remnants of his half-forgotten classicalities to bear out the joke. “If I am to take more of the severe Falernian,” said he, laying his hand on the decanter of port, “I must know the lady's name. Whoever she be, I'm well sure you need not blush for her. What! you refuse to tell! Then I'll drink no more.” And so the earl had walked out of the dining-room; but not till he had perceived by his guest's cheeks that the joke had been too true to be pleasant. As he went, however, he leaned with his hand on Eames' shoulder, and the servants looking on saw that the young man was to be a favourite. “He'll make him his heir,” said Vickers. “I shouldn't wonder a bit if he don't make him his heir.” But to this the footman objected, endeavouring to prove to Mr. Vickers that, in accordance with the law of the land, his lordship's second cousin, once removed, whom the earl had never seen, but whom he was supposed to hate, must be his heir. “A hearl can never choose his own

heir, like you or me," said the footman, laying down the law. "Can't he though really, now? That's very hard on him; isn't it?" said the pretty housemaid. "Phsa," said Vickers: "you know nothing about it. My lord could make young Eames his heir to-morrow; that is, the heir of his property. He couldn't make him a heir, because that must go to the heirs of his body. As to his leaving him the place here, I don't just know how that'd be; and I'm sure Richard don't."

"But suppose he hasn't got any heirs of his body?" asked the pretty housemaid, who was rather fond of putting down Mr. Vickers.

"He must have heirs of his body," said the butler. "Everybody has 'em. If a man don't know 'em himself, the law finds 'em out." And then Mr. Vickers walked away, avoiding further dispute.

In the meantime, the earl was asleep upstairs, and the two young men from Guestwick did not find that they could amuse themselves with any satisfaction. Each took up a book; but there are times at which a man is quite unable to read, and when a book is only a cover for his idleness or dullness. At last, Dr. Crofts suggested, in a whisper, that they might as well begin to think of going home.

"Eh; yes; what?" said the earl: "I'm not asleep." In answer to which the doctor said that he thought he'd go home, if his lordship would let him order his horse. But the earl was again fast bound in slumber, and took no further notice of the proposition.

"Perhaps we could get off without waking him," suggested Eames, in a whisper.

"Eh; what?" said the earl. So they both resumed their books, and submitted themselves to their martyrdom for a further period of fifteen minutes. At the expiration of that time, the footman brought in tea.

"Eh, what? tea!" said the earl. "Yes, we'll have a little tea. I've heard every word you've been saying." It was that assertion on the part of the earl which always made Lady Julia so angry. "You cannot have heard what I have been saying, Theodore, because I have said nothing," she would reply. "But I should have heard it if you had," the earl would rejoin, snappishly. On the present occasion neither Crofts nor Eames contradicted him, and he took his tea and swallowed it while still three parts asleep.

"If you'll allow me, my lord, I think I'll order my horse," said the doctor.

"Yes; horse—yes—" said the earl, nodding.

"But what are you to do, Eames, if I ride?" said the doctor.

"I'll walk," whispered Eames, in his very lowest voice.

"What—what—what?" said the earl, jumping up on his feet. "Oh, ah, yes; going away, are you? I suppose you might as well, as sit hero and see me sleeping. But, doctor—I didn't snore, did I?"

"Only occasionally."

"Not loud, did I? Come, Eames, did I snore loud?"

"Well, my lord, you did snore rather loud two or three times."

"Did I?" said the earl, in a voice of great disappointment. "And yet, do you know, I heard every word you said."

The small phaeton had been already ordered, and the two young men started back to Guestwick together, a servant from the house riding the doctor's horse behind them. "Look here, Eames," said the earl, as they parted on the steps of the hall door. "You're going back to town the day after to-morrow you say, so I shan't see you again?"

"No, my lord," said Johnny.

"Look you here, now. I shall be up for the Cattle-show before Christmas. You must dine with me at my hotel, on the twenty-second of December, Pawkin's, in Jermyn Street; seven o'clock, sharp. Mind you do not forget, now. Put it down in your pocket-book when you get home. Good-by, doctor; good-by. I see I must stick to that mutton chop in the middle of the day." And then they drove off.

"He'll make him his heir for certain," said Vickers to himself, as he slowly returned to his own quarters.

"You were returning from Allington, I suppose," said Crofts, "when you came across Lord De Guest and the bull?"

"Yes: I just walked over to say good-by to them."

"Did you find them all well?"

"I only saw one. The other two were out."

"Mrs. Dale, was it?"

"No; it was Lily."

"Sitting alone, thinking of her fine London lover, of course? I suppose we ought to look upon her as a very lucky girl. I have no doubt she thinks herself so."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Johnny.

"I believe he's a very good young man," said the doctor; "but I can't say I quite liked his manner."

"I should think not," said Johnny.

"But then in all probability he did not like mine a bit better, or perhaps yours either. And if so it's all fair."

"I don't see that it's a bit fair. He's a snob," said Eames; "and I don't believe that I am." He had taken a glass or two of the earl's "severe Falernian," and was disposed to a more generous confidence, and perhaps also to stronger language, than might otherwise have been the case.

"No; I don't think he is a snob," said Crofts. "Had he been so, Mrs. Dale would have perceived it."

"You'll see," said Johnny, touching up the earl's horse with energy as he spoke. "You'll see. A man who gives himself airs is a snob; and he gives himself airs. And I don't believe he's a straightforward fellow. It was a bad day for us all when he came among them at Allington."

"I can't say that I see that."

"I do. But mind, I haven't spoken a word of this to any one. And I don't mean. What would be the good? I suppose she must marry him now?"

"Of course she must."

"And be wretched all her life. Oh-h-h-h!" and he muttered a deep groan. "I'll tell you what it is, Crofts. He is going to take the sweetest girl out of this country that ever was in it, and he don't deserve her."

"I don't think she can be compared to her sister," said Crofts slowly.

"What; not Lily?" said Eames, as though the proposition made by the doctor were one that could not hold water for a minute.

"I have always thought that Bell was the more admired of the two," said Crofts.

"I'll tell you what," said Eames. "I have never yet set my eyes on any human creature whom I thought so beautiful as Lily Dale. And now that beast is going to marry her! I'll tell you what, Crofts; I'll manage to pick a quarrel with him yet." Whereupon the doctor, seeing the nature of the complaint from which his companion was suffering, said nothing more, either about Lily or about Bell.

Soon after this Eames was at his own door, and was received there by his mother and sister with all the enthusiasm due to a hero. "He has saved the earl's life!" Mrs. Eames had exclaimed to her daughter on reading Lord De Guest's note. "Oh, goodness!" and she threw herself back upon the sofa almost in a fainting condition.

"Saved Lord De Guest's life!" said Mary.

"Yes,—under Providence," said Mrs. Eames, as though that latter fact added much to her son's good deed.

"But how did he do it?"

"By cool courage and good feeling;—so his lordship says. But I wonder how he really did do it?"

"Whatever way it was, he's torn all his clothes and lost his hat," said Mary.

"I don't care a bit about that," said Mrs. Eames. "I wonder whether the earl has any interest at the Income-tax. What a thing it would be if he could get Johnny a step. It would be seventy pounds a year at once. He was quite right to stay and dine when his lordship asked him. And so Dr. Crofts is there. It couldn't have been anything in the doctoring way, I suppose."

"No, I should say not; because of what he says of his trowsers." And so the two ladies were obliged to wait for John's return.

"How did you do it, John?" said his mother, embracing him, as soon as the door was opened.

"How did you save the earl's life?" said Mary, who was standing behind her mother.

"Would his lordship really have been killed, if it had not been for you?" asked Mrs. Eames.

"And was he very much hurt?" asked Mary.

"Oh, bother," said Johnny, on whom the results of the day's work, together with the earl's Falernian, had made some still remaining im-

pression. On ordinary occasions, Mrs. Eames would have felt hurt at being so answered by her son; but at the present moment she regarded him as standing so high in general favour that she took no offence. "Oh, Johnny, do tell us. Of course, we must be very anxious to know it all."

"There's nothing to tell, except that a bull ran at the earl, as I was going by; so I went into the field and helped him, and then he made me stay and dine with him."

"But his lordship says that you saved his life," said Mary.

"Under Providence," added their mother.

"At any rate, he has given me a gold watch and chain," said Johnny, drawing the present out of his pocket. "I wanted a watch badly. All the same, I didn't like taking it."

"It would have been very wrong to refuse," said his mother. "And I am so glad you have been so fortunate. And look here, Johnny: when a friend like that comes in your way, don't turn your back on him." Then, at last, he thawed beneath their kindness, and told them the whole of the story. I fear that, in recounting the earl's efforts with the spud, he hardly spoke of his patron with all that deference which would have been appropriate.

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#### CHAPTER XXIII.

##### MR. PLANTAGENET PALLISER.

A WEEK passed over Mr. Crosbie's head at Courcy Castle without much inconvenience to him from the well-known fact of his matrimonial engagement. Both George De Courcy and John De Courcy had in their different ways charged him with his offence, and endeavoured to annoy him by recurring to the subject; but he did not care much for the wit or malice of George or John De Courcy. The countess had hardly alluded to Lily Dale after those few words which she said on the first day of his visit, and seemed perfectly willing to regard his doings at Allington as the occupation natural to a young man in such a position. He had been seduced down to a dull country house, and had, as a matter of course, taken to such amusements as the place afforded. He had shot the partridges and made love to the young lady, taking those little recreations as compensation for the tedium of the squire's society. Perhaps he had gone a little too far with the young lady; but then no one knew better than the countess how difficult it is for a young man to go far enough without going too far. It was not her business to make herself a censor on a young man's conduct. The blame, no doubt, rested quite as much with Miss Dale as with him. She was quite sorry that any young lady should be disappointed; but if girls will be imprudent, and set their caps at men above their mark, they must encounter disappointment. With such language did Lady De Courcy speak of the affair among her daughters, and



her daughters altogether agreed with her that it was out of the question that Mr. Crosbie should marry Lily Dale. From Alexandrina he encountered during the week none of that raillery which he had expected. He had promised to explain to her before he left the castle all the circumstances of his acquaintance with Lily, and she at last showed herself determined to demand the fulfilment of this promise; but, previous to that, she said nothing to manifest either offence or a lessened friendship. And, I regret to say, that in the intercourse which had taken place between them, that friendship was by no means less tender than it had been in London.

"And when will you tell me what you promised?" she asked him one afternoon, speaking in a low voice, as they were standing together at the window of the billiard-room, in that idle half-hour which always occurs before the necessity for dinner preparation has come. She had been riding and was still in her habit, and he had returned from shooting. She knew that she looked more than ordinarily well in her tall straight hat and riding gear, and was wont to hang about the house, walking skilfully with her upheld drapery, during this period of the day. It was dusk, but not dark, and there was no artificial light in the billiard-room. There had been some pretence of knocking about the balls, but it had been only pretence. "Even Diana," she had said, "could not have played billiards in a habit." Then she had put down her mace, and they had stood talking together in the recess of a large bow-window.

"And what did I promise?" said Crosbie.

"You know well enough. Not that it is a matter of any special interest to me; only, as you undertook to promise, of course my curiosity has been raised."

"If it be of no special interest," said Crosbie, "you will not object to absolve me from my promise."

"That is just like you," she said. "And how false you men always are. You made up your mind to buy my silence on a distasteful subject by pretending to offer me your future confidence; and now you tell me that you do not mean to confide in me."

"You begin by telling me that the matter is one that does not in the least interest you."

"That is so false again! You know very well what I meant. Do you remember what you said to me the day you came? and am I not bound to tell you after that, that your marriage with this or that young lady is not matter of special interest to me? Still, as your friend——"

"Well, as my friend!"

"I shall be glad to know——. But I am not going to beg for your confidence; only I tell you this fairly, that no man is so mean in my eyes as a man who fights under false colours."

"And am I fighting under false colours?"

"Yes, you are." And now, as she spoke, the Lady Alexandrina blushed beneath her hat; and dull as was the remaining light of the

evening, Crosbie, looking into her face, saw her heightened colour. "Yes, you are. A gentleman is fighting under false colours who comes into a house like this, with a public rumour of his being engaged, and then conducts himself as though nothing of the kind existed. Of course, it is not anything to me specially; but that is fighting under false colours. Now, sir, you may redeem the promise you made me when you first came here,—or you may let it alone."

It must be acknowledged that the lady was fighting her battle with much courage, and also with some skill. In three or four days Crosbie would be gone; and this victory, if it were ever to be gained, must be gained in those three or four days. And if there were to be no victory, then it would be only fair that Crosbie should be punished for his duplicity, and that she should be avenged as far as any revenge might be in her power. Not that she meditated any deep revenge, or was prepared to feel any strong anger. She liked Crosbie as well as she had ever liked any man. She believed that he liked her also. She had no conception of any very strong passion, but conceived that a married life was more pleasant than one of single bliss. She had no doubt that he had promised to make Lily Dale his wife, but so had he previously promised her, or nearly so. It was a fair game, and she would win it if she could. If she failed, she would show her anger; but she would show it in a mild, weak manner,—turning up her nose at Lily before Crosbie's face, and saying little things against himself behind his back. Her wrath would not carry her much beyond that.

"Now, sir, you may redeem the promise you made me when you first came here—or you may let it alone." So she spoke, and then she turned her face away from him, gazing out into the darkness.

"Alexandrina!" he said.

"Well, sir? But you have no right to speak to me in that style. You know that you have no right to call me by my name in that way!"

"You mean that you insist upon your title?"

"All ladies insist on what you call their title, from gentlemen, except under the privilege of greater intimacy than you have the right to claim. You did not call Miss Dale by her Christian name till you had obtained permission, I suppose?"

"You used to let me call you so."

"Never! Once or twice, when you have done so, I have not forbidden it, as I should have done. Very well, sir, as you have nothing to tell me, I will leave you. I must confess that I did not think you were such a coward." And she prepared to go, gathering up the skirts of her habit, and taking up the whip which she had laid on the window-sill.

"Stay a moment, Alexandrina," he said; "I am not happy, and you should not say words intended to make me more miserable."

"And why are you unhappy?"

"Because — I will tell you instantly, if I may believe that I am telling you only, and not the whole household."

"Of course I shall not talk of it to others. Do you think that I cannot keep a secret?"

"It is because I have promised to marry one woman, and because I love another. I have told you everything now; and if you choose to say again that I am fighting under false colours I will leave the castle before you can see me again."

"Mr. Crosbie!"

"Now you know it all, and may imagine whether or no I am very happy. I think you said it was time to dress;—suppose we go?" And without further speech the two went off to their separate rooms.

Crosbie, as soon as he was alone in his chamber, sat himself down in his arm-chair, and went to work striving to make up his mind as to his future conduct. It must not be supposed that the declaration just made by him had been produced solely by his difficulty at the moment. The atmosphere of Courcy Castle had been at work upon him for the last week past. And every word that he had heard, and every word that he had spoken, had tended to destroy all that was good and true within him, and to foster all that was selfish and false. He had said to himself a dozen times during that week that he never could be happy with Lily Dale, and that he never could make her happy. And then he had used the old sophistry in his endeavour to teach himself that it was right to do that which he wished to do. Would it not be better for Lily that he should desert her, than marry her against the dictates of his own heart? And if he really did not love her, would he not be committing a greater crime in marrying her than in deserting her? He confessed to himself that he had been very wrong in allowing the outer world to get such a hold upon him, that the love of a pure girl like Lily could not suffice for his happiness. But there was the fact, and he found himself unable to contend against it. If by any absolute self-sacrifice he could secure Lily's well-being, he would not hesitate for a moment. But would it be well to sacrifice her as well as himself?

He had discussed the matter in this way within his own breast, till he had almost taught himself to believe that it was his duty to break off his engagement with Lily; and he had also almost taught himself to believe that a marriage with a daughter of the house of Courcy would satisfy his ambition and assist him in his battle with the world. That Lady Alexandrina would accept him he felt certain, if he could only induce her to forgive him for his sin in becoming engaged to Miss Dale. How very prone she would be to forgiveness in this matter, he had not divined, having not as yet learned how easily such a woman can forgive such a sin, if the ultimate triumph be accorded to herself.

And there was another reason which operated much with Crosbie, urging him on in his present mood and wishes, though it should have given an exactly opposite impulse to his heart. He had hesitated as to marrying Lily Dale at once, because of the smallness of his income. Now he had a prospect of considerable increase to that income. One of

the commissioners at his office had been promoted to some greater commissionership, and it was understood by everybody that the secretary at the General Committee Office would be the new commissioner. As to that there was no doubt. But then the question had arisen as to the place of secretary. Crosbie had received two or three letters on the subject, and it seemed that the likelihood of his obtaining this step in the world was by no means slight. It would increase his official income from seven hundred a year to twelve, and would place him altogether above the world. His friend, the present secretary, had written to him, assuring him that no other probable competitor was spoken of as being in the field against him. If such good fortune awaited him, would it not smooth any present difficulty which lay in the way of his marriage with Lily Dale? But, alas, he had not looked at the matter in that light! Might not the countess help him to this preferment? And if his destiny intended for him the good things of this world,—secretaryships, commissionerships, chairmanships, and such like, would it not be well that he should struggle on in his upward path by such assistance as good connections might give him?

He sat thinking over it all in his own room on that evening. He had written twice to Lily since his arrival at Courcy Castle. His first letter has been given. His second was written much in the same tone; though Lily, as she had read it, had unconsciously felt somewhat less satisfied than she had been with the first. Expressions of love were not wanting, but they were vague and without heartiness. They savoured of insincerity, though there was nothing in the words themselves to convict them. Few liars can lie with the full roundness and self-sufficiency of truth; and Crosbie, bad as he was, had not yet become bad enough to reach that perfection. He had said nothing to Lily of the hopes of promotion which had been opened to him; but he had again spoken of his own worldliness—acknowledging that he received an unsatisfying satisfaction from the pomps and vanities of Courcy Castle. In fact he was paving the way for that which he had almost resolved that he would do, now he had told Lady Alexandrina that he loved her; and he was obliged to confess to himself that the die was cast.

As he thought of all this, there was not wanting to him some of the satisfaction of an escape. Soon after making that declaration of love at Allington he had begun to feel that in making it he had cut his throat. He had endeavoured to persuade himself that he could live comfortably with his throat cut in that way; and as long as Lily was with him he would believe that he could do so; but as soon as he was again alone he would again accuse himself of suicide. This was his frame of mind even while he was yet at Allington, and his ideas on the subject had become stronger during his sojourn at Courcy. But the self-immolation had not been completed, and he now began to think that he could save himself. I need hardly say that this was not all triumph to him. Even had there been no material difficulty as to his desertion of

Lily—no uncle, cousin, and mother whose anger he must face,—no vision of a pale face, more eloquent of wrong in its silence than even uncle, cousin, and mother, with their indignant storm of words,—he was not altogether heartless. How should he tell all this to the girl who had loved him so well; who had so loved him, that, as he himself felt, her love would fashion all her future life either for weal or for woe? "I am unworthy of her, and will tell her so," he said to himself. How many a false hound of a man has endeavoured to salve his own conscience by such mock humility? But he acknowledged at this moment, as he rose from his seat to dress himself, that the die was cast, and that it was open to him now to say what he pleased to Lady Alexandrina. "Others have gone through the same fire before," he said to himself, as he walked downstairs, "and have come out scathless." And then he recalled to himself the names of various men of high repute in the world who were supposed to have committed in their younger days some such little mistake as that into which he had been betrayed.

In passing through the hall he overtook Lady Julia De Guest, and was in time to open for her the door of the drawing-room. He then remembered that she had come into the billiard-room at one side, and had gone out at the other, while he was standing with Alexandrina at the window. He had not, however, then thought much of Lady Julia; and as he now stood for her to pass by him through the door-way, he made to her some indifferent remark.

But Lady Julia was on some subjects a stern woman, and not without a certain amount of courage. In the last week she had seen what had been going on, and had become more and more angry. Though she had disowned any family connection with Lily Dale, nevertheless she now felt for her sympathy and almost affection. Nearly every day she had repeated stiffly to the countess some incident of Crosbie's courtship and engagement to Miss Dale,—speaking of it as with absolute knowledge, as a thing settled at all points. This she had done to the countess alone, in the presence of the countess and Alexandrina, and also before all the female guests of the castle. But what she had said was received simply with an incredulous smile. "Dear me! Lady Julia," the countess had replied at last, "I shall begin to think you are in love with Mr. Crosbie yourself; you harp so constantly on this affair of his. One would think that young ladies in your part of the world must find it very difficult to get husbands, seeing that the success of one young lady is trumpeted so loudly." For the moment, Lady Julia was silenced; but it was not easy to silence her altogether when she had a subject for speech near her heart.

Almost all the Courcy world were assembled in the drawing-room as she now walked into the room with Crosbie at her heels. When she found herself near the crowd she turned round, and addressed him in a voice more audible than that generally required for purposes of drawing-room conversation. "Mr. Crosbie," she said, "have you heard lately

from our dear friend, Lily Dale?" And she looked him full in the face, in a manner more significant, probably, than even she had intended it to be. There was, at once, a general hush in the room, and all eyes were turned upon her and upon him.

Crosbie instantly made an effort to bear the attack gallantly, but he felt that he could not quite command his colour, or prevent a sudden drop of perspiration from showing itself upon his brow. "I had a letter from Allington yesterday," he said. "I suppose you have heard of your brother's encounter with the bull?"

"The bull!" said Lady Julia. And it was instantly manifest to all that her attack had been foiled and her flank turned.

"Good gracious! Lady Julia, how very odd you are!" said the countess.

"But what about the bull?" asked the Hon. George.

"It seems that the earl was knocked down in the middle of one of his own fields."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alexandrina. And sundry other exclamations were made by all the assembled ladies.

"But he wasn't hurt," said Crosbie. "A young man named Eames seems to have fallen from the sky and carried off the earl on his back."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" growled the other earl, as he heard of the discomfiture of his brother peer.

Lady Julia, who had received her own letters that day from Guestwick, knew that nothing of importance had happened to her brother; but she felt that she was foiled for that time.

"I hope that there has not really been any accident," said Mr. Gazebee, with a voice of great solicitude.

"My brother was quite well last night, thank you," said she. And then the little groups again formed themselves, and Lady Julia was left alone on the corner of a sofa.

"Was that all an invention of yours, sir?" said Alexandrina to Crosbie.

"Not quite. I did get a letter this morning from my friend Bernard Dale,—that old harridan's nephew; and Lord De Guest has been worried by some of his animals. I wish I had told her that his stupid old neck had been broken."

"Fie, Mr. Crosbie!"

"What business has she to interfere with me?"

"But I mean to ask the same question that she asked, and you won't put me off with a cock-and-bull story like that." But then, as she was going to ask the question, dinner was announced.

"And is it true that De Guest has been tossed by a bull?" said the earl, as soon as the ladies were gone. He had spoken nothing during dinner except what words he had muttered into the ear of Lady Dumbello. It was seldom that conversation had many charms for him in



his own house; but there was a savour of pleasantry in the idea of Lord De Guest having been tossed, by which even he was tickled.

"Only knocked down, I believe," said Crosbie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" growled the earl; then he filled his glass, and allowed some one else to pass the bottle. Poor man! There was not much left to him now in the world which did amuse him.

"I don't see anything to laugh at," said Plantagenet Palliser, who was sitting at the earl's right hand, opposite to Lord Dumbello.

"Don't you?" said the earl. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll be shot if I do. From all I hear De Guest is an uncommon good farmer. And I don't see the joke of tossing a farmer merely because he's a nobleman also. Do you?" and he turned round to Mr. Gazebee, who was sitting on the other side. The earl was an earl, and was also Mr. Gazebee's father-in-law. Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was the heir to a dukedom. Therefore, Mr. Gazebee merely simpered, and did not answer the question put to him. Mr. Palliser said nothing more about it, nor did the earl; and then the joke died away.

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was the Duke of Omnium's heir,—heir to that nobleman's title and to his enormous wealth; and, therefore, was a man of mark in the world. He sat in the House of Commons, of course. He was about five-and-twenty years of age, and was, as yet, unmarried. He did not hunt or shoot or keep a yacht, and had been heard to say that he had never put a foot upon a race-course in his life. He dressed very quietly, never changing the colour or form of his garments; and in society was quiet, reserved, and very often silent. He was tall, slight, and not ill-looking; but more than this cannot be said for his personal appearance,—except, indeed, this, that no one could mistake him for other than a gentleman. With his uncle, the duke, he was on good terms;—that is to say, they had never quarrelled. A very liberal allowance had been made to the nephew; but the two relatives had no tastes in common, and did not often meet. Once a year Mr. Palliser visited the duke at his great country seat for two or three days, and usually dined with him two or three times during the season in London. Mr. Palliser sat for a borough which was absolutely under the duke's command; but had accepted his seat under the distinct understanding that he was to take whatever part in politics might seem good to himself. Under these well-understood arrangements, the duke and his heir showed to the world quite a pattern of a happy family. "So different to the earl and Lord Porlock!" the people of West Barseshire used to say. For the estates, both of the duke and of the earl, were situated in the western division of that county.

Mr. Palliser was chiefly known to the world as a rising politician. We may say that he had everything at his command, in the way of pleasure, that the world could offer him. He had wealth, position, power, and the certainty of attaining the highest rank among, perhaps, the most brilliant nobility of the world. He was courted by all who could get near enough to court him. It is hardly too much to say that he might have selected a

bride from all that was most beautiful and best among English women. If he would have bought race-horses, and have expended thousands on the turf, he would have gratified his uncle by doing so. He might have been the master of hounds, or the slaughterer of hecatombs of birds. But to none of these things would he devote himself. He had chosen to be a politician, and in that pursuit he laboured with a zeal and perseverance which would have made his fortune at any profession or in any trade. He was constant in committee-rooms up to the very middle of August. He was rarely absent from any debate of importance, and never from any important division. Though he seldom spoke, he was always ready to speak if his purpose required it. No man gave him credit for any great genius;—few even considered that he could become either an orator or a mighty statesman. But the world said that he was a rising man, and old Nestor of the Cabinet looked on him as one who would be able, at some far future day, to come among them as a younger brother. Hitherto he had declined such inferior offices as had been offered to him, biding his time carefully; and he was as yet tied hand and neck to no party, though known to be liberal in all his political tendencies. He was a great reader;—not taking up a book here, and another there, as chance brought books before him, but working through an enormous course of books, getting up the great subject of the world's history,—filling himself full of facts,—though perhaps not destined to acquire the power of using those facts otherwise than as precedents. He strove also diligently to become a linguist;—not without success, as far as a competent understanding of various languages. He was a thin-minded, plodding, respectable man, willing to devote all his youth to work, in order that in old age he might be allowed to sit among the Councillors of the State.

Hitherto his name had not been coupled by the world with that of any woman whom he had been supposed to admire; but latterly it had been observed that he had often been seen in the same room with Lady Dumbello. It had hardly amounted to more than this; but when it was remembered how undemonstrative were the two persons concerned,—how little disposed was either of them to any strong display of feeling,—even this was thought matter to be mentioned. He certainly would speak to her from time to time almost with an air of interest; and Lady Dumbello, when she saw that he was in the room, would be observed to raise her head with some little show of life, and to look round as though there were something there on which it might be worth her while to allow her eyes to rest. When such innuendoes were abroad, no one would probably make more of them than Lady De Courcy. Many, when they heard that Mr. Palliser was to be at the castle, had expressed their surprise at her success in that quarter. Others, when they learned that Lady Dumbello had consented to become her guest, had also wondered greatly. But when it was ascertained that the two were to be there together, her good-natured friends had acknowledged that she was a very clever woman. To have either Mr. Palliser or Lady Dumbello would have been a feather in her

cap; but to succeed in getting both, by enabling each to know that the other would be there, was indeed a triumph. As regards Lady Dumbello, however, the bargain was not fairly carried out; for, after all, Mr. Palliser came to Courcy Castle only for two nights and a day, and during the whole of that day he was closeted with sundry large blue-books. As for Lady De Courcy, she did not care how he might be employed. Blue-books and Lady Dumbello were all the same to her. Mr. Palliser had been at Courcy Castle, and neither enemy nor friend could deny the fact.

This was his second evening; and as he had promised to meet his constituents at Silverbridge at one P.M. on the following day, with the view of explaining to them his own conduct and the political position of the world in general; and as he was not to return from Silverbridge to Courcy, Lady Dumbello, if she made any way at all, must take advantage of the short gleam of sunshine which the present hour afforded her. No one, however, could say that she showed any active disposition to monopolize Mr. Palliser's attention. When he sauntered into the drawing-room she was sitting, alone, in a large, low chair, made without arms, so as to admit the full expansion of her dress, but hollowed and round at the back, so as to afford her the support that was necessary to her. She had barely spoken three words since she had left the dining-room, but the time had not passed heavily with her. Lady Julia had again attacked the countess about Lily Dale and Mr. Crosbie, and Alexandrina, driven almost to rage, had stalked off to the farther end of the room, not concealing her special concern in the matter.

"How I do wish they were married and done with," said the countess; "and then we should hear no more about them."

All of which Lady Dumbello heard and understood; and in all of it she took a certain interest. She remembered such things, learning thereby who was who, and regulating her own conduct by what she learned. She was by no means idle at this or at other such times, going through, we may say, a considerable amount of really hard work in her manner of working. There she had sat speechless, unless when acknowledging by a low word of assent some expression of flattery from those around her. Then the door opened, and when Mr. Palliser entered she raised her head, and the faintest possible gleam of satisfaction might have been discerned upon her features. But she made no attempt to speak to him; and when, as he stood at the table, he took up a book and remained thus standing for a quarter of an hour, she neither showed nor felt any impatience. After that Lord Dumbello came in, and he stood at the table without a book. Even then Lady Dumbello felt no impatience.

Plantagenet Palliser skimmed through his little book, and probably learned something. When he put it down he sipped a cup of tea, and remarked to Lady De Courcy that he believed it was only twelve miles to Silverbridge.

"I wish it was a hundred and twelve," said the countess.

"In that case I should be forced to start to-night," said Mr. Palliser.

"Then I wish it was a thousand and twelve," said Lady De Courcy.

"In that case I should not have come at all," said Mr. Palliser. He did not mean to be uncivil, and had only stated a fact.

"The young men are becoming absolute bears," said the countess to her daughter Margaretta.

He had been in the room nearly an hour when he did at last find himself standing close to Lady Dumbello;—close to her, and without any other very near neighbour.

"I should hardly have expected to find you here," he said.

"Nor I you," she answered.

"Though, for the matter of that, we are both near our own homes."

"I am not near mine."

"I meant Plumstead; your father's place."

"Yes; that was my home once."

"I wish I could show you my uncle's place. The castle is very fine, and he has some good pictures."

"So I have heard."

"Do you stay here long?"

"Oh, no. I go to Cheshire the day after to-morrow. Lord Dumbello is always there when the hunting begins."

"Ah, yes; of course. What a happy fellow he is; never any work to do! His constituents never trouble him, I suppose?"

"I don't think they ever do, much."

After that Mr. Palliser sauntered away again, and Lady Dumbello passed the rest of the evening in silence. It is to be hoped that they both were rewarded by that ten minutes of sympathetic intercourse for the inconvenience which they had suffered in coming to Courcy Castle.

But that which seems so innocent to us had been looked on in a different light by the stern moralists of that house.

"By Jove!" said the Honourable George to his cousin, Mr. Gresham, "I wonder how Dumbello likes it."

"It seems to me that Dumbello takes it very easily."

"There are some men who will take anything easily," said George, who, since his own marriage, had learned to have a holy horror of such wicked things.

"She's beginning to come out a little," said Lady Clandidlem to Lady De Courcy, when the two old women found themselves together over a fire in some back sitting-room. "Still waters always run deep, you know."

"I shouldn't at all wonder if she were to go off with him," said Lady De Courcy.

"He'll never be such a fool as that," said Lady Clandidlem.

"I believe men will be fools enough for anything," said Lady De Courcy.

"But, of course, if he did, it would come to nothing afterwards. I know

one who would not be sorry. If ever a man was tired of a woman, Lord Dumbello is tired of her."

But in this, as in almost everything else, the wicked old woman spoke scandal. Lord Dumbello was still proud of his wife, and as fond of her as a man can be of a woman, whose fondness depends upon mere pride.

There had not been much that was dangerous in the conversation between Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello, but I cannot say the same as to that which was going on at the same moment between Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina. She, as I have said, walked away in almost open dudgeon when Lady Julia recommenced her attack about poor Lily, nor did she return to the general circle during the evening. There were two large drawing-rooms at Courcy Castle, joined together by a narrow link of a room, which might have been called a passage, had it not been lighted by two windows coming down to the floor, carpeted as were the drawing-rooms, and warmed with a separate fireplace. Hither she betook herself, and was soon followed by her married sister Amelia.

"That woman almost drives me mad," said Alexandrina, as they stood together with their toes upon the fender.

"But, my dear, you of all people should not allow yourself to be driven mad on such a subject."

"That's all very well, Amelia."

"The question is this, my dear,—what does Mr. Crosbie mean to do?"

"How should I know?"

"If you don't know, it will be safer to suppose that he is going to marry this girl; and in that case——"

"Well, what in that case? Are you going to be another Lady Julia? What do I care about the girl?"

"I don't suppose you care much about the girl; and if you care as little about Mr. Crosbie, there's an end of it; only in that case, Alexandrina——"

"Well, what in that case?"

"You know I don't want to preach to you. Can't you tell me at once whether you really like him? You and I have always been good friends." And the married sister put her arm affectionately round the waist of her who wished to be married.

"I like him well enough."

"And has he made any declaration to you?"

"In a sort of a way he has. Hark, here he is!" And Crosbie, coming in from the larger room, joined the sisters at the fireplace.

"We were driven away by the clack of Lady Julia's tongue," said the elder.

"I never met such a woman," said Crosbie.

"There cannot well be many like her," said Alexandrina. And after that they all stood silent for a minute or two. Lady Amelia Gazebee was

considering whether or no she would do well to go and leave the two together. If it were intended that Mr. Crosbie should marry her sister, it would certainly be well to give him an opportunity of expressing such a wish on his own part. But if Alexandrina was simply making a fool of herself, then it would be well for her to stay. "I suppose she would rather I should go," said the elder sister to herself; and then, obeying the rule which should guide all our actions from one to another, she went back and joined the crowd.

"Will you come on into the other room?" said Crosbie.

"I think we are very well here," Alexandrina replied.

"But I wish to speak to you,—particularly," said he.

"And cannot you speak here?"

"No. They will be passing backwards and forwards." Lady Alexandrina said nothing further, but led the way into the other large room. That also was lighted, and there were in it four or five persons. Lady Rosina was reading a work on the millennium, with a light to herself in one corner. Her brother John was asleep in an arm-chair, and a young gentleman and lady were playing chess. There was, however, ample room for Crosbie and Alexandrina to take up a position apart.

"And now, Mr. Crosbie, what have you got to say to me? But, first, I mean to repeat Lady Julia's question, as I told you that I should do.—When did you hear last from Miss Dale?"

"It is cruel in you to ask me such a question, after what I have already told you. You know that I have given to Miss Dale a promise of marriage."

"Very well, sir. I don't see why you should bring me in here to tell me anything that is so publicly known as that. With such a herald as Lady Julia it was quite unnecessary."

"If you can only answer me in that tone I will make an end of it at once. When I told you of my engagement, I told you also that another woman possessed my heart. Am I wrong to suppose that you knew to whom I alluded?"

"Indeed, I did not, Mr. Crosbie. I am no conjuror, and I have not scrutinized you so closely as your friend Lady Julia."

"It is you that I love. I am sure I need hardly say so now."

"Hardly, indeed,—considering that you are engaged to Miss Dale."

"As to that I have, of course, to own that I have behaved foolishly;—worse than foolishly, if you choose to say so. You cannot condemn me more absolutely than I condemn myself. But I have made up my mind as to one thing. I will not marry where I do not love." Oh, if Lily could have heard him as he then spoke! "It would be impossible for me to speak in terms too high of Miss Dale; but I am quite sure that I could not make her happy as her husband."

"Why did you not think of that before you asked her?" said Alexandrina. But there was very little of condemnation in her tone.

"I ought to have done so; but it is hardly for you to blame me with



severity. Had you, when we were last together in London—had you been less——”

“Less what?”

“Less defiant,” said Crosbie, “all this might perhaps have been avoided.”

Lady Alexandrina could not remember that she had been defiant; but, however, she let that pass. “Oh, yes; of course it was my fault.”

“I went down there to Allington with my heart ill at ease, and now I have fallen into this trouble. I tell you all as it has happened. It is impossible that I should marry Miss Dale. It would be wicked in me to do so, seeing that my heart belongs altogether to another. I have told you who is that other; and now may I hope for an answer?”

“An answer to what?”

“Alexandrina, will you be my wife?”

If it had been her object to bring him to a point-blank declaration and proposition of marriage, she had certainly achieved her object now. And she had that trust in her own power of management and in her mother's, that she did not fear that in accepting him she would incur the risk of being served as he was serving Lily Dale. She knew her own position and his too well for that. If she accepted him she would in due course of time become his wife,—let Miss Dale and all her friends say what they might to the contrary. As to that head she had no fear. But nevertheless she did not accept him at once. Though she wished for the prize, her woman's nature hindered her from taking it when it was offered to her.

“How long is it, Mr. Crosbie,” she said, “since you put the same question to Miss Dale?”

“I have told you everything, Alexandrina,—as I promised that I would do. If you intend to punish me for doing so——”

“And I might ask another question. How long will it be before you put the same question to some other girl?”

He turned round as though to walk away from her in anger; but when he had gone half the distance to the door he returned.

“By heaven!” he said, and he spoke somewhat roughly, too, “I'll have an answer. You at any rate have nothing with which to reproach me. All that I have done wrong, I have done through you, or on your behalf. You have heard my proposal. Do you intend to accept it?”

“I declare you startle me. If you demanded my money or my life, you could not be more imperious.”

“Certainly not more resolute in my determination.”

“And if I decline the honour?”

“I shall think you the most fickle of your sex.”

“And if I were to accept it?”

“I would swear that you were the best, the dearest, and the sweetest of women.”

“I would rather have your good opinion than your bad, certainly,” said Lady Alexandrina. And then it was understood by both of them

that that affair was settled. Whenever she was called on in future to speak of Lily, she always called her, "that poor Miss Dale;" but she never again spoke a word of reproach to her future lord about that little adventure. "I shall tell mamma, to-night," she said to him, as she bade him good-night in some sequestered nook to which they had betaken themselves. Lady Julia's eye was again on them as they came out from the sequestered nook, but Alexandrina no longer cared for Lady Julia.

"George, I cannot quite understand about that Mr. Palliser. Isn't he to be a duke, and oughtn't he to be a lord now?" This question was asked by Mrs. George De Courcy of her husband, when they found themselves together in the seclusion of the nuptial chamber.

"Yes; he'll be Duke of Omnium when the old fellow dies. I think he's one of the slowest fellows I ever came across. He'll take deuced good care of the property, though."

"But, George, do explain it to me. It is so stupid not to understand, and I am afraid of opening my mouth for fear of blundering."

"Then keep your mouth shut, my dear. You'll learn all those sort of things in time, and nobody notices it if you don't say anything."

"Yes, but George;—I don't like to sit silent all the night. I'd sooner be up here with a novel if I can't speak about anything."

"Look at Lady Dumbello. She doesn't want to be always talking."

"Lady Dumbello is very different from me. But do tell me, who is Mr. Palliser?"

"He's the duke's nephew. If he were the duke's son, he would be the Marquis of Silverbridge."

"And will he be plain Mister till his uncle dies?"

"Yes, a very plain Mister."

"What a pity for him. But, George,—if I have a baby, and if he should be a boy, and if —"

"Oh, nonsense; it will be time enough to talk of that when he comes. I'm going to sleep."

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#### CHAPTER XXIV.

##### A MOTHER-IN-LAW AND A FATHER-IN-LAW.

On the following morning Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was off upon his political mission before breakfast;—either that, or else some private comfort was afforded to him in guise of solitary rolls and coffee. The public breakfast at Courcy Castle was going on at eleven o'clock, and at that hour Mr. Palliser was already closeted with the Mayor of Silverbridge.

"I must get off by the 3.45 train," said Mr. Palliser. "Who is there to speak after me?"

"Well, I shall say a few words; and Growdy,—he'll expect them to listen to him. Growdy has always stood very firm by his grace, Mr. Palliser."

"Mind we are in the room sharp at one. And you can have a fly, for me to get away to the station, ready in the yard. I won't go a moment before I can help. I shall be just an hour and a half myself. No, thank you, I never take any wine in the morning." And I may here state that Mr. Palliser did get away by the 3.45 train, leaving Mr. Growdy still talking on the platform. Constituents must be treated with respect; but time has become so scarce now-a-days that that respect has to be meted out by the quarter of an hour with parsimonious care.

In the meantime there was more leisure at Courcy Castle. Neither the countess nor Lady Alexandrina came down to breakfast, but their absence gave rise to no special remark. Breakfast at the castle was a morning meal at which people showed themselves, or did not show themselves, as it pleased them. Lady Julia was there, looking very glum, and Crosbie was sitting next to his future sister-in-law Margaretta, who already had placed herself on terms of close affection with him. As he finished his tea she whispered into his ear, "Mr. Crosbie, if you could spare half an hour, mamma would so like to see you in her own room." Crosbie declared that he would be delighted to wait upon her, and did in truth feel some gratitude in being welcomed as a son-in-law into the house. And yet he felt also that he was being caught, and that in ascending into the private domains of the countess he would be setting the seal upon his own captivity.

Nevertheless, he went with a smiling face and a light step, Lady Margaretta ushering him the way. "Mamma," said she; "I have brought Mr. Crosbie up to you. I did not know that you were here, Alexandrina, or I should have warned him."

The countess and her youngest daughter had been breakfasting together in the elder lady's sitting-room, and were now seated in a very graceful and well-arranged *deshabille*. The tea-cups out of which they had been drinking were made of some elegant porcelain, the teapot and cream-jug were of chased silver and as delicate in their way. The remnant of food consisted of morsels of French roll which had not even been allowed to crumble themselves in a disorderly fashion, and of infinitesimal pats of butter. If the morning meal of the two ladies had been as unsubstantial as the appearance of the fragments indicated, it must be presumed that they intended to lunch early. The countess herself was arrayed in an elaborate morning wrapper of figured silk, but the simple Alexandrina wore a plain white muslin peignoir, fastened with pink ribbon. Her hair, which she usually carried in long rolls, now hung loose over her shoulders, and certainly added something to her stock of female charms. The countess got up as Crosbie entered and greeted him with an open hand; but Alexandrina kept her seat, and merely nodded at him a little welcome. "I must run down again," said Margaretta, "or I shall have left Amelia with all the cares of the house upon her."

"Alexandrina has told me all about it," said the countess, with her

sweetest smile; "and I have given her my approval. I really do think you will suit each other very well."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Crosbie. "I'm sure at any rate of this,—that she will suit me very well."

"Yes; I think she will. She is a good sensible girl."

"Phsa, mamma; pray don't go on in that Goody Twoshoes sort of way."

"So you are, my dear. If you were not it would not be well for you to do as you are going to do. If you were giddy and harum-scarum, and devoted to rank and wealth and that sort of thing, it would not be well for you to marry a commoner without fortune. I'm sure Mr. Crosbie will excuse me for saying so much as that."

"Of course I know," said Crosbie, "that I had no right to look so high."

"Well; we'll say nothing more about it," said the countess.

"Pray don't," said Alexandrina. "It sounds so like a sermon."

"Sit down, Mr. Crosbie," said the countess, "and let us have a little conversation. She shall sit by you, if you like it. Nonsense, Alexandrina,—if he asks it!"

"Don't, mamma;—I mean to remain where I am."

"Very well, my dear;—then remain where you are. She is a wilful girl, Mr. Crosbie; as you will say when you hear that she has told me all that you told her last night." Upon hearing this, he changed colour a little, but said nothing. "She has told me," continued the countess, "about that young lady at Allington. Upon my word, I'm afraid you have been very naughty."

"I have been foolish, Lady De Courcy."

"Of course; I did not mean anything worse than that. Yes, you have been foolish;—amusing yourself in a thoughtless way, you know, and, perhaps, a little piqued because a certain lady was not to be won so easily as your Royal Highness wished. Well, now, all that must be settled, you know, as quickly as possible. I don't want to ask any indiscreet questions; but if the young lady has really been left with any idea that you meant anything, don't you think you should undeceive her at once?"

"Of course he will, mamma."

"Of course you will; and it will be a great comfort to Alexandrina to know that the matter is arranged. You hear what Lady Julia is saying almost every hour of her life. Now, of course, Alexandrina does not care what an old maid like Lady Julia may say; but it will be better for all parties that the rumour should be put a stop to. If the earl were to hear it, he might, you know ——" And the countess shook her head, thinking that she could thus best indicate what the earl might do, if he were to take it into his head to do anything.

Crosbie could not bring himself to hold any very confidential intercourse with the countess about Lily; but he gave a muttered assurance

that he should, as a matter of course, make known the truth to Miss Dale with as little delay as possible. He could not say exactly when he would write, nor whether he would write to her or to her mother; but the thing should be done immediately on his return to town.

"If it will make the matter easier, I will write to Mrs. Dale," said the countess. But to this scheme Mr. Crosbie objected very strongly.

And then a few words were said about the earl. "I will tell him this afternoon," said the countess; "and then you can see him to-morrow morning. I don't suppose he will say very much, you know; and perhaps he may think,—you won't mind my saying it, I'm sure,—that Alexandrina might have done better. But I don't believe that he'll raise any strong objection. There will be something about settlements, and that sort of thing, of course." Then the countess went away, and Alexandrina was left with her lover for half an hour. When the half hour was over, he felt that he would have given all that he had in the world to have back the last four and twenty hours of his existence. But he had no hope. To jilt Lily Dale would, no doubt, be within his power, but he knew that he could not jilt Lady Alexandrina De Courcy.

On the next morning at twelve o'clock he had his interview with the father, and a very unpleasant interview it was. He was ushered into the earl's room, and found the great peer standing on the rug, with his back to the fire, and his hands in his breeches' pockets.

"So, you mean to marry my daughter?" said he. "I'm not very well, as you see;—I seldom am."

These last words were spoken in answer to Crosbie's greeting. Crosbie had held out his hand to the earl, and had carried his point so far that the earl had been forced to take one of his own out of his pocket, and give it to his proposed son-in-law.

"If your lordship has no objection. I have, at any rate, her permission to ask for yours."

"I believe you have not any fortune, have you? She's got none; of course you know that?"

"I have a few thousand pounds, and I believe she has as much."

"About as much as will buy bread to keep the two of you from starving. It's nothing to me. You can marry her if you like; only, look here, I'll have no nonsense. I've had an old woman in with me this morning,—one of those that are here in the house,—telling me some story about some other girl that you have made a fool of. It's nothing to me how much of that sort of thing you may have done, so that you do none of it here. But,—if you play any prank of that kind with me, you'll find that you've made a mistake."

Crosbie hardly made any answer to this, but got himself out of the room as quickly as he could.

"You'd better talk to Gazebee about the trifle of money you've got," said the earl. Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and no doubt imagined that he had fully done his duty by his daughter.

On the day after this, Crosbie was to go. On the last afternoon, shortly before dinner, he was waylaid by Lady Julia, who had passed the day in preparing traps to catch him.

"Mr. Crosbie," she said, "let me have one word with you. Is this true?"

"Lady Julia," he said, "I really do not know why you should inquire into my private affairs."

"Yes, sir, you do know; you know very well. That poor young lady who has no father and no brother, is my neighbour, and her friends are my friends. She is a friend of my own, and being an old woman, I have a right to speak for her. If this is true, Mr. Crosbie, you are treating her like a villain."

"Lady Julia, I really must decline to discuss the matter with you."

"I'll tell everybody what a villain you are; I will, indeed;—a villain and a poor weak silly fool. She was too good for you; that's what she was." Crosbie, as Lady Julia was addressing to him the last words, hurried upstairs away from her, but her ladyship, standing on a landing-place, spoke up loudly, so that no word should be lost on her retreating enemy.

"We positively must get rid of that woman," the countess, who heard it all, said to Margarett. "She is disturbing the house and disgracing herself every day."

"She went to papa this morning, mamma."

"She did not get much by that move," said the countess.

On the following morning Crosbie returned to town, but just before he left the castle he received a third letter from Lily Dale. "I have been rather disappointed at not hearing this morning," said Lily, "for I thought the postman would have brought me a letter. But I know you'll be a better boy when you get back to London, and I won't scold you. Scold you, indeed! No; I'll never scold you, not though I shouldn't hear for a month."

He would have given all that he had in the world, three times told, if he could have blotted out that visit to Courcy Castle from the past facts of his existence.

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## I Run through the Southern States.

BY AN ENGLISH OFFICER.

TOWARD the close of last year I found myself on board the *Rowena* steaming slowly down the Mississippi river between St. Louis and Memphis. The boat was full, but with a very different description of passengers to those who usually travel in peaceful times. My fellow-travellers consisted principally of officers and soldiers going to the several posts on the Mississippi river, or to reinforce the armies of General Grant or Sherman; of traders and sutlers with contracts to supply those troops, or hoping to make some money by an illicit traffic in cotton. To these might be added a few planters returning from the North in doubt whether they would find their houses standing and their plantations unwasted by war; and also two or three disguised Confederate officers, who had been to visit friends at St. Louis, and were returning to join again the Confederate armies. These, with a few ladies in search of homes and relations from which the war had separated them, made up the number of my fellow-passengers on board the *Rowena*. Every one soon knew that I was an Englishman, and therefore a fit recipient of their various ideas on politics. These generally inclined to the Confederate side, for most of the employes on board these Mississippi steamers are "Secesh," and afford assistance to those who may be endeavouring to evade the Federal regulations. Three times a day we scrambled for our food, the passengers sitting down by detachments, the last lot consisting of the nigger servants, who seemed by far the most cheery. Drinking at the bar, playing poker (a game at cards), and spitting, filled up the remainder of the day as regards the majority of the passengers.

Of all rivers I have ever seen the Mississippi is the least interesting: the shores are flat and thickly wooded; the stream muddy, and continually winding round sandbanks. Fogs, at the time of year I speak of, are incessant, and they greatly delayed our course, as the snags, or large masses of timber which encumber the stream, render navigation dangerous. We passed the famous island No. 10, where shot and shell, still lying about, evinced the struggle which had continued for so long a time last summer; and the next day we reached Memphis, where I landed, as I considered I had a better chance of getting South from Memphis than from Helena, the most southern port held by the Federals.

Memphis had quite changed its usual aspect; instead of bales of cotton, which in ordinary years are piled along the banks of the Mississippi waiting shipment, warlike stores were being collected, preparatory to a

forward movement. A fortified camp occupied the southern portion of the town, and some particularly raw troops were being drilled or licked into shape. The fortifications had been thrown up by negroes, and were well made. Instead of vessels for trade, a few gunboats guarded the river, and the ordinary passenger steamers had been turned into transport vessels. Sometimes the Confederate irregular troops would erect a small battery, or bring a few field-guns to open on these steamers, from various bluffs on the river; but General Sherman, the Federal general in command, gave out an order that for every vessel fired on, ten Confederate families should be driven out of Memphis; and I believe this order had the effect of putting a stop to the practice of firing on unarmed vessels. Of course the inhabitants at Memphis were very *Secesh*, although generally they were discreet enough not to express their opinions. There is a pleasant society, but the topics of conversation, and little incidents which frequently occur, and are passed by without much notice, bespeak times of commotion. For instance, you would call on an acquaintance and would hear that the troops had threatened to burn Mrs. ——'s house because a Secesh flag had been exhibited from the windows; or a lady would send her servant with a message to her relations a few miles in the country, and the servant would return, saying he had been robbed by guerrillas; then again the troops are too free and easy in their manners, strolling into gardens and killing and appropriating the chickens and pigs. Yet in the midst of all this, life goes on much as usual; the children's schools are open, and the ordinary domestic arrangements continue in their usual course, excepting that in many instances the slaves have run away and deserted their masters, leaving them in great straits. I was most kindly received by General Sherman, an officer of the old regular army, and like all those officers, most ready to assist in any way an English officer. I had some scruples in asking him for a pass to proceed south, as such a favour was never granted at Washington; but directly he had heard my request, he said there was no difficulty, only before I went south I was to see all he could show me at Memphis; he placed a horse at my disposal, and directed his adjutant-general to point out everything that might be of interest.

The out pickets were at no great distance from the town, and beyond them the country was said to be infested by guerrillas. I paid a visit to a brigadier-general, and was by him taken to see a regiment inspected. They drilled uncommonly well, and were a smart, active set of men, but the mode of conducting the inspection amused me immensely. I called on the general, a fine soldier-like man, and we mounted our horses and galloped to the ground. On parade we found a Missouri regiment in square, standing easy. So the general rode up to them, and said, "Here's Colonel —— come all the way from London to see you, because he hears you are such a d——d set of rascals." When the men heard this they halloped, "A speech, a speech!" but the general answered, "You don't suppose you fellows are worth a speech." The drill then proceeded, and uncommonly well the men

moved. After about half an hour the regiment was again formed into square; and then the general, coming up to me, said, "Now's your time to give them a speech." I was, as the Americans say, "slightly stampeded" at this request, but tried to do my best, and flattered myself I had got through it rather well; at the end of it, however, the general came up to me and said consolingly, "Well, I never knew a soldier worth a d—n who could make a speech." Upon which we cantered off, the general turning round as he was going, to say, "Mind, boys, you don't steal no pigs this evening." "No, no, general," was the reply, in full chorus.

I fear there was some need of this caution, for the pigs had suffered much from this regiment. As we rode home we met two soldiers more than slightly elevated with liquor. The general turning to admonish them, said, "Ah, boys, you've had too much to drink." "Guess we have, general," was the ready answer. Certainly the whole method of conducting the inspection was slightly different to what we are accustomed to in Europe, but I believe the general to be a good soldier, and very brave in action. There are many things consequent on the state of society in America, and the rough organization of the volunteer force, which strikes a European officer as rather odd. I remember some months previously to have been walking through a Federal camp late in the evening. I was stopped by a sentry, and asked for the countersign. I said I had not got it. "Well," said the sentry, "then you can't go by; it's Colonel S——'s orders." I accordingly halted whilst the sentry called for the corporal of the guard. By way of saying something, I asked him, "Who is Colonel S——?" "Well, sir," said he, "he's the d——est fool in the whole army, and I was a thundering ass when I enlisted under him; he keeps me a-turnpiking of roads from morning till night, and whenever I sees General M'Clellan, I'll tell him." Having thus given his opinion of his commanding officer, he proceeded to call the corporal of the guard, but as no one answered, he guessed he had better call the officer; still no one came, so he finally guessed I had better go past, which I did, accordingly.

I was most anxious to set off as soon as possible for the South, so the following day I hired a conveyance to drive about ten miles to Hernando, where it was said the Confederate pickets were stationed. A lady and some other persons from Memphis formed the party. Our start was unpropitious; my luggage having gone off by itself on one road, leaving ourselves, and some very large boxes which ladies always travel with, to find our way in a small one-horse conveyance for ten or twelve miles by another road. It appeared impossible for the horse to move the load; however, by dint of going slowly, the thing was done. We were stopped by the Federal pickets soon after leaving the town, and during the delay I had an opportunity of seeing how the present of a bottle of spirits, or some such small gift, smoothed the way through the lines. After passing the pretty environs of Memphis, and the comfortable houses of the merchants, we traversed a forest country, interspersed with planta-

tions and planters' houses, the latter usually built on one pattern—square houses, with a large portico supported by pillars in front of them—whilst in close vicinity almost invariably stand the cottages of the slaves. The country round Memphis is famous for producing cotton, but this year the cotton either stands unpicked in the fields, or the plant itself is removed for the sake of corn, which has taken its place. "Corn" in America invariably means Indian-corn. The cotton-presses still standing in the centre of the cornfields attest their former crop. The forests are very beautiful; and any one wanting shooting now would find plenty of bears, deer, &c., on the banks of the Mississippi and its tributaries; for not only is powder scarce, but the hunters are all gone to the wars.

We jolted along, scarcely meeting any one; luckily the weather had been tolerably dry, and the roads were passable. Night came on, but no guerillas made their appearance; and about seven o'clock we entered Hernando without encountering the Confederate pickets. We drove up to the small inn, which was almost full; the landlord, on my asking for a room, telling me he might possibly find me a bed. The bar was full of rowdies, soldiers on leave, guerillas, and travellers, all talking very loudly round a blazing fire, and bragging about how they would whip those d— Yankees. Ten miles had made a curious change in the sentiments and opinions one heard expressed; everything that was *en règle* at Memphis was, of course wrong at Hernando. The Federals had a short time previously held possession of the town, and another advance by them was expected. People were busy sending their slaves into the interior, and many of them had run away to the Federals. This we found to our cost, as there were no servants; and one had even to black one's own boots, brushes being considerably furnished by the landlord. Supper was provided for all the guests in a room at the back, corn bread and little round hot cakes forming the staple food, with a decoction of rye to take the place of coffee.

About bedtime I requested the landlord to show me my room, and I was accordingly ushered into an apartment where were three beds; but already five people occupied it: one, a peculiarly dirty but civil guerilla, was sleeping in half the bed allotted to me. This was decidedly embarrassing; however, the only thing left was to draw one's chair to the fire, and make friends with one's companions, which is easily done in America. People have no foolish scruples about asking who you are, and where you come from; and it is always best to answer good-humouredly. No one need take offence at questions, which are not intended to be impertinent. Directly I was known to be an Englishman, the questions asked almost everywhere in the South were put to me. First question: "Well, sir, what do you think of our peculiar institution?" This refers to slavery, and thereupon follows a discussion on that subject. Americans think Englishmen form all their ideas of slavery from such books as *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, and argue against the supposed cruelty of it, at the same time talking of their slaves much in the same terms as an English farmer talks of his valuable beasts.

But ah, how tired one becomes of the question! The second inquiry is—"Why don't England help us?" Southerners acknowledge that they began the war on the false impression that England would be forced to help them by want of cotton; and they are proportionately disappointed that such has not been the case. Still, I must say that, however strong the feelings may be on these or other subjects of argument, I never remember an American to have lost his temper in discussing them. They will never be offended if answered frankly, however unpleasant may be the truth they are obliged to hear; but they cannot understand sarcasm, and do not like it. Well, sitting round the fire, we discussed these important questions until my companions paired themselves off into their respective beds. I selected the cleanest corner of the room—that is, the corner that had been least spat upon—and lay down on the floor with my carpet-bag for a pillow, the last remark I heard being, "Oh, he is a British officer, and can sleep anywhere," in answer to some question as to how a man could sleep on a wooden floor.

We were fortunate enough to procure conveyances, and started next morning for Coldwater, the first station on the Jackson line of rail, the rail between Coldwater and Memphis having been broken up. There were several travellers, and our various conveyances made quite a cavalcade: first came an old coach like a London hackney coach, then a spring waggon, on the top of which I sat, and, lastly, a pony carriage driven by a lady. The latter came to grief by running against a waggon driven by a nigger; however, of course the ladies asserted that it was all the fault of the black man, who was proportionally abused. We passed families of slaves going into the interior, the master or overseer riding, the men walking, and their wives, children, and household furniture carried in carts. Farther on, we overtook two or three waggons laden with army stores; a tall fine-looking Confederate soldier, in light grey uniform, being in charge of them.

In many cases there has been no opportunity to organize a proper system of supplying the army with clothing, &c., therefore individual exertions have been forced to supply the absence of official management. For instance, when a company or regiment is in want of clothing, a trusty man is detached to the country and village from which the men have been raised, and soon collects by voluntary subscriptions supplies of all sorts. The carpets of the rooms are even cut up into blankets for the troops, and the ladies spend their time and wear out their fingers in making clothing. In fact, the zeal for the cause evinced by the ladies of the South appears greater than that of the men, if such could be possible. Their whole nature has become changed; from being accustomed to a life of luxury and idleness, dependent on their slaves, they have become self-denying and hard-working, and willing not only to give up their own time for the good of the country, but, without murmuring, to see their best and dearest friends and relations killed in the war.

To continue our journey, we rattled down an awfully steep place, driving in and out, and even over trunks of trees, and found ourselves

on the banks of the small stream or bayou of Coldwater. Here a ferry-boat was ready to carry us across, and on the opposite side was the first Confederate picket we had encountered. It was a picturesque scene. The sombre forest all round; the horses of the picket, ready saddled and bridled, tied up under the trees; the men lounging about, not dressed in uniform, unless the brown cloth of the country, often in rags, can be termed uniform; their weapons ready at hand; guns of various descriptions, from the old double-barrelled shot gun to the Enfield rifle, leaning against the trees. A piece of canvas stretched across the branches of an ilex formed a tent for the officer in command, and altogether, the scene reminded one of the pictures of robber life. The creek or bayou formed a line of defence, the intimate knowledge of the country acquired by residence in the vicinity giving the defenders an advantage over an attacking force, which numerical superiority could scarcely counter-balance. A few of the escort accompanied our party to the railway station, where we found a train waiting to carry us on our journey. After a short delay our luggage was discharged on the platform, and as I stood in expectation that some one would put it into the carriage, the guard called out, "Well, I guess if you want that luggage put in, you'd better be smart about it, and hand it up." I looked rather ashamed of myself for my negligence, and of course did hand it up, learning at the same time the lesson, that in the present state of society in the South, if a man does not wait on himself, no one else will do it for him. Railway travelling, in fact, is not agreeable at the present moment. The cars are almost worn out, and awfully dirty, being chiefly used for the transport of troops; the rails are scarcely in a fit state to be travelled over, in consequence of the iron being nearly worn to pieces; the engines are often out of order; and as to refreshment stations, a hungry man must depend on what he carries with him, for they don't exist. Along the line I saw large quantities of cotton packed in bales, and piled ready for burning on the advance of the Federal troops; while here and there ashes told of other piles destroyed. Coldwater was the farthest point reached by the Federal troops, and the station had been partially burnt by them.

As the train proceeded, a peculiarly gentlemanlike officer walked through the cars to examine the various travellers both verbally and from their papers, in order to guard against spies. I had brought no papers with me; however, I handed him a few private letters I happened to have in my pocket, and, amongst them, my old game-licence. That, I thought, would be the best proof of my identity that I could show. The provost-marshal turned it over, examined it, but could make nothing of it. I explained what it was, when he burst into laughter, first at the idea of a man bringing a game-licence to America, and then at its being produced in proof of loyalty. However, my papers were thought satisfactory, and the subject of game-licences afforded a topic for a long conversation.

Grenada was our stopping place for the night, old familiar omnibuses being in waiting to carry the passengers to the inn, which was as



crowded and as bad as it could be; my modest request for a towel and a bit of soap created quite a commotion. Every one, however, was civil and ready to be of assistance to an Englishman. About 2 A.M. I went off by train to Abbeville, where it was said General Van Dorn's head-quarters were. Early in the morning I arrived there: the station was crammed with stores for the troops, one of the first objects I saw being a Parrot gun, evidently captured from the Federals. General Van Dorn's head-quarters were at a short distance from the station: he occupied a small house, his staff living at another cottage close at hand. General Price's quarters were in the vicinity, and the troops were bivouacked in the surrounding woods. It was expected that the Federals were about to advance, and great precautions were taken to prevent any communication being held with the opposite side: as it was early when I arrived, I heard the stories of various applicants for passes before the general made his appearance. Some men wanted to go as far as Holly Springs or Corinth, to look after supplies they had left there; others to visit relations living within the Federal line; others, "soldiers on leave," to go home to their friends. Confederate officers and men often visit friends living within the country occupied by the Federals, even as far as St. Louis: the strong secessionist feeling of the people assists their concealment. General Van Dorn was formerly in the old United States army, and is well known and respected by many of his old brother officers on the opposite side. He is a small, wiry, but soldierlike man, and has acquired reputation during the present war by his conduct in the field. His staff received me very kindly. They were a particularly gentlemanlike set of fellows. Few, if any, had served as soldiers before this present war, but were planters or planters' sons, and were fighting with the strongest feelings for the cause. It was not a question with them of glory or military fame; the question was mere existence as a nation: they hated the Northerners with the bitterest hatred, and were resolved to sacrifice everything rather than give in. Still there was no love for the war; they all desired peace, but only on the terms of being allowed to remain a separate people. There was a more business-like appearance in their arrangements than I had noticed in the Northern camps, less time frittered away in conversation; in fact, they appeared like men who were really engaged in a cause which called forth all their energies. The officers were dressed in grey, with silver lace, but uniform was much disregarded; in fact, anything like display was rather ridiculed. They were anxious for news from Europe, and especially as regarded the line of politics England and France were likely to take in the American question. They were rather sore at the refusal of European Powers to recognize them as a nation, alleging that the South American republics had been recognized far more quickly. They acknowledged that, at the commencement of the war, they had looked too much for exterior assistance, but were now resolved to trust to themselves. They spoke in terms of great praise of the devotion and gallantry of the private

soldier, and had evidently complete confidence in their men. The general was obliged to ride out, and his escort, a soldierlike body of cavalry, accompanied him. The men sat well on their horses, and looked like soldiers. I was also introduced to General Price, who is much beloved and respected by the troops. Unlike General Van Dorn, he had only become a soldier since the war. One of the officers of the staff was a Scotchman, who had settled in the West, a fine noble fellow, keen for the cause he was fighting in, but yet strong in his love for Scotland.

I left the camp in the evening; a train full of sick and wounded soldiers took me as far as Jackson, Mississippi. The dirt and discomfort of railway travelling in the South cannot be described. One carriage is usually set apart for ladies, and is slightly cleaner than the others. This is quite necessary, as wounded and sick soldiers, men returning from furlough, &c., are not the most pleasant companions for a long journey, especially where the habit of chewing is universal. I reached Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, the following morning. The town possesses the usual features of State capitals, viz., a large building for the meeting of parliament, a gaol, the governor's house, some hotels, and two or three wide streets. Few shops remained open, and the prices of the commonest articles were enormous. I paid half a dollar for a piece of soap, and two and a quarter dollars for a toothbrush. The usual charge at hotels for the worst conceivable accommodation is five dollars per diem. These prices must, however, be considered with reference to the value of gold, which, at the time I speak of, was at 230 premium, 100 dollars in gold being worth 330 in paper. As in the North, all sorts of money is in circulation, and it is very difficult to detect forgeries. A large camp had been established near Jackson, the situation having been selected from its being a central point for the railroads, which branched off to Vicksburg, towards New Orleans, Memphis, Mobile, the north of Georgia, and to the lines of rail which connect with Richmond. Almost all the troops had, however, been sent to the armies on the frontier. The hotels were quite full; a bed in a crowded room being all the accommodation that could be expected. Three times a day a bell rang, the doors of the dining-room were thrown open, and the crowd pushed and struggled into their places for meals. Any one arriving late got nothing to eat. The company one meets on such occasions is decidedly mixed—generals and private soldiers, rich planters and mechanics, mingled with all sorts of adventurers which the war has brought together, sit down at the same tables. It was at St. Louis where I noticed my opposite neighbour in great difficulties; he had had a basin of thin soup given him, the spoon had been forgotten, and he sat himself down quietly to eat it with a knife—he evidently felt something was wrong, but he had not sufficient confidence in himself to ask for a spoon. There are not as many foreigners in the Southern as in the Northern armies, there are few or no Germans; Irish, of course, there must be in every quarrel; there are also some Englishmen and several French—or, rather, French creoles—who appear to imitate the

uniform and carriage of the troops of Old France. At Vicksburg, commanding the working parties at the fortifications, I met an old officer of the army of Algeria; we had mutual acquaintances in that country, and talked over the campaigns of Pelissier. He had been with the detachment under the command of that general, which accomplished the feat of destroying an Arab tribe in a cavern, in the province of Oran.

The men one falls in with in these sort of places are pleasant, good-humoured fellows; often adventurers, such as Kingsley cleverly delineates in the hero of his novel *Two Years Ago*—men who have been ruined over and over again, who have made fortunes and lost them in the diggings of California; who have bred cattle in Texas, or hitched up teams to cross the Western prairies to the mines at Pike's Peak; in fact, who have been knocking about in all places, and in all sorts of conditions. They are always ready for a drink, but will never drink alone, and will invariably lend a helping hand to any one requiring it. In fact, the disorganized state of Southern society has developed some good traits of character; men have become much less selfish, and are ready to do many little kindnesses for each other which are looked for in vain in more civilized countries. Ladies who formerly were brought up in luxury, and with the greatest care, have been forced by circumstances to lead much more independent lives. They travel alone through the country, and are invariably treated by every one with the greatest respect.

At Jackson were planters from Louisiana who had left their homes to be pillaged by the troops under the command of Butler. One especially I remember: he was of an old French family, whose ancestors had left France during the great Revolution, and had established themselves in Louisiana; they had acquired great wealth, and had ornamented their houses with statues from Europe (some executed by Canova), these had been packed up and carried to the North by Federal officers. If any man ever was hated by a nation, General Butler is that man. All sorts of stories are told of him and of the troops under his command. It is said that some of the houses of the wealthiest of the merchants of New Orleans have been appropriated by his officers, their furniture stolen, and even the dresses of their wives distributed among the favourites of these officers. A lady narrated to me an incident that happened at her own house: a Federal officer arrived to carry off her horses for the use of the army; among these was a small pony which belonged to her grandchild, a little boy, who was standing near with tears in his eyes, fearing the loss of his pony. The lady requested that the animal might be spared, as it was too small to be of any use for army purposes, and the poor child was so sorry to lose it; but the officer replied, "*One of the causes of this war is the manner in which you Southerners have pampered your children, therefore I shall remove the pony,*"—which he did. There was a story current, that a short time previously a ball was to be given on board H.M.'s gunboat which was lying off New Orleans. General Butler, having expressed a wish to see the vessel, came on board whilst the preparations for the ball

were going on. The officer in command apologized to the general for not inviting him, saying that he could not do so, as if he (General Butler) came not a lady in New Orleans would accept an invitation. So much for Butler. There is a marked distinction in the manner in which the Southerners regard their enemies, and the terms in which General McClellan is spoken of are very different. They say he conducted war as a gentleman should do; and if, after peace is established, he should visit the South, he will be received with kindness, and treated as an honourable enemy ought to be.

From Jackson I took the rail to Vicksburg, about four hours. Vigorous preparations were going on in expectation of a fresh attack. The officers in command were confident of successfully defending the place, and were naturally proud of the last defence, when the town was attacked, towards the end of the summer, by two fleets from the Upper and Lower Mississippi. As I stood near the town-hall on the highest point overlooking the great river, the attack and defence were described to me; and as Vicksburg has acquired fresh fame from the late repulses of General Sherman's expedition, some description of its situation may not be out of place. At a short distance above the town the river makes one of those sharp bends so common in the Mississippi, leaving a narrow peninsula of low land in front of the town. The town stands on rather high bluffs on the left bank of the river. The ground on the land side is much broken, is hilly and intersected with ravines, whilst at a little distance the forest extends for many miles. A short distance above the town the Yazoo river flows into the Mississippi. Advantage has been taken of the nature of the ground in preparing the defences, both on the land and river front, and batteries have been placed above the town in order to command the upper reach of the river, others below the town to prevent the advance of vessels from the lower Mississippi, and also to command the low point of land through which the Federals endeavoured last summer to cut a canal. The forest which formerly covered this point of land has been levelled, in order to afford a clear sweep for the guns of the defenders, and to prevent its giving shelter to the gunboats, as was the case at the last siege, when the gunboats and transports were laid close in shore with their masts covered with boughs, in order to resemble the forest-trees, and so conceal themselves from the enemy. But little damage was done to the town during the six weeks' bombardment it sustained; a few houses and churches suffered, but only fifteen lives were lost, most of the inhabitants having left the town previous to the bombardment.

The work of throwing up fortifications at Vicksburg was busily going on, but the shops were still open, and Christmas presents exhibited in the windows. Long lines of waggons, and great numbers of stores, were passing over the river on their way into the interior of Texas, in order that they might be out of reach of the Federals, should their armies succeed in occupying the State of Mississippi. I had the pleasure of meeting some of General McGruder's staff at Vicksburg: he (the

general) was on his way to a command in Texas. They spoke highly of his conduct in the Yorktown campaign, where he managed, on the first landing of the army of the Potomac, to hold in check far superior forces, with but from eleven to fifteen thousand men, until the army of General Johnston could arrive to occupy the lines of Yorktown.

On the 27th of November, I left Jackson (having returned there from Vicksburg), and resolved to make my way to Mobile. Railway travelling is very uncertain on account of the bad order into which the rails have fallen; and if a train breaks down between the stations, the travellers are in rather an awkward predicament, since they find themselves surrounded by a vast forest, without means of procuring food. At some places the train is advertised to stop for refreshments; but these simply consist of Indian-corn bread and eggs, pawed about and distributed at high prices by niggers. Between Meridian and Mobile (a whole day's journey at the pace the train went) there were no signs even of niggers with food, and very grateful I felt for the gift of a sweet potato. In fact, the usual houses for refreshments have been closed, the people finding it a difficult matter to obtain food for themselves. There is something monotonous, and yet striking, in the vast forests traversed by the rail. Usually the least fertile ground has been chosen, through which the line is constructed; therefore a passenger fails to see the various rich plantations which may be at no great distance off. Sometimes at the small stations, built often of logs, a primitive-looking carriage with rope-harness is seen; but this is but seldom, for freight, rather than passengers, generally appears to be taken in at the smaller stations.

Mobile, where I arrived on the 28th November, is a pretty pleasant-looking city, situated at the end of a bay about forty miles long. The business part of the town, together with the principal warehouses, shops, theatre, &c., are near the water; the houses of the merchants, standing in their separate gardens, are placed farther back. The climate is far warmer than that of Jackson; oranges were growing in the open air, and the bright sun reminded one of summer. It was sad to see how desolate the town looked, though—the warehouses closed, scarcely any shipping in the harbour, the shops but poorly furnished with goods, save the book-shops, where one might still purchase the old novels. The people of Mobile, however, are willing to endure any hardship rather than give in, and say they will burn the town, if necessary, rather than allow it to suffer a fate like that of New Orleans. The Southerners allow that the loss of New Orleans was a terrible blow to the Confederacy, and attribute it to neglect, either on the part of the Central Government or the local authorities. Some people even go so far as to say that the troops which defended the forts at the mouth of the Mississippi had been bought, and therefore permitted the Federal vessels to pass them without opposition. They are still sanguine of holding the two strong places on the Mississippi, viz. Port Hudson and Vicksburg, and so keeping communication open with Texas, from which good cavalry and large supplies are furnished.

Whilst at Mobile, I had the pleasure of being introduced to Admiral Buchanan, who commanded the *Merrimac* in her combat with the *Monitor*. He was formerly an officer of the United States' navy, but on the war breaking out he joined the Southern cause; and having done good service in the James River, received the naval command of Mobile. He was severely wounded in the battle between the *Merrimac* and *Monitor*. The failure of the *Merrimac* to run down the *Monitor* is accounted for by the fact that her ram was broken in her previous attack on the *Congress*.

Admiral Buchanan kindly invited me to form one in an expedition down the bay to visit the *Oviato* or *Florida*, lying about fifteen miles from Mobile. It was a beautiful bright day when we left the quay, in a small river steamer, our party consisting of one of the generals in command, a few officers, and several of the ladies of Mobile. These, like their sisters elsewhere, are most zealous in the cause of the Confederacy, and their zeal is shown not only in words, for they sacrifice many of their comforts, and, without murmuring, willingly put up with the serious inconvenience caused by the blockade. Gloves and ladies' shoes are very scarce articles; and it was said that one ship, which was endeavouring to run the blockade laden with crinolines, was ruthlessly captured by the Federal cruisers. Can such barbarity be true! Still, somehow or other, ladies always contrive to dress nicely and look well, and the ladies of Mobile were no exception to the rule. We steamed through the winding and narrow channel which affords the only access to the actual port of Mobile, passing two or three iron-clad river steamers, either lying off the quay, or else on the stocks. We left to our right a battery on the shore, and arrived at a boom thrown across the entrance of the fort, under fire of some newly constructed forts on small islands, and of the shore batteries, which are concealed from view by thick forest. Through this intricate navigation, and under fire of these formidable batteries, would the invading fleet have to approach Mobile, after having passed the forts which guard the entrance to the harbour. The channel also, even at its deepest part, is but shallow, and only navigable for small vessels of war. There were only a very few fishing and coasting vessels to be seen. Sometimes small vessels contrive to run the blockade, or to make their way along the coast to New Orleans, running the risk of being captured by the cruisers off Ship Island, the rendezvous of the Federal fleet. We found the *Oviato*, under the command of Captain Maffit, lying at anchor about fifteen miles down the bay. She had been built at Glasgow, had run out unarmed, and, trusting to her great speed, had, in broad daylight, passed through the whole blockading squadron, and so entered Mobile. She was pursued for thirty miles, and received an almost incredible number of shots, some of the blockading vessels having approached close enough to fire into her with shrapnel. At Mobile she had taken in her armament and recruited her crew. She is armed with Blakely rifled guns on the main deck, is not iron-clad, and a large proportion of her crew are Englishmen. When we arrived, she was anxiously



waiting an opportunity of again passing through the blockading squadron, and entering on her mission of destruction to Federal merchantmen.

Every now and then, among all the changes which a new country, and especially this state of war, has produced among those who originally came from England, an Englishman still sees much that reminds him of home. This is especially the case on Sunday, when the church, identical in its architecture with the London churches of the last century, the service the same as that of the Church of England, excepting the change of a few words, and the numbers of well-dressed people flocking to church at eleven o'clock, almost make one fancy that one has suddenly returned to some pleasant country town in England. It was, however, melancholy to see in the church of Mobile the numbers of families in mourning, bespeaking the losses in the war ! The people at Mobile were most hospitable. Many had visited Europe, and looked forward to again doing so after this war has terminated, and when a market is again open for their cotton. The British consul, an old inhabitant of the place, endeavoured in every way to render my stay agreeable.

From Mobile I took the steamer across the bay to the railway station of the line leading to Montgomery and Richmond. A young fellow on board spoke to me. He was a private in the Confederate cavalry, but was, by birth, a Northerner ; and his brother was serving on the opposite side ; his cousin, also, was a general in the Northern armies. Frequently men of good family and wealth are found in the ranks of the Confederate armies : for instance, a rich planter will raise a company, even arming and clothing it, and then, feeling that he has no talent for military matters, will delegate the command of it to another, and take service in the ranks.

But the officers of the old army complain that there is but little military spirit among the troops. They do not seek or appear to care for glory ; and a sort of neighbourly feeling of each man to his comrade as coming from the same village is a species of substitute for the *esprit de corps* of regiments. They have the organization of armies ; but it is difficult to carry out discipline without injuring the very feeling that ensures them victory. If the details of discipline are too strictly insisted on, disgust ensues, and the men lose their keenness for the cause. There is no time to make them good regular troops ; therefore, latitude in discipline must be allowed, in order to keep them as good volunteers. They are better supplied than formerly with arms and military stores, but they have the wastefulness of undisciplined troops ; and it is very difficult to make them carry their proper supplies of rations on the march, and to prevent them from wasting or consuming those supplies too quickly.

It was a drizzling wet day when I left Mobile, and the great marshes and swamps looked very dreary : they afford shelter to alligators—who, however, only make their appearance in warm weather—and to other species of game with which Florida abounds. The line led us through dreary forests of the live oak, the ilex, and other trees, covered with long pendants of moss ; and on leaving these we entered on almost endless forests

of pines, now and then passing Confederate pickets, the horses tied, ready saddled and bridled, to the trees. At the culverts and bridges small parties of soldiers were usually stationed to guard them, and prevent any sudden raid from the neighbouring Federal post of Pensacola being made for the purpose of destroying the rail. Little amusement is there to be found in a Southern railway car, as the passengers are not much given to conversation; and, in fact, the main portion of the travellers are usually soldiers, going to, or returning from, their regiments. But it is rather amusing to sit for a short time in the car reserved for the niggers. They are a most ridiculous race of beings, and always appear to be caricaturing themselves. No representation of their manners can be too ridiculous or extravagant for the reality. A nigger in the South is almost always addressed by the whites as *uncle*, especially if he be rather old. What this term has arisen from I cannot say. As we approached Montgomery, the country became more cultivated, and the forest receded; and towards evening we reached the town, or rather the station, where omnibuses and flies were waiting to convey us to Montgomery.

Montgomery is a well-built, nice town, with, as usual, the court-house, containing room for the sittings of the Senate and Congress of the State. Large hotels, filled to overflowing, received the passengers; but as, for some reason, the morning train of that day had not left Montgomery, there was very little accommodation for the new arrivals. After waiting for a long time, a mattress on the floor of the hall was allotted to me, whilst around, on various mattresses, lay my fellow-travellers. Certainly the accommodation of Southern hotels is not at present first-rate.

We started again early next morning, the train awfully crowded, as two days' passengers had to be accommodated. I have a dim recollection of passing through the towns of Atlanta and Augusta, some time during the next two days and night, but they have left no impression on my memory. The cotton crops converted into corn-fields, the pine forests, and, as we approached Charleston, the rice-fields, succeeded each other without leaving any mark on the mind. Sometimes the train stopped for refreshments, when, as before, we obtained hard-boiled eggs, corn bread, and sometimes pieces of chicken, from niggers who charged an enormous price for those delicacies.

On the third day after leaving Mobile, I reached Charleston, an older-looking town than one generally sees in the States, and perhaps rather more cheerful than Mobile, for there is still a slight appearance of business about it. A large, and even at this time a well-conducted hotel received me;—and to appreciate a good hotel, a journey of two or three days in a Southern railway is no bad preparation. The fire which devastated Charleston about a year ago has left terrible traces of its progress: it seems to have swept clean through one of the best parts of the city; and, owing to the war, which employed labour elsewhere, no steps to repair the damage have been taken. Still Charleston is a pleasant place, and the walk along the quays by the side of the bay is delightful;

the houses, being built somewhat in the Italian style of architecture, and standing on the very edge of the waters of the bay, remind one of some of Claude Lorraine's sea pictures.

However, warlike preparations appeared on all sides. Batteries had been erected along the quay; a regiment was encamped in the public gardens; iron-clad vessels were in course of preparation; the forts at the entrance of the harbour were all armed; and people spoke of a desperate defence, and of burning the town rather than allowing it to fall into the enemy's hands. General Beauregard's head-quarters were in the town. I had the pleasure of passing the evening in his company, and a remarkably nice person and good officer he appeared to be. He is a small, very intelligent-looking man, with remarkably bright dark eyes and rather grey hair; in fact, his appearance bespeaks a more southern descent than that of the Anglo-Saxon. He spoke confidently of being able successfully to defend the place. General Beauregard corroborated the curious facts one heard respecting the bombardment of Fort Sumpter. It is perfectly true that after a most severe bombardment, the fort replying vigorously, it surrendered, because untenable, and not one man of the garrison was either killed or wounded; whilst on the attacking side the casualties only amounted to three men slightly wounded. The fact that such was the case is almost unaccountable.

The situation of Charleston on the point of land between the Ashley and Cooper rivers, and surrounded with forests and marshy country, renders it very strong on the land side, whilst the forts at the entrance of the bay, it was hoped, would afford insurmountable obstacles to the Federal navy. As usual, they (the Federals) have lost their opportunity. At one time the town was scarcely defended, and a few resolute captains of ships might have forced a passage into the bay, and bombarded it. Now, however, deficiencies have been remedied, and an obstinate defence will be the result. Every day people expected the attack to take place; the large force which was under the command of General Banks threatened the whole southern coast, and each city supposed itself to be the object of menace.

The rail to Wilmington was open, and as that was the shortest way to Richmond, I took the train, and reached Wilmington about one A.M., where a steam-ferry carried the passengers across the harbour. We were kept waiting in an awfully cold night, crowding round the doors of the railway cars; and as it was a case of first come first served, those who got in first secured a seat, whilst those who did not were forced to stand.

The usual uncertainty attending Southern railway travelling prevented me from making any calculation as to the time of reaching Richmond. At Weldon we "missed connection," which means that the train had gone off without waiting for us, and we had the agreeable prospect of passing twenty-four hours at one of the most miserable places I ever saw. Even in peace time it has a bad name, and during the present state of things it has become ten times worse than before. Two dreary

houses, dignified by the name of hotels, received the passengers. I was fortunate enough to obtain a bed; two soldiers of the Confederate army occupying the other bed in my room. We even procured the luxury of a fire, and, whilst sitting round it, my two companions discussed their campaigns, and, in doing so, described two battles at which I had been present on the opposite side. It was very amusing to hear their descriptions, especially that of one man, who gave me an account of his charging squares and performing other prodigies of valour, no such squares, to my certain knowledge, having existed. I did not tell them that I had seen the battles from another point of view. At Weldon there is an important bridge across a river, on which a guard was stationed, as it was supposed to be an object of attack of the Federals, who occupied parts of the country lying in the vicinity near the coast. After our twenty-four hours' delay, a train arrived and carried us on to Peterborough, a large well-built town, near the James River. Omnibuses, driven by niggers, conveyed us through the town to the Richmond railway station, and on my way I took the opportunity of asking the "intelligent contraband" who was driving me, whether the Yankees had any gunboats on the James River. "O yeth, massa," was the answer, "them Yankees have got three thousand gunboats down there." This awful piece of information ought, of course, to have been forwarded to President Davis, if he had been in the same habit of acquiring information from "intelligent contrabands" as the other President. The train conveyed me to Richmond, where I arrived about seven o'clock P.M., very glad to have accomplished the long journey from Mobile.

Of all the expeditions I have made, the ride I took out of Richmond to the scene of the old battle-fields of the Chickahominy was to me the most curious. Six months previously, I had been encamped with the Federal army for a month, within four and a half miles of the city, and now I was about to visit the same localities from the opposite side. To do this I hired a wretched horse—horses are scarce articles at Richmond,—and started off alone to find my way to the Chickahominy, feeling sure when once there of knowing every inch of the ground. After leaving the town, I passed the redoubts which encircle it—earthworks thrown up hastily during the war,—and found the guard stationed on the road; however, my pass ensured me every civility, and I was put in the right way of reaching Newbridge on the Chickahominy.

Very soon the country showed palpable signs of war—fences broken down and destroyed, houses burnt—in short, a fertile country had become a waste. I looked in vain for the lines of earthworks which I was led to believe had prevented the advance on Richmond of the Federal army; they did not exist; a very small trench and breastworks being the only signs of any fortification. Still I rode on, expecting to meet some traces of field-works, until I found myself among the well-remembered places facing the heights, from which I had often watched the Federal batteries play on the very ground I was riding over. There was the

house which I remembered served as a mark for the Federal artillery; there was the steep piece of road down which, through a telescope, I had watched the Confederate waggons hastening to avoid the fire. In fact, I almost seemed to have two separate existences, and imagined that I should see myself and former companions appear on the opposite heights. My ride was stopped by the bridge (called Newbridge) having been destroyed. Men were engaged in repairing it; the muddy stream of the Chickahominy flowing on, unconscious of having separated two vast armies, and played so considerable a part in a great struggle.

Across the deserted fields, the former stations of the Confederate pickets, I made my way; then through the abandoned Federal camps and entrenchments, across the country, and through the woods, and among the numerous graves of those who fell at Fair Oaks and the seven days' battle, until I reached the redoubt, the scene of Hooker's fight, where the last battle was fought with the object of advancing on Richmond. The battles which succeeded it were for existence, not victory. The country was deserted; a solitary sportsman looking for partridges was the only person I encountered. Where were all those I had known so intimately six months before? Some were killed in those last disastrous battles; most had left the army in disgust, or been driven from it by the politicians at Washington.

I crossed the rail, and returned to Richmond by the road which passes the Seven Pines, from which the battle of that name is called. Richmond must be singularly changed from what it was two years ago—then a State capital as little known to fame as any other of the numerous capitals of the various States, now the centre of the Confederacy and the object for which vast armies are contending. It is a pleasant town on the left bank of the James River, whose winding course can be seen for many miles from one of the numerous hills on which it stands. There is still traffic in the streets; the theatres are open; ladies riding and driving (the latter usually in ambulances, instead of carriages) pass not unfrequently, and the whole town appears endeavouring under difficulties to keep up an appearance of peace and prosperity. When I was there, but few soldiers were to be seen in the streets; they were concentrated in front of Fredericksburg, where a battle was daily expected. The crowded state of the hotels, filled with officers, the appearance every now and then of some rough-looking cavalry or artillery, the enormous hospitals which cover one of the hills overlooking the river, the iron-clads built and in course of building on that river—all told of war. Although great confidence was felt in General Lee and his army, yet a certain uneasiness existed as to the result of the approaching battle. In the event, however, of utter defeat, and the occupation by the Federals of Richmond, the resolution had been formed to leave nothing but its ashes to receive the enemy. Commodore Pegrim, who formerly commanded the *Nashville*, was kind enough to show me the new *Merrimac*, to which he had been appointed. She differs slightly from her namesake,

and is armed with very large rifled guns made at the foundry at Richmond. She is destined to co-operate with the fort at Drury's Bluff, in order to ensure the safety of Richmond from any attempt at attack which might be made from the James River. Two other iron-clads were in the course of construction, one built by contributions from the ladies of Richmond. On the land side, a circle of bastioned field-works guard the town; they are insignificant compared with the works round important European towns, but are as strong or stronger than the lines of Yorktown, which for so long a time held in check the Federal troops.

It was an easy matter enough to get into Richmond, but quite the reverse to get out again, and so on to Washington. A flag-of-truce boat for exchange of prisoners frequently went down the James River, but no passengers were allowed on board; and in the present state of affairs, when any day might bring news of some great conflict, the authorities were chary about granting passes. Still they were very kind, and I was told I might make my way across the lines by what is called the Underground Railway. The officer in charge of the secret service furnished me with a pass in the event of my meeting any Confederate pickets, and directed me to make my way by rail to Culpepper Court-house, and then as best I could to Alexandria or Leesburg, from which places the journey to Washington was easy enough. However, he asked me at the same time to take charge of a lady and her two grandchildren, which, "pleasant as their company might be," would considerably add to my difficulties in traversing a country devastated by war.

We started on a cold bright winter's morning, driving to the station, where, to begin with, all the luggage, including the ladies' big boxes, were nearly left behind. We arrived late at the station; the train would not wait, and the desperate nigger in charge, after trying to drive after it, ended by jumping out of the cart, and with myself running along the rails, with the luggage on our shoulders, which we just managed to shove up behind the last carriage, the train being in motion at the time. We crossed the Chickahominy, and reached Hanover Junction, the scene of a battle at which I had been present six months before.

Some persons in the train fancied they could hear guns in the distance. Little did we then think that the battle of Fredericksburg was being fought at that moment within a few miles of where we were. At Gordonsville, we passed a *dépôt* of military stores and a train full of niggers, or contrabands, as they are called, who were cheering lustily, and were, we were told, on their way to work on the fortifications at Richmond—poor fun, I should think, for them; but they are unaccountable beings, and always appear ready to laugh. I remember once seeing a lot of niggers sitting round a house which was being shelled, and on my remarking to their master, who was looking very mournful, that he was being shot at, they went into fits of laughter.

It was all plain sailing for us as far as Culpepper Court-house; but there we came to a standstill. How were the ladies and their big boxes



to be conveyed through a country where there were no horses or carriages? For two days and a half I wandered through the town, looking over the palings and into the yards wherever there was a sign of a horse, mule, or even ox; running after any cart that might make its appearance in the town; routing up teamsters at all hours of the day or night; but to no purpose. We were regularly fixed. At length I espied a cart bringing a load of women and baggage to the railway station. I ran up to the driver, and at once concluded a bargain with him to take the ladies and baggage to Warrington—I walking.

The following day we were to start; but during the night the rain fell in torrents, and my friend the driver did not make his appearance until some hours after the appointed time. When he did arrive and saw the big boxes, he tried to shirk his bargain, but we kept him to it: to vent his displeasure at this result he drove his waggon, containing the unlucky ladies, for some distance over the sleepers of the broken-up railway.

Well, we started: the country showed many signs of recent battles. Over this very ground had General Pope advanced towards Richmond, and just beyond Culpepper he had met with his first repulse, ending in his disgraceful retreat to Washington. The fences were destroyed and burnt, the trees cut down, skeletons of dead horses were lying about, whilst pieces of uniform and remains of old encampments marked out the burial-places of the dead, and the former residences of the living. These were the inevitable results of war. Much wanton damage did not appear to have been perpetrated, nor did the inhabitants of Culpepper accuse the Federal soldiers of misbehaviour.

Virginian roads are not the best in wet weather, and we progressed very slowly: sometimes we plunged through deep mud; then we were obliged to drag away a great trunk of a tree placed as an obstruction across the road; then we had to cross a river, where the water almost flowed into the cart. It was near one of these rivers that we encountered the Confederate pickets, a rough-looking set of horsemen. One, a Swiss, was disposed to make himself rather disagreeable, in order to obtain a bribe; but fortunately an officer passed, who ordered him back to his post. There was much that was pretty in the scenery: the country was thickly wooded and undulating, the fine range of the Blue Ridge Mountains bounding the view towards the north-west. We could only reach Jefferson, a small village, that evening, where a lady, residing in a comfortable house, was induced to receive us, and give us some supper and beds. A few of the neighbouring gentlemen called in in the evening, including the schoolmaster and clergyman—very agreeable, pleasant people.

The next day we crossed the Rappahannock, where some houses showed, by their dilapidated appearance, signs of a bombardment. On the opposite bank, before the war, stood a large hotel and watering-place; now only the bare walls mark the place where formerly the Virginian gentry used to flock in the summer season: it was said that the buildings

had been wantonly destroyed by the retreating Federals. Snow was falling as we entered Warrington, twenty-five miles from Culpepper, and little prospect did there appear of our getting on. People would not let out their carts to go through the lines, for fear of being refused permission to return; and our driver had engaged to take another traveller from Warrington, so he could not take the ladies and the big boxes any farther. I was hopelessly mooning through the streets, when a Confederate picket asked me for my pass. I gave it rather sulkily; but directly they knew who I was, and what I wanted, they could not be too civil. They busied themselves to find a conveyance, and soon discovered a gentleman who had brought in a load of pork, and who, for a consideration, was willing, having sold his pork, to carry us, big boxes and all, to another gentleman's house in the neighbourhood. This was a great relief to our minds.

Several of the picket were in the room where we dined, and were talking of the capture of a Federal commissariat waggon, which I had seen standing in the street. One of them, a mere boy, was saying how he had shot and killed the driver, having been ordered to do so by his officer, as the driver had resisted after being captured. He was a quiet, good-humoured country lad, but he talked of shooting the man in much the same terms as one talks of killing a dog, so great a change of feeling does war create. A few of the cavalry rode a portion of the way with us, and afterwards, we heard, roused up a Federal cavalry picket near Bull's Run, capturing several horses and shooting one man. We drove up to the gentleman's house, and asked for food and shelter, saying we had come to stay with him. Although we were all perfect strangers, nothing could be kinder than our reception. Mr. — not only received us most hospitably, but used all his endeavours to procure conveyance for us to Alexandria. In fact, without his assistance, I believe we should never have been able to accomplish our journey. He lent me a horse, and a friend of his acted as my guide. The ladies and small boxes—the big ones had to be left behind—were put into a light cart, and off we started again. We had forty miles to make before reaching Alexandria. Our road lay through Gainesville, and over the old battle-ground of Bull's Run. At the latter place, dead horses, fortunately frozen when we passed, were lying in great numbers; shot and shell were strewed about; the half-burnt chimney-stacks marked where houses had formerly stood, and even, in some places, skeletons and bones of human beings appeared above the ground; in fact, there were all the signs of great battles having been fought on the ground over which we were passing.

Close to the stream of Bull's Run, on an eminence commanding a view of the surrounding country, we encountered the first Federal picket. It was a party of cavalry, under charge of a sergeant, patrolling the country. As we approached they drew their revolvers and unslung their carbines; and I was rather anxious lest they might take me and my friend for Confederate cavalry, knowing how lately they had been roused up by them. It turned out, when we came up to them, that they had done so, and were

only convinced of their mistake by our extremely peaceable appearance. They had been out during the night, were very cold, and had no desire of fighting that morning; and so were only too pleased to find we were quiet travellers, and not the black horse cavalry. In fact, they could not be too civil; they took us to the picket fire, reported our arrival to the officer in command, who forwarded us on, under escort, to his colonel. He (the colonel) was at Centreville, where the old field-works, thrown up by the Confederates after the battle of Bull's Run, were still standing. From thence an escort conducted us to Fairfax Court-house, with orders to take us to the provost-marshal. Nothing could exceed the civility of every one, from the colonel to the troopers of the escort; they, poor fellows, were heartily sick of the war, and wished they were back at their farms in Ohio. The provost-marshal having seen my permit, by means of which I had passed the Federal lines at Memphis, was perfectly satisfied, and gave both myself and the ladies permission to proceed. My friend took the horses back to Mr. ——'s house, and I luckily found a sutler's cart, in which I made the journey to Alexandria. Large bodies of troops were bivouacked and encamped along the road, and all appeared to be what the Americans call "on the stampede"—I suppose in consequence of the attack lately made by the Confederate cavalry. Little did they think that the only forces opposed to them in that part of the country were two or three troops of irregular cavalry.

About four o'clock I passed through the well-remembered forts round Alexandria, and the whole party arrived just in time to catch the steamer up the Potomac to Washington, which we reached about seven o'clock.

Thus terminated my rapid two months' travelling through the Confederate States; and from all I have seen and heard, I feel fully convinced that no danger will ever frighten, or bribes of power induce, the States of the Confederacy to join again the Northern Union. They are unanimous; there is no party feeling in the South; they have confidence in their President, their Government, and their generals; and in all these respects how great is the contrast they present to the States of the North! Their troops also have proved themselves victorious in almost every great action, and are fully capable of defensive warfare. What the future boundaries of the Confederates may be, no one can prophesy, or into how many distinct Governments the Union may be split up; but never again will the Slave States consent to a reunion with the North, the hatred between the two countries (especially on the side of the South) is too intense, and is transmitted with increased bitterness from parents to children. It is a bitter pill for the Americans to swallow, and hard for them to admit that their Government has proved a failure, and that the extent of dominion which gave them so much power is at an end.

## Oaths.

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At a recent trial in a court of quarter sessions, a little girl being called as a witness, the prisoner's counsel asked the chairman to ascertain whether she understood the nature of an oath. The chairman—as good-natured a squire as ever patted a little girl on the head—said, “Well, my little girl, do you know what an oath means?” She simpered out, with the true Sunday-school beatitude of voice and manner, a set of indistinct phrases, of which the following reached the hearers' ears: “Please, sir—say my catechism—go to the bad place when I die.” “Nothing more required, I think, Mr. ——?” said the chairman to the counsel; and the little lady told her story without further observation.

Such scenes as this are not of very infrequent occurrence in courts of justice, and, like some of the other occurrences which take place there, they lead attentive observers to ask themselves several questions as to the nature of oaths, and the reasonableness of the use which is made of them, which neither the little girl nor the paternal chairman would have found it altogether easy to answer. What is an oath? What is the practical value of an oath? How far does our own practice square with true principles on this subject?

An oath is usually defined as “a calling God to witness;” but this is obviously a rhetorical phrase. Its defects are described by Jeremy Bentham, in language which, though not really profane, produces some of the effects of profanity by its picturesque and passionate vigour. The common theory, he says, “ascribes to man a power over his Maker. It places the Almighty in the station of a sheriff's officer; it places him under the command of every justice of the peace.” . . . “The notion which represents the common ceremony of an oath as entailing, and without recovery, guilt, with its inseparable appurtenance—future punishment—on the violators of it; and this independently of, and over and above whatever may be attached to the occasion; leaves to Divine Omnipotence no alternative. Bailiff to and under the human magistrate, the Divine Functionary has given bond for the execution—the constant, and punctual, and sure execution—of whatever writ shall be sent from the court below to the court above; for when the idea is so self-contradictory, language is at a loss how to phrase it.” Startling as this language may sound, it is no doubt justified by any theory which ascribes to oaths some specific characteristic distinct from those which attach to all other assertions. A man would find it very hard to answer Bentham's argument, who maintained that there was some feature common to the conduct of the false witness, who attempts to take away the life of an innocent man by falsely accusing him of parricide; and that of every Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, who after

swearing to obey the old statutes, omitted on certain occasions to talk Latin; but which was not to be found in the conduct of a Quaker, who made a false affirmation to precisely the same effect as the supposed testimony of the perjured witness. On the other hand, Bentham's objection would not apply to a person who considered an oath merely as a prayer—a prayer to God to afflict and injure the suppliant if he failed to speak the truth, or to keep his word in relation to some given subject-matter. Such a person, however, must agree in Bentham's conclusion that an oath is no more than a very solemn way of giving emphasis to an assertion, and of pledging the credit of the speaker to his sincerity in making it; and this may be implied by the circumstances where the form is absent, as in the case of the Quaker witness, or may be so qualified by circumstances as to be of little practical effect, though the form is unhappily and wrongly present, as in the case of swearing to the college statutes. This view of the subject is in itself the most reverent, and it is also the one which in all probability is held by the great majority of persons who are in the habit of reflecting with any accuracy on the language which they habitually use. The notion that the prayer, and not the falsehood, is the important thing—that the Deity regards not the immorality of the transaction, but the personal affront implied in asking him to testify to what is false—is a notion fitter for a heathen than a Christian, and is probably a remnant of heathen superstition. All experience shows that, in point of fact, this is so. Savage nations and uneducated classes place the greatest distinctive value on an oath, and lay the greatest stress on the difference between lying and perjury. It is said that in one of our Chinese establishments, if a Chinese witness is wanted really to tell the truth, he has to be taken to a remote temple, supposed to be inhabited by a god who has views as to perjury peculiar to himself, and is particularly severe on those who take a liberty with him on the subject. It is supposed that something dreadful will happen to a man who is so audacious as to go through certain prescribed formulas before his image with a dishonest intent. So tremendous is the anger of this mysterious power supposed to be that there is a general feeling that witnesses ought not to be required to swear by him unless some special necessity for having true evidence exists. To put a man under such a sanction is felt to be taking a mean advantage. This superstition is almost universal, and clings closer to all of us than we are aware, though it is strongest in the most ignorant, ill-instructed, and wicked. There are few stranger or darker corners of human experience than those which relate to this subject. No classes of men dread an oath more than the most abandoned vagrants and criminals. It has been often remarked that unlawful associations such as those which were for many years the curse of Ireland lay particular stress upon oaths. The same is true of gangs of criminals. In his earliest and one of his most powerful novels, Sir E. Lytton introduces, with much justice and great dramatic effect, a scene in which a professional robber swears to secrecy as to other matters a murderer who is

about to betray his associate. "I think," says the ruffian who administers the oath, "the Devil himself would not break that oath." The gipsies have oaths which terrify them, and ignorant and utterly mendacious members of the lowest class of Irish will often shrink from perjuring themselves on a particular relic, or will imagine that they avoid the penalty of their crime by kissing their thumbs, instead of kissing the cross on the Testament.

This, no doubt, is the extreme and consistent view of perjury, as something generically different from other forms of emphatic and deliberate falsehood. The fact that such a view is entertained by the very off-scourings of mankind is sometimes treated by persons who write or think on the subject as proof that there really is such a generic difference. Would these people, it is said, dread perjury so much and falsehood so little if they were substantially the same things? and can anything short of the irresistible power of truth compel those who have broken through all the restraints of human law, and all the checks of conscience, to tremble before a ceremony which in reality adds nothing to their guilt? One answer to this is, that it is impossible to underrate the value of the opinions of men of this kind upon any subject. No doubt upon certain points their feelings are keen, but the inferences which they draw from them are simply worthless. Their clouded minds and guilty consciences combine to possess them with a notion of their Maker, than which nothing more false, scandalous, and horrible can be imagined. They form to themselves a conception of a narrow, limited being, as capricious and moody as themselves, capable of being flattered and bribed on the one hand, and piqued on the other, keenly alive to anything like a breach of etiquette, and comparatively indifferent to a breach of morality. It is from this paltry and heathenish state of feeling that they infer that it is in their own power to apportion their Maker's judgment in particular cases; that by the use of particular ceremonies they can compel the infliction of a particular punishment for a particular falsehood, and so provide some security as between themselves for truth and honour after they have flung to the wind the securities already provided for them by the order of Providence. No sight is more hateful, and very few are more instructive, than that of men steeped in crime and utterly unworthy of the faintest confidence on any subject whatever, struggling to make themselves an artificial character for a particular purpose by the help of essentially blasphemous imprecations. Whether, in point of fact, such oaths really do effect their purpose, is a curious question on which it would be instructive to hear trustworthy evidence; but even if they do, the fact would prove, not that there really is any specific difference between perjury and falsehood, but that the most degraded part of the human race are led to think so by reason of their degradation, and by reason of the base views which it suggests to them on the most important of all subjects.

These views as to the nature of oaths do not show that they ought not to be administered. They show only what is their true nature and



purport. When a reasonable man takes an oath to speak the truth, he expressly promises to do so to all the parties concerned, and by the form in which he makes this promise he records his own conviction that there is a God who imposes on him and all mankind in general—and on him specifically on that particular occasion—the duty of speaking the truth, and liability to punishment according to the circumstances of the case, in case of failure; and he further expressly states his own submission to and acquiescence in this state of things. No doubt it is quite true that all this is so, whether the person swearing says it or not. It is as true of a Quaker, who only affirms, as of members of other denominations who swear; and whether the person swearing says the words or not—whether, by a verbal address to the Almighty, he expresses his submission to, and acquiescence in, this constitution of things or not, his position is precisely the same. It is, however, no less true that the solemn expression of language has deep importance. It has the strongest possible effect upon parts of our nature which are quite as characteristic of human creatures as such, as any others, and which no one can afford to underrate—the imagination, namely, and the memory. It is by no means uncommon to write and speak as if the imagination was little better than a weakness, and was not fit to be trusted or employed in the serious business of life. It is, in fact, one of the most important parts of our nature. No one can do anything at all unless he has in his mind an image of the thing to be done, and unless he applies to his imagination appropriate stimulants on necessary occasions, he will be very apt to forget what it most concerns him to remember. We all know what would happen if a man were systematically to repress all those outward signs of courtesy and goodwill by which he is constantly impressed with the truth that his neighbours have feelings like himself, and that it is his place to conciliate and soothe them. Hence the solemn recalling to a man of the obligation of truth, and of the ultimate sanction of moral obligations in general, is matter of real and high importance, and would still be matter of high importance even if some of the associations and superstitions connected with it were by degrees to die away.

Such being the nature of an oath, what is its importance in practice? Whatever the theory may be, do oaths, in point of fact, impose a great restraint on mankind and furnish any considerable guarantee for the objects which they are generally supposed to secure? Several eminent men have used language on this point which experience appears hardly to justify. Tillotson, for instance, whose name it is impossible to mention without an expression of regret, on reflecting what the pulpit was 180 years ago, and what it is, and might, and ought to be, at the present day—Tillotson observes that “the use, and even necessity, of oaths is so great that human society can very hardly, if at all, subsist long without them. Government would many times be very insecure, and for the faithful discharge of offices of great trust, in which the welfare of the public is nearly concerned, it is not possible to find any security equal to that of

an oath. . . . And where men's estates or lives are concerned, no evidence but what is assured by an oath will be thought sufficient to decide the matter so as to give full and general satisfaction to mankind.' So in the trial of Williams, for publishing Paine's *Age of Reason*, Lord Erskine, as counsel for the Crown, treated oaths as "the foundation of all our laws and the sanction of all justice." He said:—"What gives our court its jurisdiction? what but the oath which his lordship, as well as yourselves (the jury), have sworn upon the Gospel to fulfil?" From this he argued that the jurisdiction of the court being founded on an oath, and the oath being sworn on the New Testament, attacks on the Bible were "attacks on the very foundations of the court's jurisdiction."

What amount of truth is there in general assertions like these? They are founded upon, and indeed assume, the well-known division of oaths into promissory and assertory oaths—those which bind a man to do something, and those which bind him to speak the truth; and it is remarkable that both Tillotson and Lord Erskine lay great stress on promissory oaths; indeed, they assign to them the most conspicuous place in their statements of the importance of an oath. You can have no other security, says Tillotson, for the performance of the duties of offices of high importance to the public. The jurisdiction of courts of justice is entirely based upon these, says Erskine; that is, in the absence of an oath you have no security for the integrity of judges or juries. No doubt the common practice of mankind favours this opinion. To say nothing of the importance which was attached to oaths in heathen times, and especially by the Romans, there can be no question that in Christian Europe they have played a most conspicuous part in the economy of all nations. So high was the common estimate of the importance of oaths, that people seem to have thought that it was impossible to put too much trust in them. In the earlier and ruder periods of our history oaths were used on every conceivable occasion. Not only was everybody sworn to perform every duty with which he was trusted, but oaths were imposed upon the members of almost all corporations in perpetual succession. Kings considered it a matter of serious importance to obtain oaths of allegiance, and were themselves considered to give great security to their subjects by their coronation oath. As political and religious divisions began to grow rife the unhappy expedient of test oaths suggested itself, and rival parties excluded each other's adherents from power by contrivances identical in principle with the Japanese test of trampling on the cross. Perhaps it would not be altogether improper to say that the principal classes of promissory oaths have been oaths of office and corporation, oaths of allegiance and test oaths. In estimating their practical importance, somewhat different considerations apply to these different classes. Oaths of offices and of corporations have, as a general rule, been almost totally disregarded—corporation oaths in particular. Till very recently the members of the foundations of the colleges at each university used for the most part to swear to observe the statutes, many of which were puerile or perfectly unsuited to

the times in which the oath was taken ; and so plain was this that men famous for their scrupulous regard to veracity invented theories as to the meaning of these oaths and the nature of the obligations imposed by them, which rival any of the Jesuitical sophistries ridiculed by Pascal in the *Provincial Letters*. Dr. Hey was a man famous for excessive honesty, yet he said—" 'I will say so many masses for the soul of Henry VI.' may come to mean, 'I will perform the religious duties required of me by those who have authority.' 'I will commonly wear a gown with a standing collar; in my journeys, a priest's cloak, without gards, welts, long buttons or cuts.' This may come to mean, 'I will observe a decency in my dress suitable to my profession.' 'I will preach at Paul's Cross,' may mean, 'I will endeavour to propagate true religion.' " One of the consequences of this way of dealing with language was, that no one ever thought that the meaning supposed to be substituted for the plain sense of the words was really binding on the conscience. Probably Dr. Hey would not have considered that a man who neither said masses for the soul of Henry VI., nor went to the college chapel according to the rules established for the time being, was perjured, yet his words would imply that he was.

Oaths of allegiance have undergone a considerable change in their binding force, according to time and place. Of those who took the solemn league and covenant in the seventeenth century, a considerable proportion faithfully observed it long after it was sworn to ; and there can be no doubt that the fact that it was sworn to, exercised a perceptible influence over the history of the nation for a considerable space of time. There have, however, especially of late years, been innumerable instances to the contrary. The oaths of allegiance which were taken to James II. were no protection to him ; and persons fond of historical curiosities have calculated the number of oaths made by men who lived through the French Revolution till the re-establishment of the Bourbons. A large proportion of the French nation swore allegiance to several different rulers, and to a variety of constitutions ; yet they threw aside each, in its turn, with neither more nor less reluctance than if they had never sworn at all. Particular persons, no doubt, were faithful to their oaths ; but, for the most part, they would have been faithful to their respective parties without oaths, and it appears very unlikely that any government which held power in France from 1789 to 1863 has derived any advantage from the imposition of oaths, in the shape of securing the fidelity of those who took them.

Undoubtedly, however, some advantage has been derived from the operation of the practice on those who refused to swear ; and this introduces the subject of test oaths. Indeed, oaths of allegiance are test oaths as to those who refuse them ; and there is no doubt that such oaths frequently have the effect of excluding from office, or otherwise from public power, persons whom the parties imposing the oath wish to exclude. During the long period in which oaths designed to exclude Roman

Catholics from Parliament were administered, no Roman Catholics ever sat in Parliament, though there was probably not a single Fellow or Scholar at either university who had not sworn to do a variety of things which he never did, and was never supposed by any one ever to intend to do.

The result of this review of promissory oaths is, that in most instances they are practically worthless, and that the only case in which they really effect their purpose is when they operate on those who do not take them. This proves that, as oaths, they have, in practice, no force whatever. Whatever force they have, they derive not from their quality as oaths, but from their character as promises. No one can doubt that a solemn declaration of Protestantism would have kept Roman Catholics out of Parliament as effectually as an oath in the same terms. Nor would the promises contained in the marriage service be more solemn if the parties said "So help me God," and kissed a Testament. By comparing the effect of an oath to keep a college statute, requiring the person swearing to talk Latin at dinner, which people in general regarded as a mere empty form, with the effect of an oath of abjuration, which would be regarded as innocent or criminal according to the political or religious sentiments of the person swearing, we get a crucial test as to the practical importance of an oath as an oath. Where the public at large expect it to be kept, where they look upon the non-observance of it as substantially false and disgraceful, it has great effect. Where they look upon it as a mere form, it has, generally speaking, and except in the case of persons of specially scrupulous consciences, literally no effect at all. This demonstrates the truth, that whatever the importance of oaths ought to be, it is, in fact, dependent almost entirely on the view which is generally taken of the subject-matter of the assertion to which the oath relates. This conclusion is corroborated by the slightness of the check which the fear of perjury, in fact, imposed upon human conduct in rude ages, when the moral power of opinion was small, even in cases in which there could be no question as to its atrocious guilt. In speaking of the moral character of the middle ages, Mr. Hallam observes:—"One crime as more universal and characteristic than others may be particularly noticed. All writers agree in the prevalence of judicial perjury. It seems to have almost invariably escaped human punishment, and the barriers of superstition were in this, as in every other instance, too feeble to prevent the commission of crimes."\* He also says elsewhere: "Perjury was the dominant crime of the middle ages, encouraged by the preposterous rules of compurgation, and by the multiplicity of oaths in the ecclesiastical law."

It does not follow from this that it really is a light matter to break or trifle with a promissory oath. No man, who has any sense of morality or religion, would for a moment admit such a notion into his mind. No

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\* HALLAM'S *Middle Ages*, ii. 404, iii. 307, 11th edition.

question in morals is more difficult than the question as to the consequences of taking a rash or idle oath, or as to the degree in which its obligation may be altered by subsequent occurrences. It would be out of place to attempt to discuss it on the present occasion, nor is it ever very edifying to do so. Hardly anything has a more immoral tendency than the practice of dwelling needlessly upon the exceptions to general moral rules. The true inference is, that promissory oaths do not, in point of fact, add, in any perceptible degree, to the strength of the institutions which they are supposed to fortify—that they are a mere snare to the conscience, and ought to be abolished, because, as a rule, they are observed only when they are not required. When Lord Erskine spoke, as he did, of the sanction of an oath being the only foundation of the jurisdiction of courts of law, and the only guarantee for the integrity of judges, his sincerity can be vindicated only by the reflection that he laboured under the infirmity, which affects almost every lawyer more or less, that it is necessary to have a technical reason for everything—an infirmity which has led men of eminence to defend the rule which requires two witnesses in cases of high treason, on the ground that the prisoner's oath of allegiance must be supposed to require an extra oath to outweigh it, over and above the oath of a person who testifies to a direct act of guilt. The real guarantee for the pure administration of justice is to be found in the independence of the judges, and in the tone of public feeling prevalent in the nation at the time. The reason why every one of the fifteen judges is altogether above the suspicion of any form of judicial corruption is that, by long habit and education, by professional sympathy, by virtue of his position as an English gentleman, sharing the ordinary feelings of his class, time, and country, he is placed under the strongest possible guarantees for uprightness. No one would trust them less if they were not sworn. No one does trust them less if, by any accident, they are called upon to act in an extra-judicial capacity. For instance, Sir John Pattison, after his retirement, acted as arbitrator between the university and town of Cambridge. He was a mere private person under no oath, but he was trusted as implicitly as when he sat in the Court of Queen's Bench, and with quite as much reason.

We have still a great number of promissory oaths, though some of the most offensive—university oaths, for instance—have been abolished. The oath of allegiance is administered on all occasions to all sorts of people. Can any one suppose that it adds the faintest shadow of stability to the throne of her Majesty, or that those who have not taken it might not be relied upon as implicitly to support her authority or defend her person as those who have? Is a surgeon, for instance, less loyal than a barrister, or a clergyman more loyal than his wife? On the other hand, can any one suppose that if we ever had a sovereign who came into vehement collision with the people at large, the oath of allegiance would produce the least practical effect? It would be either forgotten, evaded, or defied, but would have no more substantial effect than a straw before

the wind. How many of the citizens of the Confederate States have sworn allegiance to the Government of the United States? and how many of them have failed to find some path out of the terms of their oath?

Some of our modern promissory oaths are not merely useless but profane. They take the name of the Almighty in vain, in the sense of attaching it to declarations as trifling as that of the famous Highgate oath, "never to drink water when you can drink wine, unless you prefer the water." Several times a year a number of barristers newly called, and a stray clergyman or two newly presented to livings, are to be seen clustered together in one of the courts at Westminster, "from their hearts abjuring and detesting as impious, schismatical, and heretical the damnable doctrine and position," that the Pope may lawfully give people orders to murder the Queen, a ceremony frequently interrupted by the half-smothered laughter of those who take part in it. The most singular piece of absurdity is connected with this profane ceremony. Part of it was intended to exclude Roman Catholics from the bar; but when this monstrous iniquity was removed, instead of abolishing the test oath altogether, a new form was introduced for the use of Roman Catholics. The Protestant barrister still has to swear certain things about the Pope in order to prevent Roman Catholics being barristers, but the Roman Catholic comes in by an oath of his own, for which it is difficult to find any reason at all. This ingenious plan goes a step beyond the big hole for the cat and the little hole for the kitten. Not only are there two holes, but the door itself is kept wide open.

Oaths to give true evidence are generally supposed to stand on a different footing from promissory oaths, and are accordingly described by the separate name of assertory oaths. The division is merely one of convenience, and does not denote any substantial difference, for an assertory oath is, in fact, a promissory oath—an oath by which he who takes it promises to speak the truth on the occasion in question. There is, however, this accidental difference between the two. In the case of assertory oaths, the promise is always one which is collaterally sanctioned in the highest degree by every consideration of religion, morality, and public opinion. It is also one in which the fulfilment of the promise is always required, and required whilst the impression of having taken the oath is still fresh on the memory of the person swearing. This is not the case with promissory oaths, which may never have to be fulfilled at all, or only at a period very remote from the taking of the oath, as in the case of the oath taken by a Volunteer on his enrolment. No doubt these circumstances save assertory oaths from the imputation to which most promissory oaths are exposed—the imputation of producing a needless trifling with sacred names; but they do not prove their necessity. It may be asked, whether a solemn affirmation would not do as well. The answer to this is, that it would not do as well now, because the practice of taking oaths does in fact prevail, because the associations connected with the practice do, in fact, deeply influence men's minds, and because a change in the



form would be taken by the public at large to imply the recognition of a lower view of the importance of speaking the truth. Combining these reasons with the observations already made as to the rational interpretation of an oath, it seems to be clear that, for purposes of judicial evidence, oaths ought to be retained. It is, however, interesting and practically important to inquire what amount of credit is due to sworn testimony—what, so to speak, is the dead weight of an oath. This is the more important, because the administration of justice in this country is entirely in the hands of jurymen, who decide conclusively in matters involving life, liberty, character, and property solely by reference to the impression which evidence given on oath makes on their minds.

Those who have seen much of the administration of justice will probably concur in the impression that juries attach an exaggerated value to sworn testimony. They are far too apt to draw from the fact that a person swears he saw, or did, or heard something, the inference that he really did see, do, or hear it, and one main reason of this is, that they suppose an oath to be a far greater guarantee of truth than it really is. The true guarantee lies not in the witness's oath, nor in his dread of punishment, but in the resources which are, in most cases, at the disposal of persons practised in that art, for the object of distinguishing truth from falsehood. A few words on the history of this subject, and on the nature of the tests by which truth and falsehood may be distinguished, and on the cases in which they fail, will throw light upon this. In early times it would appear that hardly any attempt was made to distinguish between true and false statements. One person swore one thing, and one another, and that was enough. So true is this, that the rules of evidence known to the Anglo-Saxons, some of which maintained a sort of dead-alive existence down to our own time, as well as those known to the modern Roman law which prevailed on the continent of Europe, resolved themselves, for the most part, into technical ways of weighing evidence. So many oaths, *plus* such and such circumstances, were *plena probatio*, or full proof; such and such circumstances without the oaths, or such and such oaths without the circumstances, were *semi-plena probatio*, or half full proof; and even in our own day, this system exercises considerable influence over the jurisprudence of nations which ought to know better.\* In our own country the Roman law of evidence never prevailed, except to a slight extent in the Ecclesiastical and Admiralty Courts; but the laws of the Anglo-Saxons, though not so elaborate, had a naïve absurdity of their own which proceeded on similar principles. In many cases, both civil and criminal, the process of trying a man consisted simply in producing a number of witnesses to swear on the one hand that they believed him guilty, and on the other that they believed him innocent. This system of compurgation, when the evidence on opposite sides was numerically

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\* See FEUERBACH'S *Remarkable Trials*, *passim*. An interesting review of this curious book is contained in Mr. Senior's *Biographical Sketches*, p. 227.

weighed, was abolished by the Normans as far as criminal trials were concerned, though it still retained a sort of existence in a process called "waging his law," by which a defendant, in certain civil actions, could escape from his liability, simply by producing a number of compurgators to deny it upon oath. This absurdity is now happily abolished, and jurymen, in all cases whatever, are judges in the proper sense of the word, that is, they hear the evidence, and say what it proves. It is strange, and in one sense painful, to see what submissive confidence they usually place in the discharge of this function on a direct oath. Let a man, of whom they know nothing whatever, get into the witness-box and swear, "I saw this or that," and if he is not contradicted, though there may be no possibility of contradicting him, or shaken by cross-examination, though there may be no means of shaking him, the jury will almost always believe what he says, however tremendous the consequences may be to others.

The observations already made tend to show that this confidence proceeds upon a mistake. There is in reality little or no reason for trusting a man's oath where you would not trust his word, for the case of promissory oaths shows that where the oath is the only consideration by which a person is induced to speak the truth, and where the other sanctions which lead men to abstain from falsehood do not apply, the oath in itself has in fact little force. Jurymen, therefore, are greatly in the wrong who will decide important questions either in civil or criminal cases upon a witness's oath when, if he had not been upon oath, they would not have trusted him. If any further evidence is required to show how little force ought to be attached to a bare oath, it is supplied by the experience of civil courts since it became usual to call the parties as witnesses in their own cases. In almost every case they are called, and they almost invariably contradict each other. It would be harsh to say that in all, or even in most cases, this arises from wilful and corrupt perjury. It is as often as not the result of bias and onesidedness, and of that wonderful power which men undoubtedly have of remembering without conscious falsehood those parts of a transaction or conversation which are favourable to their own view and unfavourable to their antagonists. On such occasions juries are always told that they must look at the whole transaction, consider which side on the whole tells the most probable story, and is most confirmed by circumstances, and find their verdict accordingly. This, no doubt, is very proper. The misfortune is that they should ever suppose that they have any other duty, that their hands are ever, so to say, tied by a direct oath, so that in the absence of some specific reason for believing it to be false they are bound to make it the basis of their verdict. There is little doubt that, in point of fact, they are under the influence of such a notion, and there is great reason to fear that gross injustice often results from it.

How, then, ought juries to act? If they are not to rely upon direct oaths as to what a man personally heard or saw, on what can they rely?

The answer is that the degree in which they can and ought to rely upon a statement depends not on its being made on oath, but on its belonging or not to one or the other of several classes into which assertions may be divided. To give a complete enumeration of these classes would require a large treatise. In his six octavo volumes on the subject of judicial evidence Bentham treated the matter imperfectly, and in a fragmentary way, though with wonderful power, originality, and occasional humour. All that can be done here is to give a few hints on the subject as illustrations of its general nature. The great safeguards of truth are honesty and the fear of detection. Of the honesty of a witness a jury can in general know nothing at all, though his manner and position in life may give them some clue to it. As a rule, however, he is a stranger to them and they to him, and they have to rely much more on his fear of being found out if he lies than on his disinclination to lie. Hence the questions for the consideration of every man likely to sit on a jury are, In what cases are people likely to be found out when they lie, and to what extent may we trust them when they are not likely to be found out? The principal way of finding out liars in courts of justice is by cross-examination, the force of which depends upon the fact that by bringing other circumstances than those which he has mentioned to the memory of a witness, and by comparing together different parts of his conduct or narrative, and requiring him to explain inconsistencies between them, it is often possible to expose falsehood, or mental confusion, or imperfections of memory. It does, in fact, answer one or the other of the two last-mentioned purposes much oftener than the exposure of direct falsehood. An honest man who says in the warmth of his heart and imagination more than he can stand to, can generally be reduced to his due dimensions by judicious cross-examination, but the falsehood of a wilful liar who tells a lie and sticks to it can rarely be exposed. The utmost that can be done is to tie him down to so many details and collateral circumstances that if he is lying he can be contradicted by other testimony. This is frequently possible, especially if the fact deposed to was witnessed in whole or in part by other persons, but cases continually occur where no cross-examination whatever can shake a false witness—where, on the contrary, it can only confirm him. This happens when the fact deposed to was in its nature transient, and could have left no traces of its occurrence except on the memory of the witness who says he saw it. Suppose, for instance, the question was, whether a man knew that a bad sovereign passed by him was really bad, and suppose that a person was called who said, "I travelled with the prisoner in the train from Birmingham to London at such a time; he showed me a sovereign which he took from his waistcoat pocket, and said he had been cheated; that he took it in change, and it was a bad one. No one else was in the carriage at the time." If the man really had travelled in the same carriage alone, any amount of cross-examination as to details will only confirm this evidence. Yet it might be totally false. Hence the great leading dis-

tion in the trustworthiness of evidence tested by cross-examination, is whether or not it is capable of being contradicted either by persons or things. If not, cross-examination is no test at all; for, except in novels, people are never, or hardly ever, made to contradict themselves, or to vary materially in a story which they have once told; though, if they are honest though mistaken, the fact that they are or may be mistaken may generally be brought to light. It is for this reason that the bare assertion that a particular person heard or saw this or that on occasions where no one can contradict him ought to be received with great caution. There is, however, another subordinate distinction of hardly less importance as to the subject-matter of such assertions. In mathematical language it may be said that their credibility varies inversely as their apparent importance to the point at issue. This is the true meaning of many of the current commonplaces in what is usually called circumstantial evidence.\* It is often said that the kind of evidence thus described is stronger than what is contrasted with it as direct evidence because it is more difficult to forge it. No one, it is said, could put together a set of circumstances suggesting collectively the guilt of an innocent person without exposing himself to contradiction, though it is comparatively safe to swear falsely to the actual commission of a crime. A man is generally, at least, as open to contradiction in the one case as in the other, and though it would, no doubt, be hard to forge a great many circumstances which would make an innocent man look guilty, yet, when a number of circumstances are already given which, by the addition of one more circumstance, may be made to suggest the guilt of an innocent man, there is no more difficulty in forging that one circumstance than in testifying to the execution of the act itself. To stab a man with a knife is a simpler operation than to get powder, shot, and wadding, to charge and level a gun, and to shoot him; but if he passes of his own accord before a loaded gun, it is easier to pull the trigger than to stab him with a knife. A, B, and C are alone in a railway carriage together; C goes to sleep. Is it easier for A to say falsely, on reaching the station, "I saw B pick C's pocket and throw his purse out of the window on my observing him;" or to steal the purse himself and privately conceal it in B's pocket? There would be no greater difficulty in the one than in the other form of false testimony; yet by those who divide evidence into direct and circumstantial evidence, the one would be described as direct, and the other as circumstantial evidence. Hence the difficulty of concocting evidence does not depend on its being direct or circumstantial.

On the other hand, the credibility of a given article of evidence is affected by the degree of its apparent connection with the matter in debate at the time when it is given. If one man sees another stick a knife into somebody else, he knows at once that he has witnessed an important

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\* On this expression see an article on the "Trial of Jessie McLachlan," in the *Cornhill Magazine* for November last, pp. 699-700.

transaction, and if his assertion is the only reason for believing that the transaction occurred as he describes it, and if the jury know nothing of any importance about the witness except the fact that he has made that assertion, it is always possible to suggest numerous reasons which may have induced him to lie. He may have some secret ground of hostility to the man; he may have committed the crime himself, or have been bribed by the person who did commit it; and if the prisoner is not in a position to prove these secret motives, he has no way of showing their existence except by asking the witness the question, which would of course produce an indignant denial.

On the other hand, if the evidence given is not immediately and apparently connected with the subject of inquiry, a witness has fewer motives for forging it, and if at the time and subsequently he was ignorant of the other parts of the affair, nearly every possible motive for falsehood is taken away. Suppose, for instance, it happened to become important to show that a man was at a given place on a given day, a witness who said he saw him there on the day in question, though he was ignorant of all the other circumstances in the case, and did not appreciate the importance of his own evidence, would be entitled to far greater confidence than if he swore to some striking dramatic incident of obviously vital importance.

Experience shows that it is a most difficult thing to bring the jury-men, or, indeed, any men whatever, to doubt an explicit confident assertion. They appear to feel a sort of satisfaction in bowing to it. It saves trouble, and is supposed to save responsibility. In fact, however, whatever we hear, and in whatever capacity we listen, we have to argue as well as to listen. The inference from the assertion to the truth of the assertion is not the less important or the less difficult because its form is simple, and it is of the highest importance that men should be aware of this, and should not suppose that there is any virtue in the most solemn ceremonies which will absolve them from the responsibility of using their minds as well as their ears in deciding on the truth and falsehood of statements made to them. It is hard to say whether it is more difficult to teach people to doubt or to believe in a really judicious manner.

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## The Cilician Pirates.

(Temp. Pompeii Magni.)

THE Autumn night was warm and still, the deep Cilician bay  
Lay placid, like an inland lake, but on their silent way,  
With slow and gently heaving curves, the landward waves passed by ;  
While, through the gloom, the wall of mist crept forward momentarily.  
'Twas just before the midnight, when a waving point of flame,  
With a swift and steady motion from the distance onward came,—

Now like a star,

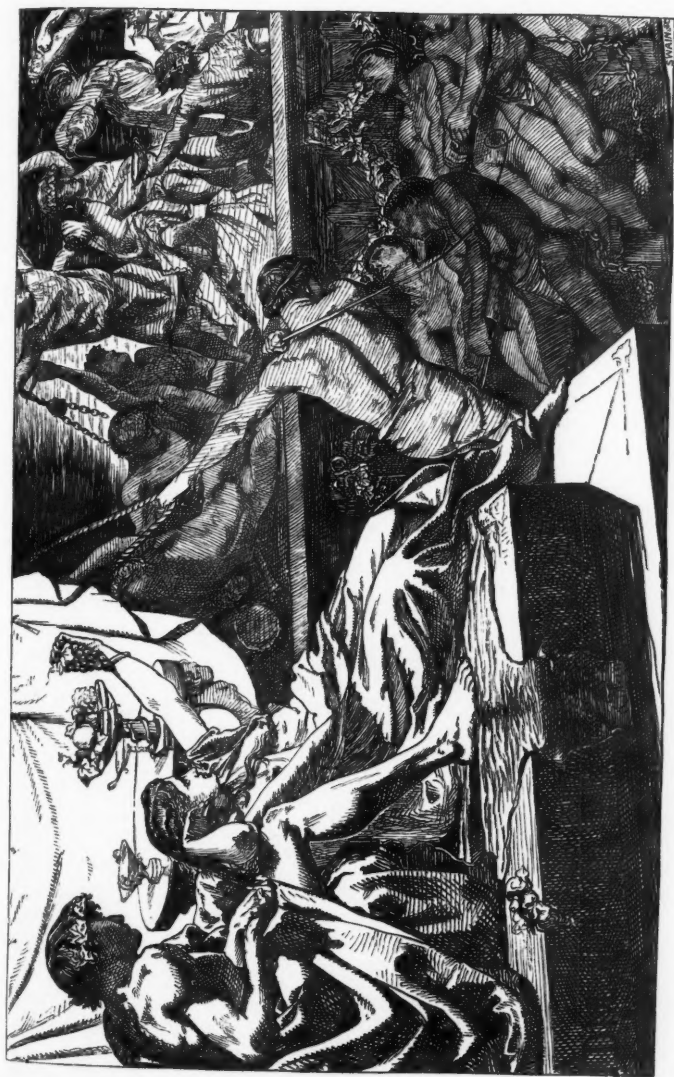
Now like a signal fire,

Now like a lurid burning pyre,

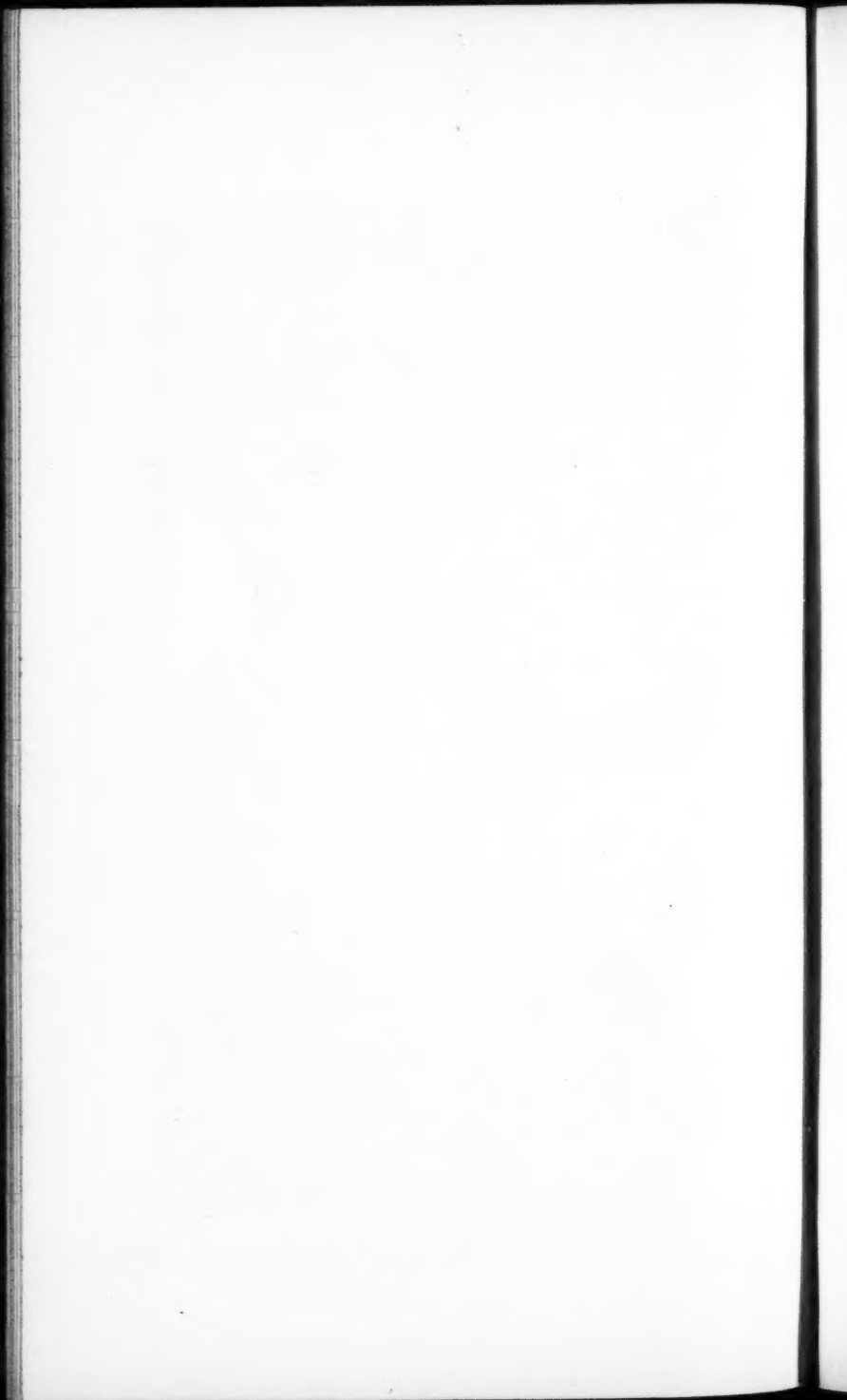
Now through the mist like a globe of golden light ;

On either side dividing far the dark and sullen night,  
With torches lit, and scented lamps, a trireme hove in sight—  
Of Tyrian purple were the sails, and wrought with thread of gold,  
In serpent curves the rich design flowed on from fold to fold ;  
With silver, and with ivory, the oars were all inlaid,  
And struck the sounding sea in time to music softly played.  
In serried ranks, in chains of steel, the scowling rowers sate,  
All captive men of divers lands, but all akin in hate ;  
For on the deck for banqueting the triple couches rare  
Were spread with crimson cushions, and the rich and costly fare  
Was piled on citron tables ; fish and fowl from many lands  
In salvers rough with beryl, wrought by cunning Grecian hands ;  
And in goblets graved by Mentor with the legend of the vine,  
By the torchlight shining red as blood the mighty Formian wine—  
The booty from a Roman lord, that bore it o'er the sea  
For a solace in his banishment in barren Galilee.  
On yielding silk reclining lay the pirates at the feast—  
Iberians, Greeks, and Asians, fiery West and languid East ;  
With wreaths of Persian roses crowned, and ivy the divine,  
Their brodered festal garments damp with perfume, stained with wine.  
Seemed the wild and haggard faces, 'neath the roses pure and white,  
Like the faces in a dream that haunts a madman in the night.  
Laughing girls from sunny Corinth, raven tresses, limbs of snow,  
Mixed the wine, and filled the goblets, gliding softly to and fro.  
In the highest place Serapio, though pirate, Roman still,  
Lay unmindful of the wrangling, and the laughter loud and shrill,  
With his scornful face averted ; for an old and storied name,  
Like the Centaur's robe, clung round him, in his exile and his shame.





THE CILICIAN PIRATES



At his feet the fair Lycoris: on her shoulders white and bare,  
 Like the shower of gold on Danaë, fell down the golden hair:  
 But dark the long eyelashes, and the wild bright eyes beneath,  
 That gleamed with eager pleasure as she hid her shining teeth  
 In a luscious purple blooming fruit; Serapio the while,  
 Through his half-closed eyelids, watched her with a strange and bitter  
 smile.

As waving shadows, luminous from cressets flaring high,  
 Pass through a darkened chamber, when the midnight watch goes by,  
 So through the solemn stillness of the deep Autumnal night,  
 Like a vision passed the galley, with its music and its light.

Now through the mist like a globe of golden light,

Now like a lurid burning pyre,

Now like a signal fire,

Now like a star,

While slowly in the distance that sweet music died away,  
 And closing o'er the angry wake at rest the waters lay.

The first bright beams of morning struck with rosy-tinted flame  
 The sails of Pompey's quinquiremes that from the seaward came.

Terrible is Rome's vengeance: ere the setting of the sun,  
 Along the hills of drifted sand that line the curving shore,  
 Stood three score oaken crosses, black with pitch, and every one,  
 In cruel arms uplifted high, a writhing burden bore.

Again the early morning o'er the fair Cilician land,  
 And black and clear against the sky the three score crosses stand.  
 With a hollow sound and sorrowful the weary waves come home,  
 And each against the rising sun uplifts its crest of foam—  
 Now makes a veil translucent, now an arching crystal dome.  
 Is Aphrodité born again from Ocean as of old?  
 Alas, this Aphrodité lies so still and pale and cold;  
 The shallow wash of broken waves creeps rippling round her head,  
 With life-like motion stirs her hands, and waves the hair outspread;  
 The parted lips still strangely keep a tinge of coral red,  
 But ah! the widely-opened eyes are lustreless and dead.  
 The sea has laid Lycoris at her master's feet again,  
 For on the highest cross he hangs apart from all, and now  
 A crown of roses sere and dead clings loosely round his brow,  
 In a ghastly coronation and supremacy of pain.

W. FRANK SMITH.

## Poland and her Friends.

THERE is no lack of sympathy for Poland in France, England, Sweden, Italy, Switzerland, and among honourable men of all classes throughout the West of Europe. We admire the Poles for their heroism and their devotion to their country; we pity them for their unexampled sufferings; and we really wish the Russians would not beat them, shoot them, proscribe them, exile them, and maltreat them as they do. Whether, if the Poles remained quiet under their afflictions, we should take much interest in them, is a very different question; and I think it may be safely answered in the negative. The first partition of Poland in 1772 did not even call forth a passing remark in the British House of Commons. It was alluded to in one of the King's speeches of that year as a territorial change without importance, and not likely to disturb the peace of Europe. We had an ambassador at Warsaw at the time, and knew perfectly well what was going on from the beginning. Indeed, Stanislaus Augustus at the last moment addressed an autograph letter to George III., begging him to interfere, to which this pious monarch replied that the misfortunes of Poland had reached such a pass that Heaven alone could extricate her from them; hinting, in fact, that the King would do well to offer up a short prayer for divine protection, but that he must not expect assistance of any kind from England. Louis XV. received a similar appeal, and seems not even to have replied to it. But France had already endeavoured to save the Poles by sending them officers to drill their undisciplined and turbulent troops; and the most distinguished of those officers, Dumouriez, with all his liking for the Poles, came to about the same conclusion respecting them that their bitterest enemy, Frederick the Great, had arrived at. He found them an unmanageable race, always ready to command, but never willing to obey; already demoralized by foreign rule, but nevertheless full of ardour for their country, which every one wished to save, on condition that he should save it in his own particular fashion, and have the entire credit of the transaction.

The essential virtue of patriotism remains to the Poles in all its brightness, and their factiousness has disappeared beneath the crushing effect of an oppression which has weighed equally on all the educated classes; but it should be understood that Poland in 1772 was in such a state of corruption that it was threatened with dissolution from within if amputation had not been practised upon it from without. A Moscow journalist, M. Aksakoff, expressed a sort of half-regret, in an article published by him about a year ago on the subject of Poland, that Russia had ever consented to the partition; for, as he justly remarks, that operation

brought the country to life again, whereas it would otherwise, according to all probabilities, have died in the arms of Russia, which had appointed the two last kings of Poland without any reference to the wishes of the Poles, and which for eight years before the first partition held the whole country in subjection. The first partition was forced upon the Poles in the most cruel and tyrannical manner, but it was accepted by them much as the annexation of Nice and Savoy was accepted by Nizzards and Savoyards. The Diet, deliberating with Russian cannon pointed at the doors, and with Russian and Prussian officers in the assembly, voted the first partition by a majority of one. Many of the members protested until the last moment, refused to leave the assembly, called to the crowd outside to bear witness that the decision arrived at was utterly invalid, that the proceedings were outrageously illegal from beginning to end. But all in vain. By bribery and menaces the three Powers had extorted the resolution they desired from the Diet, and it now only remained for them to obtain the adhesion of the King. They simply assured him that if he withheld his signature Warsaw would be bombarded, pillaged, and every inhabitant put to the sword; and as he had reason to know that the allied troops would shrink from no act of cowardice and cruelty, he at last in despair affixed his name to the Act of Partition. A protest was at the same time drawn up by the chief law officer of the Crown, and duly registered in the archives of the kingdom; and upon this protest the Poles have acted ever since. But they accepted the partition as a matter of form. They made no attempt at armed resistance, and it was not altogether unreasonable that England and France should not think it worth while to fight for Polish independence if the Poles themselves did not as a nation take up arms in their own cause. The Poles showed no want of courage in not endeavouring with an army of about 20,000 men to resist an invading force of 250,000, who had entered the country, moreover, without any declaration of war. But they have fought against quite as great odds since then, and whenever they have risen with arms in their hands, have excited the admiration of all civilized Europe; whereas, as long as they have suffered without complaining, they have been regarded with a pity which, if it is akin to love, is also related more or less distantly to contempt. No one cared anything for the Poles until Kosciuszko, at the head of a little band of heroes, rose against the combined forces of three great military despotisms. The world then began to understand that Poland must be worth saving, since her children could make such superhuman efforts to save her; and when English politicians began to inquire what Kosciuszko's gigantic struggle really signified, they found that he had been fighting not merely for his country's legitimate frontiers, but for every principle that England, Poland, and Hungary—the only three countries in which constitutional liberty is a plant of natural growth—have always held sacred. Poland, during the interval of nineteen years that elapsed between the first and second partitions, had reformed all the abuses which had crept into her ancient

constitution, and of which the surrounding Powers had cunningly taken advantage to bring about the total ruin of the country. There were no longer any factions among the nobility, who had been brought to their senses and entirely sobered by the cruel blow of 1772; while through the abolition of serfdom, and a wide extension of the suffrage, the surest means had been taken for bridging over the chasm which had hitherto separated the lower from the upper classes of society. In 1772 the Allied Powers had simply coveted a certain amount of Polish territory. But after the proclamation of the Polish constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791, they took up arms to destroy liberty in Poland. They saw that there was a principle in the national life of that country which was quite incompatible with their existence as despotic Powers in its immediate neighbourhood.

The first partition was, in a great measure, brought about by the faults of the Poles themselves; but the country was finally destroyed, just as England herself would be destroyed, if we can fancy England, with her traditional form of government, placed between three great military despotisms and entirely cut off from the sea. When the despotic principle, which is gradually leading Russia, Austria, and Prussia, if not to their destruction, at least to a state of glorious confusion—when this principle has fairly done its work, then the Polish principle will triumph, and Poland will live again. One may foresee this general result, but it is a mere waste of ingenuity to show how Poland may rise by means of Austria, or even France. We must judge France by her deeds in the past. We know that she has always thrown over the Poles when it has suited her to do so; that in 1807 she gave up the district of Bialystock, in Lithuania, to the Russians; that she consented to suppress the name of Poland to please Russia; that at a later period she drove Polish exiles from Paris to gain the favour of Nicholas; and that only the other day, two Polish noblemen were arrested in Paris at the request of the Emperor Alexander's police. No deceptions will ever open the eyes of the Poles to the well-established fact that the French, though always ready to fight for them, are always still more ready to betray them; but that is no reason for not keeping it in view in England.

As for the sympathy of Austria, to which Power many of the unhappy Poles, in the torments of their despair, are now turning, we must remember that the three Powers who partitioned Poland in 1772 have in reality been united against her ever since, though it has been found convenient from time to time for one of them to play the part of Poland's friend, so as to lead her more certainly to her destruction. This honourable character was first assumed, in 1792, by Frederick William, worthy successor of Albert, who acquired the dukedom of Prussia by an act of apostasy; of Frederick William, who freed himself from the homage he owed to Poland by obligingly changing from the Swedish to the Polish side in the thick of the battle of Warsaw;\* and of Frederick the Great, who guaranteed the Poles the integrity of their territory when he had

\* 1656.



already made secret arrangements for partitioning it. In 1792, Poland received every encouragement from the King of Prussia to proceed with the reforms on which she had long been engaged, and was assured of Prussia's support if she would only improve her constitution and strengthen her army. When the celebrated constitution of the 3rd of May was promulgated, Frederick William wrote to congratulate the King of Poland on the excellence of the measure, and renewed his promises of aid. A year afterwards he was in league with Catherine; and Poland was invaded by Prussia and Russia on the ground that she had dared to adopt a form of government stigmatized in one manifesto as Jacobinical and revolutionary, and in another as tending to introduce despotism!

When Napoleon undertook to raise up Poland—a work which he commenced, characteristically enough, by forging Kosciuszko's name to a proclamation—it was the Emperor of Russia's turn to appear as the friend of the Poles. Alexander I. really wished to do more for the Poles than Napoleon had done, partly because he was “a moral man,” and partly because he did not wish his Polish subjects to slip from under his dominion and swell the population of the Duchy of Warsaw. The Duchy of Warsaw had great attractions for many of the Lithuanian nobility. Prince Radziwill was so eager to serve under the national colours, that he equipped a regiment of lancers on one of his estates, and went off to join the army of the duchy, leaving a hundred and fifty villages to be confiscated by the Russian Government. Alexander saw the necessity of stopping this sort of thing, and, in accordance with the wise advice of Czartoryski and Oginski, resolved to grant such privileges to the Lithuanians that the Poles of the Duchy of Warsaw should in their turn be attracted to Lithuania. He promised Prince Poniatowski, during the Russian retreat, that if he would remain neutral with all the Polish troops until the end of the war, he would restore Poland. It was almost ungenerous to put such a terrible temptation in the way of the Polish chief, and it was not until after a night's consideration, during which he was more than once on the point of committing suicide, that, for the sake of Napoleon and of his own personal honour, he resolved to reject the offer.

It was better for him that he should die as he did, fighting gloriously until the last moment, than that he should have accepted Alexander's proposition, and after all have been deceived. Had he abandoned Napoleon in his misfortune, like an Austrian or a Prussian, and found that still nothing was to be done for Poland, he would have wished himself sunk deeper than the bottom of the Elster; and his body would certainly not have been reposing now in the cathedral of Cracow, side by side with those of Sobieski and Kosciuszko; nor would Thorwaldsen have presented to the Polish nation a statue of the patriot who refused to commit an act of perfidy for the sake of his country; nor would the Emperor Nicholas have so hated the sight of this statue as to *exile* it from Warsaw, as though it had been alive and possessed of human feeling. Doubtless he recognized in Thorwaldsen's equestrian figure the type of

the Pole he was in the habit of sending to Siberia. Perhaps, too, he saw in it the figure of his own particular "Commendatore," and did not like to be reminded that, sooner or later, it would pay him the inevitable visit.

Whether Alexander deceived the Poles willingly or not, it would be hard to say. It is worth while, however, to remember that Kosciuszko acquitted him of any such intention; and he thought that but for the opposition of his cabinet he would have fulfilled all his engagements, as far as the stipulations of the Western Powers allowed him to do so. The Emperor's first promise was to restore Poland, declare himself King, and govern the country with a Polish administration, under a constitution resembling that of England. This would not only have satisfied but have delighted the Poles; and Kosciuszko, who had never listened for a moment to any of the propositions of Napoleon, wrote an enthusiastic letter to Alexander, acknowledging him as his sovereign, placing himself at his service, and offering to proceed at once to Poland, that he might help to carry out his views.

On the whole, the friendliness of Alexander for Poland, and the hopes he excited among the Poles, had the effect of checking the national rising in the Polish provinces of Russia, when Napoleon passed through with his army on his road to Moscow; and of making the Poles place full confidence in him in 1815, when, in assuming the crown of Poland, he gave them to understand that it was his intention to unite all the Polish provinces seized by Russia at the various partitions to the newly made constitutional kingdom. The deception undergone by the Poles on this point was the main cause of the insurrection of 1830; and since that period Russia has been generally known as Poland's bitterest enemy.

Hitherto, we have only seen Poland afflicted by two friends. We have seen Prussia, in 1791, pretend to assist her, from jealousy of Russia, and then, having completely thrown her off her guard, unite with Russia to attack her. We have seen Russia, as long as Napoleon's influence lasted, and as long as there was a chance of the West of Europe insisting on the independence of Poland, pay court to the Poles; and then, having gained possession of the greater portion of the Duchy of Warsaw, turn round upon them and persecute them.

At last, it was Austria's turn to profess friendship for the Poles; and, during the insurrection of 1830-31, when Russia, aided by Prussia, her traditional "jackal," was waging a desperate war against them, Austria not only allowed arms, ammunition, and medical stores to be conveyed across the Galician frontier into the kingdom; not only did not prevent the inhabitants of Galicia from joining the Polish army; but actually favoured many of the Galician landowners, who returned home after the capture of Warsaw and the re-establishment of "order," by remitting the arrears with which their highly-taxed estates were burdened. Austria simply wished to set the Poles, as much as possible, against Russia, just as Russia had sought to separate them from Napoleon in 1811, just as

Frederick William had endeavoured to detach them from a possible alliance with Catherine in 1791.

Fifteen years more and the part of Poland's friend was resumed by Russia. In the year 1846, the Austrian Government, threatened with an insurrection in Galicia, resolved to paralyze the movement, by turning loose the "dangerous classes," intoxicating and arming the serfs—whom the Galician proprietors had repeatedly, but in vain, sought permission to relieve of their task-work—and offering about a pound sterling a head for every insurgent landowner delivered over dead to the police. For a live insurgent, the price was fixed at ten shillings (five florins); and the rewards were, for the most part, paid out of a fund raised by the Galician nobility for the relief of the peasantry of the province, who had suffered greatly the year before from an inundation. The Government, ever watchful to prevent the establishment of anything like friendly relations between peasants and proprietors, had seized the fund under pretence of administering it judiciously. At the same time, the Austrians thought fit to bombard the "free city" of Cracow, where there had been no disturbances, and where, as the city and district were under Polish government, it was impossible to raise the peasants—the most loyal and affectionate in all Poland—against their masters. The Austrian general, after the bombardment, had given the city up to pillage, and the troops were about to enter, when, to the joy of the inhabitants, a couple of regiments of Russian cavalry made their appearance, and rendered the Austrian project impossible to execute. The Russian lancers were welcomed by all the Cracovians as deliverers. They were received with enthusiastic cheers, to which the officers replied by ordering the military bands to play the Polish national airs.

During the occupation of Cracow by the troops of the three Powers, previous to its annexation to Austria, a Russian officer died. His funeral was made the occasion of a grand "demonstration" on the part of the Poles, thousands followed the procession to the grave, and the velvet of the coffin was torn into innumerable pieces to be distributed among the crowd as mementos. When, at last, Cracow was handed over to the Austrians, and the Russian regiments left the last resting-place of Polish nationality to be converted, as far as the change was possible, into a corner of Germany, the inhabitants of the "city of the Jagellons" accompanied them for seven or eight miles towards the frontier; partly, no doubt, to testify their hatred for the Austrians, but partly, also—and chiefly—to show what a welcome they would give the Russians if they would only return, save them from the Austrian yoke, and annex them to their fellow-countrymen in the kingdom. The British consul at Warsaw wrote a despatch on the subject to his Government, stating that thousands of Poles of all classes had followed the Russians, and that repeated cheers had been given for Russia, to which the military bands replied as usual by playing Krakoviaks and other national airs.

In fine, if the Emperor Nicholas, instead of being simply a stolid,

obstinate martinet, had been the ambitious, designing prince which he is sometimes represented to have been, he had only to allow Cracow to annex itself to his dominions. It would have been almost an act of charity to the inhabitants to have placed them in union with the Poles of the kingdom. As it was, the sole effect of the good-will manifested between the Russian troops and the Cracovians was to excite the suspicion and rage of the Austrians against the latter. They adopted in cold blood, and have ever since maintained, such an attitude of menace and defiance, as would scarcely have been justifiable had Cracow been some rebellious Austrian district, only reduced to legitimate obedience after a desperate resistance, instead of an independent republic, constituted under the sanction and guarantee of all the great European Powers—and invaded and seized by Austria without the slightest pretext in time of peace. The ancient palace of the Polish kings was converted into an Austrian barrack; the painted walls and ceilings were whitewashed; the graceful and characteristic architecture of the windows destroyed, the sculpture everywhere demolished. One of the most ancient and interesting chapels in Cracow was turned into a tobacco warehouse; and—worst insult of all—the funeral mound erected in memory of Kosciuszko, and beneath which his heart lies buried, was made the site of a fort. From the tumulus of Kosciuszko, the Austrians can now, whenever they please, lay Cracow in ashes.

When the great revolutionary bubble of 1848 was being blown, the Poles, though the democratic and socialistic republic has never had the slightest attraction for them, thought, nevertheless, that since every nation was now asserting its right to govern itself, the injustice of leaving them to be ruled by three foreign despots might perhaps be recognized. The enthusiastic, liberty-loving republicans of Germany admitted with one voice that the partition of Poland was a crime for which reparation must be made; but while hesitating how they could contrive to make it at the expense of Russia, they, in the meantime, cut off a good slice of Posen, and declared it German territory; that is to say, the revolutionists of 1848 showed, in Prussian Poland, a greater contempt for national rights than had been manifested by the much-abused plenipotentiaries of the European sovereigns at the Congress of Vienna. Lord Castlereagh, one of the modern Radical's favourite objects of aversion, would have scorned to give his countenance to such an act of injustice as was perpetrated by the German Unitarians in the name of liberty. The English Minister did not, of course, talk at Vienna in high-sounding but really unmeaning phrase about "the right of every nation to dispose of its fate," but he told the Emperor Alexander, in plain language, that England desired the independence of Poland, and that if he, the Emperor, had the interest and welfare of the Poles as much at heart as he pretended to have, he had better consent to the only measure which could secure their happiness and the peace of Central Europe. He did not speak of the rights of man, but when he found that the Russians, who already held the whole of Poland, were determined to keep as much as possible of it, he signed, with Talley-

rand and Metternich, a treaty binding England, France, and Austria to furnish an army of 150,000 men each, so as to be able to bring the benevolent Alexander to terms by force, if all other means failed. It is easy enough to sneer at the policy of the British plenipotentiary at Vienna, but how would the British tax-payer have liked all Europe, after a quarter of a century's bloodshed, to have been again plunged into a general war for the sake of Poland? As it was, the war was avoided, and if the treaties signed first by Prussia, Russia, and Austria, and afterwards by all the great European Powers, had been respected, the "nationality" of Poland (in the proper sense of the word) would have been saved, in spite of the loss of its political independence. An ingenious arrangement was made for dividing the body without destroying the soul of Poland. England and France would consent to see the country mutilated, but not murdered outright. Thus Cracow was to be a thoroughly Polish republic, and it was expressly stipulated that its ancient university, founded in the fourteenth century, should be maintained as a national place of study for Poles from all parts of the dismembered kingdom. The very first article of the general treaty sets forth that all the Polish subjects of Austria, Russia, and Prussia shall be governed as Poles; that they shall enjoy "national and representative institutions." And Lord Castlereagh had already explained, in a circular letter to the plenipotentiaries assembled at the congress, that however the country might be divided politically, it was absolutely essential that no attempt should be made to denationalize the inhabitants. "Vain endeavours have been made," wrote the English Tory for the benefit of the despotic Powers whose friendship he was supposed at one time to have strictly cultivated—"vain endeavours have been made, by introducing institutions foreign to their habits and opinions, to cause them to forget their existence as a people, and even their national language. These attempts, pursued with too much perseverance, have been renewed often enough, and have been found unavailing. They have only served to produce discontent, and a painful feeling that the country was being degraded; and they will never have any other effect than to excite insurrections and to direct the thoughts of the nation to its past misfortunes."

To return now to those German liberals of 1848 who hated the name of Lord Castlereagh with the hatred which dwells in the celestial souls of Continental democrats. These men who "wished to be free, and could not be just,"\* behaved then as badly to the Poles as the despotic Government of Austria had done two years before in annexing Cracow. When Austria assists the Poles it is to make them fight the Russians; when Russia befriends them, it is to keep them on bad terms with Austria. When Prussia, however, proffers her aid, it is that she may throw them off their guard and rob them herself. This, at least, was the conduct of the Prussian Crown in 1791, when Frederick William made an alliance with Poland, to fall upon her immediately afterwards, and help Russia to destroy her political existence, and of the Prussian people when, in 1848,

\* "Vous voulez être libres, et vous ne savez pas être justes."—*The Abbé Sieyès.*

the National German Assembly, with the approbation of twelve German deputies from Posen, divided the Grand Duchy into two, declared one part annexed to the territory of the Germanic Confederation, and generously left the other to be incorporated with the independent Poland of the future.

In short, the whole history of the friendship shown to Poland by her foes is—what any one might expect it to be—a history of duplicity and treachery. An important result, however, was produced by the demonstrations of sympathy made on one occasion by the most implacable of all her enemies. The events of 1846 not only gave the Russians an opportunity of befriending the Poles—for to save Cracow from pillage was, after all, a real service—it led to the existence of a Russian party in Austrian Poland; and for some years afterwards—and, indeed, until the Warsaw massacre of 1861 caused a complete revulsion of feeling—nothing would satisfy the Galicians but to throw themselves into the arms of Russia. It was in 1846 that the Marquis Wielopolski, the present *adlatus* of the Grand Duke Constantine, wrote his celebrated *Letter from a Polish Gentleman to Prince Metternich*, in which, after summing up the acts of atrocity committed by the Austrian Government in Galicia, he called upon his countrymen to abandon all thoughts of ever receiving assistance from the West of Europe, and to think only of escaping from the tyranny of the Germans and forming one united nation under the Russian sceptre. “Surrounded as we are by the spies of the police,” wrote the marquis, “by peasants urged to revolt who thirst for our blood and property, by the murderers of our fathers and brethren, hesitation is death to us. We are now compelled to enter our only road of salvation; we must sincerely offer the Russians the hand of friendship, and the first advance must come from us, in order that these Slavonian brethren of ours may see that our intentions are sincere, and that we are acting of our own accord.”

In these few lines the whole secret of the Marquis Wielopolski's policy is explained. He has never departed from it for one moment, and, indeed, has shown such tenacity in sticking to it that it has led him into the really criminal position which he now occupies. \* It cannot be said that his policy has failed, for it has never been fairly tried, the Poles having never yet accepted the Russian rule, which was evidently an essential condition of its success. But it has not one follower in Poland out of the marquis's immediate *entourage*, and it exposes him to an amount of hatred which, now that there is some chance of the Western Powers intervening on Poland's behalf, is more bitter than ever. If the representations, however, of France and England lead to no change in the position of the Poles, there will be nothing but the policy of the Marquis Wielopolski to fall back upon. If, on the other hand, they lead to some slight concessions, these concessions will be made with a bad will, and we may be sure that the Russians, from their natural hatred of foreign interference, will withdraw them on the very first opportunity. Then, again, there will be nothing left for the Poles but to follow the hateful counsels of the “Polish gentleman” who lost all his illusions in the midst



of the Galician massacres, and who thinks now, as he thought then, that his countrymen had better live united under the harshest of despotisms than disunited under three Governments, each of which pretends in turn to be the friend of Poland, simply to encourage the Poles to weaken themselves by fresh losses of blood and property.

Indeed, by far the greatest of Poland's misfortunes is not that she is oppressed, but that she is partitioned. Whenever a writer or speaker begins to compare the Prussian with the Austrian, or the Austrian with the Russian mode of persecuting the Poles, and ends, as most persons do, by according the preference to the German forms of tyranny, he proves that he does not understand the Polish question from the Polish point of view, or he would not enter into such comparisons at all. When this last insurrection broke out, several journalists observed that it was a pity Russia could not govern her Polish subjects like Austria and Prussia—evidently struck by the fact that the Poles in Galicia and in Posen have not of late been provoked to such an extent as to make them fly to arms. But for thirty years the Poles remained quiet enough under the Russian Government, and every one knows that they were not quiet because they were not ill-treated. Does any one imagine that the Poles in the Kingdom of Poland suffered nothing in 1846 when the insurrection broke out in Galicia, or in 1848, when Poles and Germans were at war in Posen? Yet at neither of these dates was there any movement in that part of Poland which was governed by the Emperor Nicholas, and which he flattered himself he had beaten and tortured into absolute submission.

The one thing certain about the future of Poland is, that the country will not remain divided. There is a complete unity of feeling between the four parts, of which two—Lithuania and the Kingdom of Poland—are in the hands of Russia; and unless Poland gains her independence, the Poles of Posen and Galicia will end by joining their fate to that of their brethren under the Russian sceptre. This is not merely the personal opinion of the writer, it is an opinion, or rather a determination, which he has often heard expressed by the leading political men of both the German-Polish provinces. They will submit no longer to the triple torture under which they have writhed for so many years, and it is for the West of Europe to choose whether it will help the Poles against Russia, or whether, sooner or later, the Poles shall be forced to obtain Russian assistance against Prussia and Austria.

Events are occurring so rapidly in Poland that from one day to another it is impossible to foresee what may happen. But we already know that officers from all parts of the dismembered kingdom are in General Langiewicz's camp; that the Galicians and Poseners cannot be fighting merely to gain certain liberties for the Kingdom of Poland; that a regular Polish government has been established on the territory held by the insurgents; and, in short, that the ultimate object of the movement is to liberate all Poland, and reconstitute the kingdom in its ancient limits.

## Notes on Science.

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*Why the Stomach digests and is not digested.*—The dream of the alchemists was to discover an universal solvent, or *alcahest*. It was an unscientific dream, and a fatal objection was disclosed by Kunckel, when, on being told that an *alcahest* had been found, he asked, "Pray, in what vessel do you contain it?" If universal, it must dissolve all *vessels* with the same rapacious impartiality as it displays to all *substances*. The alchemists had not thought of this. Nature, the supersubtle alchemist, contrives, however, to effect this paradox, by giving the stomach an *alcahest* for all animal tissues, which is nevertheless contained in a vessel formed of animal tissues. The gastric juice is a solvent to tissues in the stomach, but is not turned against the stomach itself. Here is Kunckel's query victoriously answered; but the paradox requires explanation, and many have been the hypotheses propounded to explain it. A numerous class of physiologists, who, from their philosophic method, may be called *metaphysiologists*, finding that the dead stomach was sometimes attacked by this gastric juice, which was powerless on the living stomach, at once jumped to the conclusion that the mystery was referrible to the Vital Principle, which was said to have the "power of controlling chemical agency." The explanation seems perfect, until we discover that it has the misfortune of being simply a re-statement of the original difficulty in abstract terms; it says, learnedly, that the living stomach cannot be attacked as long as it is living—a statement which originated the inquiry. Nor is this the only objection. The question arises, Has the Vital Principle this asserted power of controlling chemical action? Being itself a profound mystery, amenable to no known test, the Vital Principle has the common advantage of the unknown, that almost anything may be predicated of it; but unfortunately for the metaphysiologist, this controlling power over chemical agency is one of the few things which cannot be predicated in the present case. The Vital Principle does not prevent acids from burning the skin, or from destroying the mucous membrane of the throat and stomach; nor does it even prevent the gastric juice from attacking living tissues, at times even the living stomach.

Physiologists, understanding by "Vital Principle" only a general term which embraces all the phenomena of organized beings, endeavour to explain this particular phenomenon of the stomach's immunity, by classing it as a case of some chemical or physiological law. One of these attempts at classification has found general acceptance, but is now impugned by Dr. Pavy. It is this: the lining membrane of the stomach is *not* protected, but is in truth incessantly destroyed and incessantly renewed; the protection therefore is due to the rapidity with which the lining is renewed,

precisely as in the ordinary case of the renewal of our external skin, which, though constantly falling away, never leaves the internal skin unprotected. There are several objections which may be urged against this explanation, but Dr. Pavy's is irresistible. He informs the Royal Society that he completely removed a patch of the lining membrane, and nevertheless found that the stomach so treated would digest food, and was not attacked in its undefended patch.

Dr. Pavy propounds a new hypothesis. The essential condition of the digestive action is a sufficient acidity; but the lining membranes of the living stomach are so abundantly supplied with currents of blood, which is alkaline, that they are thereby protected against the digestive action of the gastric juice. After death, there is not the same resistance to the acid; there is no alkali to neutralize it. In support of his view, Dr. Pavy brought forward experiments showing that the digestive action might attack the living stomach, and that whenever the circumstances were such that an acid liquid in the stomach could retain its acid properties whilst tending to permeate the lining membranes, gastric solution was observed. The question of result resolved itself into a question of proportion between the acidity within and the alkalinity around.

What may be the fate of this hypothesis we know not. Dr. Pavy's name is sufficient to commend it to the attention of investigators. Has due allowance been made for the fact of the presence of food in the stomach whenever the gastric juice is present, and for the fact that this food is by the motions of the stomach being constantly churned and mixed up with the juice? It would be well to cause, by stimuli, the presence of an abundant secretion in an empty stomach, and to leave it there with no food to act on. If it then left the stomach wholly unattacked, the conditions of the problem would be somewhat simplified.

*The Vapour in our Atmosphere and its Effect on Heat.*—In a lecture on Radiant Heat, at the Royal Institution, our brilliant physicist, Professor Tyndall, made some curious revelations of the invisible—that is to say, not only of the invisible vapour diffused through the air, which may become and often does become visible, as cloud and mist, but also of that invisible ether, the interstellar air, which, in infinite space, connects star with star, and connects, in finite space, gaseous atom with gaseous atom. This supersubtle medium, this mystic ether, which also becomes visible under given velocities of its vibrations, namely, as Light and Colour, and is recognized by another sense under lower velocities as Heat—this medium, in which the stars of the Milky Way swim like a shoal of mackerel in the sea, is, as you know, an object of intense interest to physicists, who measure its undulations with jealous vigilance. Professor Tyndall tells us something more about its waves under the velocity known as Heat.

After our earth has been basking all day in the sun, it begins, as night closes in, to give back the heat which it received; that is, it sends vibrations backwards through the ether. The waves dash upwards

through the air, hurrying towards the calmer regions of passionless space. But their upward progress is very considerably arrested, partly by the air—that is, the gaseous atoms floating in the ethereal medium—but mainly by the invisible vapour—that is, the watery atoms floating in the air, as the air floats in the ether. The vapour forms an extremely minute quantity of our atmosphere. Take the air whence you will, and you will find that out of 100 parts  $99\frac{1}{2}$  are oxygen and nitrogen, the remaining half per cent. being carbonic acid, ammonia, and water. Such being the proportion of the floating substances which must oppose barriers to the waves of ether, as a shoal of herrings will oppose a barrier to the undulations of the water, let us learn from Professor Tyndall the relative share of each. The water is extremely minute in quantity, but happens to be amazingly obstructive in quality; for while every atom of oxygen opposes a certain barrier, a molecule of vapour opposes a force 16,000 times greater than that of oxygen. These are large figures, and they open the eyes of astonishment, but they rest on rigorous evidence. Nay, we also learn that the smoke of west London, even when an east wind pours its gloomy clouds over us, exerts but a fraction of the heat-retarding power which is due to the transparent and impalpable vapour diffused throughout the air of a perfectly clear day.

It is certain, Professor Tyndall says, that more than 10 per cent. of the heat radiated from the soil of England is stopped within ten feet of the surface. The vapour of our moist atmosphere is a blanket, not less necessary for the fruitful earth than clothing is for earth's proudest inhabitant. "Remove for a single summer night the aqueous vapour from the air which overspreads this country, and you would assuredly destroy every plant capable of being destroyed by a freezing temperature. The warmth of your fields and gardens would pour itself unrequited into space, and the summer sun would rise upon an island held fast in the iron grip of frost."

*Astronomy of the Invisible.*—A few months ago M. Leverrier informed the Académie des Sciences that we should have to augment our estimate of the earth's mass by one tenth, or diminish by one tenth the mass of the sun; his reason being that otherwise no explanation could be offered of certain observed perturbations in our orbit. For himself, he inclined to the augmentation of the earth, and this in the shape of a ring of aërolites, the analogue of Saturn's ring. M. Foucault shortly after arrived at a different conclusion. In two former numbers of this Magazine\* we gave an account of his important discovery that the velocity of Light is less than was supposed—a discovery which must alter almost all astronomical calculations, and among them that of the distance of the sun from the earth, and the weight of the sun itself. The distance being thus diminished by a thirtieth, the weight is diminished by a tenth. Is it not piquant to reflect that by the property of an imponderable, the weight of a mighty planet may be determined?

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\* *Cornhill Magazine*, 1862, Nov. page 712, Dec. page 855.

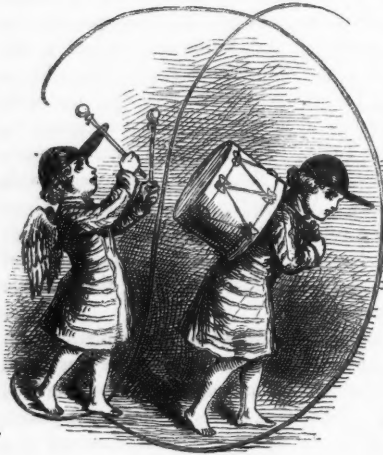
Whether the weight of the earth or the sun be altered, is not our present object. Why are we to conclude the existence of important facts merely because slight perturbations are observed in the orbit of a planet? It is one of the triumphs of Science to foresee—not simply to see unborn consequences, but to assert the vision of invisible existences. Bessel is the creator of the astronomy of the invisible; and the creation promises to be fruitful. He was occupied with Sirius—that sun which is incomparably larger than our own, which in ancient days burned with a brilliant red, and in our days is admired for its brilliant white. Bessel, comparing the observations recorded during a hundred years with those of the constellations Taurus, Orion, and the Twins, noticed a certain movement of oscillation peculiar to Sirius. From this he boldly concluded that Sirius was subject to the gravitating influence of a large mass of invisible matter, probably a planet. The planet could not be seen with the naked eye, nor with the best telescope. But Science saw it, and would persist in seeing it, should its light never reach our globe. To some more cautious minds this conclusion seemed very hazardous. Even Humboldt jested with Bessel about his planetary ghosts. A disciple, however, Peters, whose faith is creditable, calculated the orbit of this invisible planet, which he found to be a very elongated ellipse, with an annual movement of 7 degrees, and a revolution of 30 years. The distance of this satellite from Sirius was estimated at a few seconds.

In 1862 an American astronomer, Mr. Alvan Clark, was blessed with the first sight of this hitherto unseen planet; and its distance was found to be ten seconds. Such remarkable confirmation of abstract prevision naturally excited great rejoicing. Since then others have seen the planet, and its existence has become a vulgar fact. A second discovery of a similar kind is announced by Auners of Königsberg. Procyon, the principal star in the constellation of the Little Dog, is said by him to have a satellite with an annual movement of nine degrees, and a revolution of thirty years. Its distance is only two seconds. Doubtless we shall hear of many such discoveries. But one suffices to exhibit the precision and extent of sweep which the methods of modern science admit.

*Iced Water.*—Every one knows the singular superiority in point of taste which melted ice has over the purest water. It is not the coldness of the lump of ice on which we pour our brandy or champagne which gives the peculiar quality; it is the absence of all the soluble and insoluble salts which characterizes ice. In a recent communication to the Academy, M. Robinet affirms that melted ice is as pure as distilled water. During congelation the salts are eliminated—in fact, saline solutions, as long as they continue saline, will not freeze; even sea-water, when frozen, furnishes pure water on being melted; and in the north of Europe salt is economically extracted from sea-water by exposing the water to intense cold; the water which remains unfrozen and unfreezeable is then extremely rich in salt, which may easily be obtained by evaporation.

## On Alexandrines.

### A LETTER TO SOME COUNTRY COUSINS.



EAR COUSINS,—Be pleased to receive herewith a packet of Mayall's photographs, and copies of *Illustrated News*, *Illustrated Times*, *London Review*, *Queen*, and *Observer*, each containing an account of the notable festivities of the past week. If besides these remembrances of home you have a mind to read a letter from an old friend, behold here it is. When I was at school, having left my parents in India, a good-natured captain or colonel would come sometimes and see us Indian boys, and talk to us about papa and mamma, and give

us coins of the realm, and write to our parents, and say, "I drove over yesterday and saw Tommy at Dr. Birch's. I took him to the George, and gave him a dinner. His appetite is fine. He states that he is reading Cornelius Nepos, with which he is much interested. His masters report," &c. And though Dr. Birch wrote by the same mail a longer, fuller, and official statement, I have no doubt the distant parents preferred the friend's letter, with its artless, possibly ungrammatical, account of their little darling.

I have seen the young heir of Britain. These eyes have beheld him and his bride—on Saturday in Pall Mall (when they stopped for awhile before the house of Smith, Elder and Co., and all within admired a lovely cloak of purple velvet and sable worn by a lady of whose appearance the photographers will enable you to judge), and on Tuesday in the nave of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, when the young Princess Alexandra of Denmark passed by with her blooming procession of bridesmaids; and half an hour later, when the Princess of Wales came forth from the chapel, her husband by her side robed in the purple mantle of the famous Order



which his forefather established here five hundred years ago. We were to see her yet once again, when her open carriage passed out of the Castle gate to the station of the near railway which was to convey her to Southampton.

Since womankind existed, has any woman ever had such a greeting? At ten hours' distance, there is a city far more magnificent than ours. With every respect for Kensington turnpike, I own that the Arc de l'Étoile at Paris is a much finer entrance to an imperial capital. In our black, orderless, zigzag streets, we can show nothing to compare with the magnificent array of the Rue de Rivoli, that enormous regiment of stone stretching for five miles and presenting arms before the Tuileries. Think of the late Fleet Prison and Waithman's Obelisk, and of the Place de la Concorde and the Luxor Stone! "The finest site in Europe," as Trafalgar Square has been called by some obstinate British optimist, is disfigured by trophies, fountains, columns, and statues so puerile, disorderly, and hideous that a lover of the arts must hang the head of shame as he passes to see our dear old queen city arraying herself so absurdly; but when all is said and done, we can show one or two of the greatest sights in the world. I doubt if any Roman festival was as vast or striking as the Derby day, or if any Imperial triumph could show such a prodigious muster of faithful people as our young Princess saw on Saturday, when the nation turned out to greet her. The calculators are squabbling about the numbers of hundreds of thousands, of millions, who came forth to see her and bid her welcome. Imagine beacons flaming, rockets blazing, yards manned, ships and forts saluting with their thunder, every steamer and vessel, every town and village from Ramsgate to Gravesend, swarming with happy gratulation; young girls with flowers, scattering roses before her; staid citizens and aldermen pushing and squeezing and panting to make the speech, and bow the knee, and bid her welcome! Who is this who is honoured with such a prodigious triumph, and received with a welcome so astonishing? A year ago we had never heard of her. I think about her pedigree and family not a few of us are in the dark still, and I own, for my part, to be much puzzled by the allusions of newspaper genealogists and bards and skalds to "Vikings," Berserkers, and so forth. But it would be interesting to know how many hundreds of thousands of photographs of the fair bright face have by this time made it beloved and familiar in British homes. Think of all the quiet country nooks from Land's End to Caithness, where kind eyes have glanced at it. The farmer brings it home from market; the curate from his visit to the Cathedral town; the rustic folk peer at it in the little village shop window; the squire's children gaze on it round the drawing-room table: every eye that beholds it looks tenderly on its bright beauty and sweet artless grace, and young and old pray God bless her. We have an elderly friend (a certain Goody Twoshoes, who has been mentioned before in the pages of this Magazine), and who inhabits, with many other old ladies, the Union-house of the parish of St. Lazarus in Soho. One of your cousins from this

house went to see her, and found Goody and her companion crones all in a flutter of excitement about the marriage. The whitewashed walls of their bleak dormitory were ornamented with prints out of the illustrated journals, and hung with festoons and true-lover's knots of tape and coloured paper; and the old bodies had had a good dinner, and the old tongues were chirping and clacking away, all eager, interested, sympathizing; and one very elderly and rheumatic Goody, who is obliged to keep her bed (and has, I trust, an exaggerated idea of the cares attending on royalty), said, "Pore thing, pore thing! I pity her." Yes, even in that dim place there was a little brightness and a quavering huzza, a contribution of a mite subscribed by those dozen poor old widows to the treasure of loyalty with which the nation endows the Prince's bride.

Three hundred years ago, when our dread Sovereign Lady Elizabeth came to take possession of her realm and capital city, Holingshed, if you please (whose pleasing history of course you carry about with you), relates in his fourth volume folio, that—"At hir entring the citie, she was of the people received maruellous intierlie, as appeared by the assemblies, praiers, welcommings, cries, and all other signes which argued a woonderfull earnest loue:" and at various halting-places on the royal progress children habited like angels appeared out of allegoric edifices and spoke verses to her—

Welcome, O Queen, as much as heart can think,  
 Welcome again, as much as tongue can tell,  
 Welcome to joyous tongues and hearts that will not shrink.  
 God thee preserve, we pray, and wish thee ever well!

Our new Princess, you may be sure, has also had her Alexandrines, and many minstrels have gone before her singing her praises. Mr. Tupper, who begins in very great force and strength, and who proposes to give her no less than eight hundred thousand welcomes in the first twenty lines of his ode, is not satisfied with this most liberal amount of acclamation, but proposes at the end of his poem a still more magnificent subscription. Thus we begin, "A hundred thousand welcomes, a hundred thousand welcomes." (In my copy the figures are in the well-known Arabic numerals, but let us have the numbers literally accurate:)

A hundred thousand welcomes!  
 A hundred thousand welcomes!  
 And a hundred thousand more!  
 O happy heart of England,  
 Shout aloud and sing, land,  
 As no land sang before;  
 And let the peans soar  
 And ring from shore to shore,  
 A hundred thousand welcomes,  
 And a hundred thousand more;

And let the cannons roar,  
 The joy-stunned city o'er.  
 And let the steeples chime it  
 A hundred thousand welcomes  
 And a hundred thousand more;  
 And let the people rhyme it  
 From neighbour's door to door,  
 From every man's heart's core,  
 A hundred thousand welcomes  
 And a hundred thousand more.

This contribution, in twenty not long lines, of 900,000 (say nine hundred thousand) welcomes is handsome indeed; and shows that when

our bard is inclined to be liberal, he does not look to the cost. But what is a sum of 900,000 to his further proposal?—

O let all these declare it,  
Let miles of shouting swear it,  
In all the years of yore,  
Unparalleled before !  
And thou, most welcome Wand'rer  
Across the Northern Water,  
Our England's ALEXANDRA,  
Our dear adopted daughter—

Lay to thine heart, conned o'er and o'er,  
In future years remembered well,  
The magic fervour of this spell  
That shakes the land from shore to shore,  
And makes all hearts and eyes brim o'er;  
Our hundred thousand welcomes,  
Our fifty million welcomes,  
And a hundred million more !

Here we have, besides the most liberal previous subscription, a further call on the public for no less than one hundred and fifty million one hundred thousand welcomes for her Royal Highness. How much is this per head for all of us in the three kingdoms? Not above five welcomes apiece, and I am sure many of us have given more than five burrahs to the fair young Princess.

Each man sings according to his voice, and gives in proportion to his means. The guns at Sheerness "from their adamantine lips" (which had spoken in quarrelsome old times a very different language,) roared a hundred thundering welcomes to the fair Dane. The maidens of England strewed roses before her feet at Gravesend when she landed. Mr. Tupper, with the million and odd welcomes, may be compared to the thundering fleet; Mr. Chorley's song to the flowerets scattered on her Royal Highness's happy and carpeted path :—

Blessings on that fair face !  
Safe on the shore  
Of her home-dwelling place,  
Stranger no more.  
Love, from her household shrine  
Keep sorrow far !  
May, for her hawthorn twine,  
June, bring sweet eglantine,  
Autumn, the golden vine,  
*Dear Northern Star !*

Hawthorn for May, eglantine for June, and in autumn a little tass of the golden vine for our Northern Star. I am sure no one will grudge the Princess these simple enjoyments, and of the produce of the last-named pleasing plant, I wonder how many bumpers were drunk to her health on the happy day of her bridal? As for the Laureate's verses, I would respectfully liken his Highness to a giant showing a beacon torch on "a windy headland." His flaring torch is a pine-tree, to be sure, which nobody can wield but himself. He waves it : and four times in the midnight he shouts mightily, "Alexandra !" and the Pontic pine is whirled into the ocean and Enceladus goes home.

Whose muse, whose cornemuse, sounds with such plaintive sweetness from Arthur's seat, while Edinburgh and Musselburgh lie rapt in delight, and the mermaids come flapping up to Leith shore to hear the

exquisite music? Sweeter piper Edina knows not than Aytoun, the Bard of the Cavaliers, who has given in his frank adhesion to the reigning dynasty. When a most beautiful, celebrated and unfortunate princess whose memory the Professor loves—when Mary, wife of Francis the Second, King of France, and by her own right proclaimed Queen of Scotland and England (poor soul!), entered Paris with her young bridegroom, good Peter Ronsard wrote of her—

Toi qui as vu l'excellence de celle  
Qui rend le ciel de l'Escosse envieux,  
Dy hardiment, contentez vous mes yeux,  
Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle.\*

*Vous ne verrez jamais chose plus belle.* Here is an Alexandrine written three hundred years ago, as simple as *bon jour*. Professor Aytoun is more ornate. After elegantly complimenting the spring, and a description of her Royal Highness's well-known ancestors, "the Berserkers," he bursts forth—

The Rose of Denmark comes, the Royal Bride!  
O loveliest Rose! our paragon and pride—  
Choice of the Prince whom England holds so dear—  
What homage shall we pay  
To one who has no peer?  
What can the bard or wildered minstrel say  
More than the peasant, who, on bended knee,  
Breathes from his heart an earnest prayer for thee?  
Words are not fair, if that they would express  
Is fairer still; so lovers in dismay  
Stand all abashed before that loveliness  
They worship most, but find no words to pray.  
Too sweet for incense! (bravo) Take our loves instead—  
Most freely, truly, and devoutly given;  
Our prayer for blessings on that gentle head,  
For earthly happiness and rest in Heaven!  
May never sorrow dim those dove-like eyes,  
But peace as pure as reigned in Paradise,  
Calm and untainted on creation's eve,  
Attend thee still! May holy angels, &c.

This is all very well, my dear country cousins. But will you say "Amen" to this prayer? I won't. Assuredly our fair Princess will shed many tears out of the "dovelike eyes," or the heart will be little worth. Is she to know no parting, no care, no anxious longing, no tender watches by the sick, to deplore no friends and kindred, and feel no grief? Heaven forbid! When a bard or wildered minstrel writes so, best accept his own confession, that he is losing his head. On the day of her entrance into London who looked more bright and happy than the Princess? On the day of the marriage, the fair face wore its marks of care already, and looked out quite grave, and frightened almost, under the wreaths and lace and orange-flowers. Would you have had her feel no tremor?

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\* Quoted in *Mignet's Life of Mary*.

A maiden on the bridegroom's threshold, a Princess led up to the steps of a throne? I think her pallor and doubt became her as well as her smiles. That, I can tell you, was *our* vote who sate in X compartment, let us say, in the nave of St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and saw a part of one of the brightest ceremonies ever performed there.

My dear cousin Mary, you have an account of the dresses; and I promise you there were princesses besides the bride whom it did the eyes good to behold. Around the bride sailed a bevy of young creatures so fair, white, and graceful that I thought of those fairy-tale beauties who are sometimes princesses, and sometimes white swans. The Royal Princesses and the Royal Knights of the Garter swept by in prodigious robes and trains of purple velvet, thirty shillings a yard, my dear, not of course including the lining, which, I have no doubt, was of the richest satin, or that costly "miniver" which we used to read about in poor Jerrold's writings. The young princes were habited in kilts; and by the side of the Princess Royal trotted such a little wee solemn Highlander! He is the young heir and chief of the famous clan of Brandenburg. His eyrie is amongst the Eagles, and I pray no harm may befall the dear little chieftain.

The heralds in their tabards were marvellous to behold, and a nod from Rouge Croix gave me the keenest gratification. I tried to catch Garter's eye, but either I couldn't or he wouldn't. In his robes, he is like one of the Three Kings in old missal illuminations. Gold Stick in waiting is even more splendid. With his gold rod and robes and trappings of many colours, he looks like a royal enchanter, and as if he had raised up all this scene of glamour by a wave of his glittering wand. The silver trumpeters wear such quaint caps, as those I have humbly tried to depict on the playful heads of children. Behind the trumpeters came a drum-bearer, on whose back a gold-laced drummer drubbed his march.

When the silver clarions had blown, and under a clear chorus of white-robed children chanting round the organ, the noble procession passed into the chapel, and was hidden from our sight for a while, there was silence, or from the inner chapel ever so faint a hum. Then hymns arose, and in the lull we knew that prayers were being said, and the sacred rite performed which joined Albert Edward to Alexandra his wife. I am sure hearty prayers were offered outside the gate as well as within for that princely young pair, and for their Mother and Queen. The peace, the freedom, the happiness, the order which her rule guarantees, are part of my birthright as an Englishman, and I bless God for my share. Where else shall I find such liberty of action, thought, speech, or laws which protect me so well? Her part of her compact with her people, what sovereign ever better performed? If ours sits apart from the festivities of the day, it is because she suffers from a grief so recent that the loyal heart cannot master it as yet, and remains *trouvé et fest* to a beloved memory. A part of the music which celebrates the day's service was

composed by the husband who is gone to the place where the just and pure of life meet the reward promised by the Father of all of us to good and faithful servants who have well done here below. As this one gives in his account, surely we may remember how the Prince was the friend of all peaceful arts and learning; how he was true and fast always to duty, home, honour; how, through a life of complicated trials, he was sagacious, righteous, active and self-denying. And as we trace in the young faces of his many children the father's features and likeness, what Englishman will not pray that they may have inherited also some of the great qualities which won for the Prince Consort the love and respect of our country?

The papers tell us how, on the night of the marriage of the Prince of Wales, all over England and Scotland illuminations were made, the poor and children were feasted, and in village and city thousands of kindly schemes were devised to mark the national happiness and sympathy. "The bonfire on Coptpoint at Folkestone was seen in France," the *Telegraph* says, "more clearly than even the French marine lights could be seen at Folkestone." Long may the fire continue to burn! There are European coasts (and inland places) where the liberty light has been extinguished, or is so low that you can't see to read by it—there are great Atlantic shores where it flickers and smokes very gloomily. Let us be thankful to the honest guardians of ours, and for the kind sky under which it burns bright and steady.

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*Erratum.***FORTY ROYAL FAMILIES AND THEIR INTERMARRIAGES.**

The author of the above-named article, in No. 39 of the *Cornhill Magazine*, extremely regrets that an accidental error in that paper escaped correction. At page 379, line 40, the name Lady Olivia Sparrow was printed for Olive Serres.



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